

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.
VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING

The CAPTAIN,
The PROPHETESS,
The QUEEN of CORINTH,
BONDUCA,
The KNIGHT of the BURNING PESTLE,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Symphon.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCL.

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Mr. Francis Bacon

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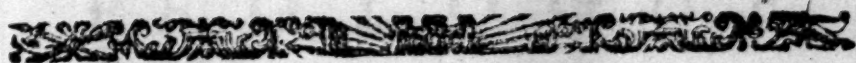
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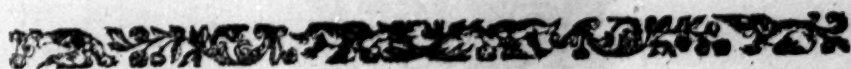


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THE
CAPTAIN.

A
COMEDY.



VOL. VI.

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THE

CAPTAIN

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Vol. VI



PROLOGUE.

TO please you with this Play, we fear, will be
(So does the Author too) a Mystery
Somewhat above our Art ; for all Mens Eyes,
Ears, Faiths, and Judgments, are not of one size.
For to say Truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
Nor History, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a Week) be made a perfect Play :
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve Pence goes farther this way than in Drink,
Or Damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish Toy, or two,
Will make 'em shew their Teeth : Pray, for my sake
(That likely am your first Man) do not take
A distaste before you feel it : for ye may
When this is hixt to Ashes, have a Play,
And here, to out-bixt this ; be patient then,
(My Honour done) you're welcome, Gentlemen.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Julio, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with Lelia.*

Angelo, *a Gentleman, Friend to Julio.*

Lodovico, } *two Cowardly Gulls.*

Piso,

Frederick, *a Gentleman, Brother to Frank.*

Jacomo, *an angry Captain, a Woman-bater.*

Fabritio, *a merry Soldier, Friend to Jacomo.*

Lelia's Father, *an old poor Gentleman.*

Host.

Vintner.

Drawers.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Frank, *Sister to Frederick, a Lady passionately in Love with Jacomo.*

Clora, *Sister to Fabritio, a witty Companion to Frank.*

Lelia, *a cunning wanton Widow.*

Waiting-woman.

Maid-Servants.

SCENE VENICE.



THE CAPTAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico, and Pifo.

LODOVICO.

THE truth is, *Pifo*, so she be a Woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and Complexion it please,
She shall please me I am sure: those Men are
Fools

That make their Eyes their chusers, not their Needs.

Pifo. Methinks I'd have her honest too, and hand-
some.

Lod. Yes, If I could have both, but since they are
Wishes so near Impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.

Pifo. If't were so,
I hope your Conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a Blessing. *Lod.* No, believe me,
I do not think I should. *Pifo.* But thou wouldst be,
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No I should not,
 For I believe those mad that seek vexations.
 A Wife, though she be honest, is a trouble,
 Had I a Wife as fair as *Helen* was,
 That drew so many Cuckolds to her Cause,
 These Eyes should see another in my Saddle,
 Ere I believe my Beast would carry double.

Piso. So should not I by'r Lady, and I think
 My Patience, by your leave, as good as yours,
 Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

Lod. Report? you are unwise, Report is nothing;
 For if there were a truth in what Men talk,
 I mean of this kind, this part of the World
 I am sure would be no more call'd Christendom.

Piso. What then?

Lod. Why Cuckoldom, for we should lose
 Our old Faiths clean, and hold their new Opinions:
 If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry,
 I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself;
 I tell thee there was never Woman yet,
 Nor never hope there shall be, though a Saint,
 But she has been a subject to Mens Tongues,
 And in the worst sense; and that desperate Husband,
 That dares give up his peace, and (1) follow ru-
 mours,
 Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em,
 Beside the forcing of himself an Ass,
 He dies in Chains, eating himself with anger.

Piso. Having these Antidotes against Opinion
 I would marry any one; an arrant Whore.

Lod. Thou dost not feel the Nature of this Physick,
 Which I prescribe, not to beget Diseases,
 But where they are, to stop them.

Piso. I conceive ye;
 What thinkest thou? thy way of the Widow *Lelia*?

(1) — *follow humours.*] This Reading, tho' perhaps not quite indefensible, carries not so clear and obvious a Meaning as that I have suggested. Mr. *Seward* too hit upon this Conjecture, and as I had his Concurrence, my Scruple of receding from the old Edition was easily overcome.

The Captain.

7

Lod. Faith thou hast found out one, I must confess,
Would stagger my best Patience: From that Woman,
As I would bless myself from Plagues and Surfeits,
From Men o' War at Sea, from Storms and Quicksands.
From hearing Treason and concealing it,
From daring of a Madman, or a Drunkard,
From Heresy, ill Wine, and stumbling Post-horse;
So would I pray each Morning, and each Night
(And if I said each hour, I should not lye)
To be delivered of all these in one,
The Woman thou hast named.

Enter Julio, Angelo, and Father.

Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty Litany.

Ang. Pray take my counsel.

Jul. When I am myself

I'll hear you any way; love me though thus,

As thou art honest, which I dare not be

Left I despise myself. Farewel. *[Exit Julio.]*

Piso. Do you hear my Friend: Sir, are you not a Setter
For the fair Widow here of famous Memory?

Fath. Ha? am I taken for a Bawd? O Heav'n!
To mine own Child too? Misery, I thank thee
That keep'st me from their knowledge: Sir, believe me
I understand ye not.

Lod. You love plain dealing.
Are you not parcel Bawd? confess your Function,
It may be we would use it.

Fath. Were she worse,
As I fear strangely she is ill enough,
I would not hear this tamely.

Piso. Here's a Shilling
To strike good luck withal.

Fath. Here's a Sword, Sir,
To strike a Knave withal; thou lye'st, and basely,
Be what thou wilt.

Ang. Why how now, Gentlemen?

Fath. You are many: I shall meet you, Sir, again,
And make you understand, you've wrong'd a Woman
Compar'd with whom thy Mother was a sinner.
Farewel.

[Exit Father.]

Piso.

Piso. He has amaz'd me.

Ang. With a blow?

By'r Lady 'twas a sound one; are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know you hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a Man so far
Before you knew him certain: h'as not hurt ye?

Piso. No, I think.

Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far,
For Men may be mistaken; if he had swunged us
H'had serv'd us right: Beshrew my Heart, I think,
We have done the Gentlewoman as much wrong too,
For hang me if I know her
In my particular.

Piso. Nor I; this 'tis to credit
Mens idle Tongues; I warrant they have said
As much by our two Mothers.

Lod. Like enough.

Ang. I see a beating now and then, does more
Move and stir up a Man's contrition
Than a sharp Sermon, here *probatum est*.

Enter Frederick, and Servant.

Ser. What shall I tell your Sister?

Fred. Tell her this,

'Till she be better conversation'd,
And leave her walking by herself, and whining
To her old melancholy Lute, I'll keep
As far from her as th' Gallows. [Exit Servant.

Ang. Who's that, *Frederick*?

Fred. Yes marry is't. O *Angelo*, how dost thou?

Ang. Save you, Sir, pray how does my Mistress?

Fred. She is in Love I think, but not with you
I can assure you: Saw ye *Fabritio*?

Ang. Is he come over? *Fred.* Yes, a Week ago:
(2) Shall we dine?

Ang. No, I cannot.

(2) *Shall we dine?*

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. *I prithee do.*] I have ventur'd for the sake of Measure here, to put in one Monosyllable on my own Authority, and leave out another on that of the Folio of 1647.

Fred.

Fred. Prithee do.

Ang. Believe me I have Business.

Fred. Have you too, Gentlemen?

Piso. No, Sir.

Fred. Why then let's dine together.

Lod. With all my Heart.

Fred. Go then: Farewel, good *Angelo*,
Commend me to your Friend.

Ang. I will.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Frank, and Clora.

Clo. Do not dissemble, *Frank*, mine Eyes are quicker
Than such Observers, that do ground their Faith
Upon one Smile or Tear; you're much alter'd,
And are as empty of those Excellencies
That were Companions to you, I mean Mirth
And free disposure of your Blood and Spirit,
As you were born a Mourner.

Frank. How, I prithee?
For I perceive no such Change in myself.

Clo. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,
To halt before a Cripple: if you love,
Be liberal to your Friend, and let her know it,
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove, without a true Companion.

Frank. Sure thou wouldst have me love.

Clo. Yes, marry would I,
I should not please ye else.

Frank. And who, for Heav'n's sake?
For I assure myself, I know not yet:
And prithee *Clora*, since thou'lt have it so
That I must love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handsome Fellow,
And young, and if he be a little valiant
'Twill be the better; and a little wise,
And faith a little honest.

Clo. Well, I will sound ye yet for all your Craft.

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Frank.

The Captain.

Frank. Heigh ho! I'll love no more.

Clo. Than one; and him
You shall love, *Frank.*

Frank. Which him? Thou art so wise
People will take thee shortly for a Witch:
But prithee tell me, *Clora*, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of Man
Wouldst thou imagine him?

Clo. Faith some pretty Fellow
With a clean Strength, that cracks a Cudgel well
And dances at a Wake, and plays at Nine-holes.

Frank. O God what pretty Commendation thou hast
given him!

Faith if I were in Love, as I thank Heav'n
I do not think I am; this short Epistle
Before my Love would make me burn the Legend,

Clo. You are too wild, I mean some Gentleman.

Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser:
Some Gentleman? no *Clora*, till some Gentleman
Will keep some Land, and fewer Whores, believe me
I'll keep no love for him; I do not long
To go a foot yet, and solicit Causes.

Clo. What think you then of an Adventurer?
I mean some wealthy Merchant.

Frank. Let him venture

(4) In some decay'd Crare of his own: He shall not
Rig me out, that's the short on't; out upon't:
What young thing of my Years would endure
To have her Husband in another Country
Within a Month after she is married
Chopping for rotten Raisins, and lye pining
At home under the mercy of his Foreman? no,

(4) *In some decay'd Crare of his own:—*] Thus rightly reads the
Copy of 1647. The Editor of 1679 has corrupted the Passage, tho'
at the same time I own he has well explain'd it; for thus he reads,

In some decay'd Crare or Carrack:

Crare here signifies just what *Carrack* does, being the Name of a trading
Vessel then, tho' I believe at this time 'tis entirely disus'd.

Though

The Captain.

11

Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clo. I see ye are hard to please; yet I will please ye.

Frank. Faith not so hard neither, if considered
What Woman may deserve as she is worthy:
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Prithee let's entertain some other talk,
This is as sickly to me as faint Weather:

Clo. Now I believe I shall content you, *Frank*,
What think you of a Courtier?

Frank. Faith so ill,
That if I should be full, and speak but Truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted Charity:
Prithee good Wench let me not rail upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent Stomach, and must do it;
I have no mercy of these Infidels
Since I am put in mind on't, good Wench bear with me.

Clo. Can no Man fit you? I will find him out.

Frank. This Summer Fruit, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him
(5) Hangs fast, and may be found: But when you fling
Too full a heat of your Affections
Upon his Root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling;
His Oaths and his Affections are all one
With his Apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many Mistresses as Faiths,
And (6) all *Apocryphal*; his true belief
Is only in a private Surgeon;
And for my single self (7) I'd sooner venture

(5) *Hangs fast, and may be found:*] The Reading I have given, in the present Text, tho' different from the old Editions, so well carries on the Allusion in this and the following Lines, by the small Change of only a single Letter, that I hope the Recovery of good Sense, by the Insertion of an *s* for an *f*, will not be thought any Violation of the Rules of Criticism. Mr. *Theobald*, whom I must always mention with Honour, reads just as I do; and I wish I could not say, that this is the only Correction or Attempt towards one thro' this whole Play.

(6) — *all Apocrypha;*] So the other Editions.

(7) — *I'd sooner venture.*] I have not dar'd to alter the ancient Text, tho' I don't think it quite agreeable to that Clearness of Express-

A

A new Conversion of the *Indies*,
Than to make Courtiers able Men, or honest.

Clo. I do believe you love no Courtier,
And by my troth to guess you into Love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your Will, or my Imagination:
And yet I am sure you're caught, and I will know him.
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unless it be a Soldier, and I am sure
I would ever bless myself from such a Fellow.

Frank. Why, prithee?

Clo. Out upon 'em, Fire-locks!
They're nothing in the World but Buff and Scarlet,
Tough, unhewn pieces to hack Swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a Cannon,
As one of those.

Frank. Thou art too malicious,
Upon my faith methinks they're worthy Men.

Clo. Say ye so? I'll pull ye on a little further.
What worth can be in those Men, whose Profession
Is nothing in the World but drink and damn me,
Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With Legions of unwholesome Whores and Quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no Understanding, nor can be
In a foust Soldier.

Frank. Now 'tis ignorance
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of Truth; I'll lay my Life
If thou'dst been made a Man, thou hadst been a Coward.

Clo. If to be valiant, be to be a Soldier;
I'll tell ye true, I had rather be a Coward,
I am sure with less sin.—*Frank.* This Heresie
Must be look'd to in time: for if it spread
'Twill grow too Pestilent; were I a Scholar

sion usual in our Authors. To venture a Wager, &c. is common, not
so a Conversion. If I might be indulg'd, I would humbly offer at
reading thus,

———— I'd sooner venture on
A new Conversion of the Indians.

I would so hamper thee for thy Opinion,
That ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the World, and make thee not believ'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A Reprobate out of the State of Honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung Aspersions
So like a Fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a sort of Men, that let me tell thee
Thy Mother's Mother would have been a Saint
Had she conceiv'd a Soldier; they are People
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old World, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of those Men, whose Honours
We heave our Hands at, when we hear recited.

Clo. They are, and I have all I sought for, 'tis a Soldier
You love, hide it no longer; you have betray'd yourself;
Come, I have found your way of Commendations,
And what I said was but to pull it from ye.

Frank. 'Twas pretty, are ye grown so cunning, *Clora?*
I grant I love a Soldier; but what Soldier
Will be a new task to ye? But all this
I do imagine was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clo. I will have the Man,
Ere I forsake ye.

Frank. I must to my Chamber.

Clo. May not I go along?

Frank. Yes, but good Wench
Move me no more with these fond questions,
They work like Rhubarb with me.

Clo. Well, I will not. [Exitant.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-woman.

Lel. How now? who was that you staid to speak withal?

Wom. The old Man forsooth.

Lel. What old Man? [that you call Father.

Wom. The poor old Man, that uses to come hither, he
Lel.

Lel. Have you dispatch'd him?

Wom. No; he would fain speak with you.

Lel. Wilt thou ne'er learn more Manners, than to draw in Such needy Rascals to disquiet me?

Go, answer him I will not be at leisure.

Wom. He will needs speak with you; and good old Man he weeps so,

That by my troth I have not th' heart to deny him,

Pray let him speak with you. *Lel.* Lord

How tender Stomach'd you are grown of late?

You are not in love with him, are ye?

If ye be, strike up the Match; you shall have

Three *l.* and a pair of Blankets! Will ye go answer him?

Wom. Pray let him speak with you, he'll not away else.

Lel. Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy;

I thank Heav'n I am able to abuse him,

I shall ne'er come clear else of him.

Enter Father.

Now Sir, what is your business? Pray be short;

For I have other Matters of more moment

To call me from ye.

Fath. If you but look upon me like a Daughter,

And keep that Love about ye that makes good

A Father's Hope, you'll quickly find my business,

And what I would say to you, and before

I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep,

I mean that Love, or be but num'd within ye,

The nature of my want is such a searcher,

And of so mighty Power, that where he finds

This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,

That if the least heat of a Child's Affection

Remain unperish'd, like another Nature,

It makes all new again; pray do not scorn me,

Nor seem to make yourself a greater Business

Than my relieving.

Lel. If you were not Old

I should laugh at ye; what a vengeance ails ye

To be so childish to imagine me

(8) A founder of old Fellows? Make him drink, Wench,
(9) And if there be any cold Meat in the Buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.

Fath. Is this a Child's Love? Or a Recompence
Fit for a Father's Care? O *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or like me miserable: But 'tis impossible
Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her Promises; thou art one of those
She set her Stamp more excellently on,
Than common People, as foretelling thee
A general Example of her Goodness;
Or say she could lye, yet Religion
(For love to Parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me,
I am the Root that gave thee Nourishment,
And made thee spring fair, do not let me perish
Now I am old and sapless.

Lel. As I live
I like ye far worse now ye grow thus holy.
I grant you are my Father; am I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a Beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad Compassion yet within me.

Fath. I gave up all my State to make yours thus.

Lel. 'Twas as ye ought to do, and now ye cry for't
As Children do for Babies back again.

Fath. How wouldst thou have me live?

(8) *A Founder of old Fellows?*—] We must understand this Expression (if right) in the Sense of making a comfortable Provision for People advanc'd in Years, during the remaining Portion of their Lives. Yet I can scarce help thinking, but that the Text is corrupted, and that the true Reading ought to be,

A Fondler of old Fellows— i. e. a Pamperer.
So in this Scene *Lelia* says,

— Are ye so foolish
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my Heir, or I so old to make
A Nurse at these Years for you, and attend
While you sup up my State in Penny Pots
Of Malmsey, &c.

(9) So the Edition of 1647. The other, *And if there any*

Lel.

Lel. I would not have ye;
Nor know no Reason Fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble when (10) their Children
Are able to inherit; let them die,
'Tis fit, and lookt for, that they should do so.

Fath. Is this your Comfort?

Lel. All that I feel yet.

Fath. I will not curse thee.

Lel. If you do I care not.

Fath. Pray you give me leave to weep.

Lel. Why pray take leave,
If it be for your ease.

Fath. Thy Mother died,
Sweet peace be with her, in a happy Time.

Lel. She did, Sir, as she ought to do, would you
Would take the Pains to follow; what should you,
Or any old Man do wearing away
In this World with Diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their Children Scourge Sticks,
And hoard up Mill-Money? methinks a Marble
Lies quieter upon an old Man's Head
Than a cold fit o'th' Palsey.

Fath. O good (11) God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched Woman,
Hast thou begot thy self again! Well, Justice
Will punish Disobedience.

Lel. You mistake, Sir;
(12) 'Twill punish Beggars; fie for Shame, go work,
Or serve, you are grave enough to be a Porter
In some good Man of Worships House, and give
Sententious Answers to the Comers in.
A pretty Place; or be of some good Consort,
You had a pleasant Touch o'th' Cittern once,
If Idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two Sins that ever do our-grow Compassion;

(10) — *when Children.*] I have inserted *their* for the sake both
of the Measure and the Sense.

(11) So the Edition of 1647. The other Editions, *Heav'n!* The
same thing occurs in Page 20.

(12) *'Till*] The Edition of 1647 gives the present Text. 32 (10)

If I might see you offer at a Course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some Profit,
I would not stick for ten Groats, or a Noble.

Fath. Did I beget this Woman?

Lel. Nay, I know not:

And' till I know, I will not thank you for't;
However, he that got me had the Pleasure,
And that, methinks, is a Reward sufficient.

Fath. I am so strangely stricken with Amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am. [bring ye

Lel. You had best take fresh Air somewhere else, 'twill
Out of your Trance the sooner.

Fath. Is all this

As you mean, *Lelia*?

Lel. Yes believe me is it,

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my Heir, or I so old to make
A Nurse at these Years for you, and attend
While you sup up my State in penny Pots
Of *Malmsey*: When I am excellent at Cawdles,
And Cullices, and have enough spare Gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when I'd have you be as merry, Sir,
As you can make yourself with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these Relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are,
For as I hear them, so I lose them; this,
For ought I know yet, is my Resolution.

Fath. Well, God be with thee, for I fear thy end
Will be a strange Example. [Exit Father.

Lel. Fare ye well, Sir;

Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: Such Children
(I thank my Understanding) I hate truly,
For by my troth I'd rather see their Tears
Than feel their Pities; my Desires and Ends
Are all the Kindred that I have, and Friends.

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

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B

Wom.

Wom. Yes, but here's another.

Lel. Not of his Tribe I hope; bring (13) me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is; if thou feest
They look like Men of Worth, and State, and carry
Ballast of both Sides like tall Gentlemen,
Admit 'em, but no Snakes to poison us
With Poverty; Wench, you must learn a wise Rule,
Look not upon the Youths of Men, and Making,
How they descend in Blood, nor let their Tongues,
Though they strike suddenly, and sweet as Musick,
Corrupt thy Fancy; see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their Distance,
Unless the Love thou swallow be a Pill
Gilded, to hide the Bitterness it brings,
Then fall on without fear, wench, yet so wisely
That one Encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His Love hath made thee more his, than his Monies;
Learn this and thrive, then let thine Honour ever
(For that's the last Rule) be so stood upon,
That Men may fairly see
'Tis want of Means, not Virtue makes thee fall;
And if you weep 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more Compassion, which includes
A greater Tenderness of Love and Bounty:
This is enough at once, digest it well:
Go let him in, Wench, if he promise Profit,
Not else.

Enter Julio.

O you are welcome my fair Servant,
Upon my Troth I have been longing for ye.

Wom. This, by her Rule, should be a liberal Man,
I see the best on's may learn every Day.

Lel. There's none come with you?

Jul. No.

Lel. You do the wiser;
For some that have been here (I name no Man)

(13) *Me* is wanting in the Edition of 1711. That of 1647 supplies this Deficiency.

Out of their Malice, more than Truth, have done me
Some few ill Offices.

Jul. How, Sweet?

Lel. Nay, nothing,
Only have talkt a little wildly of me;
As their unruly Youth directed 'em;
Which though they bite me not, I would have wisht
Had light upon some other that deserv'd 'em.

Jul. Though she deserve this of the loosest Tongue
(Which makes my Sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my Misery. I would I knew him.

Lel. No, no, let him go,
He is not worth your Anger; I must chide you
For being such a Stranger to your Mistress,
Why would you be so, Servant?

Jul. I should chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a Stranger to your Servant,
I mean to his Desires; when, my dear Mistress,
Shall I be made a happy Man?

Lel. Fie, Servant,
What do you mean? unhand me, or, by Heav'n,
I shall be very angry, this is Rudeness.

Jul. 'Twas but a Kiss or two, that thus offends you.

Lel. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.

Jul. I'm sorry I deserv'd no more.

Lel. You may,
But not this rough way, Servant; we are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so;
If I had been your Horse, or Whore, you might
Back me with this Intemperance; I thought
You had lov'd as worthy Men, whose fair Affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence:
Do so no more.

Jul. I hope you are not angry?

Lel. I should be with another Man, I'm sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.

Jul. I did not mean to ravish ye.

Lel. You could not.

Jul. You are so willing——

Lel. How?

Ful. Methinks this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a Woman,
At least of your way, Mistress, long ere this
Had been laid off to me that understand ye.

Lel. That understand me? Sir, ye understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a Stranger;
You understand I'm honest, else I tell ye,
(Though you were better far than *Fulio*)
You, and your Understanding are two Fools,
But were we Saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see that Woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the Master of a Kindness,
She durst not answer openly; O me!
How easily we Women may be cozen'd!
I took this *Fulio*, as I have a Faith,
(This young Dissembler with the sober Vizard,)
For the most modest temper'd Gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best Companion;
For such an one I could have wish'd a Woman.

Ful. You've wish'd me ill enough o' Conscience,
Make me no worse for shame; I see the more
I work by way of Service to obtain ye,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a Woman,
For if you use me thus, that Faith will perish)
What is your end, and whither you will pull me;
Tell me, but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse ye.

Lel. Bless me goodness!
To curse me, did you say, Sir? let it be
For too much loving you then, such a curse
Kill me withal, and I shall be a Martyr.
You've found a new way to reward my doating,
And I confess a fit one for my folly,
For you yourself, if you have good within ye,
And dare be Master of it, know how dearly
This Heart hath held you ever; O good Heav'n!
That I had never seen that false Man's Eyes,

That

That dares reward me thus with fears and curses;
Nor never heard the sweetness of that Tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen Women;
Curse me, good *Julio*, curse me bitterly,
(I do deserve it for my confidence,)
And I beseech thee, if thou hast a Goodness
Or Power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
Curse me to Earth, for what should I do here
Like a decaying Flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor Heart life? No, curse me, *Julio*,
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heav'ns may hear it.

Jul. O fair Tears! were you but as chaste as subtle,
Like Bones of Saints, you would work Miracles;
What were these Women to a Man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?
What Riches had he found? O he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That like continual Spring should flourish ever.
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an Eagle, could renew her Virtues,
Nature had made another World of sweetness.
Be not so griev'd, sweet Mistress, what I said,
You do, or should know, was but Passion;
Pray wipe your Eyes and kiss me; take these trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on: indeed I love ye,
Beshrew my sick Heart, if I grieve not for ye.

Lel. Will you dissemble still? I am a Fool,
And you may eas'ly rule me; If you flatter,
The sin will be your own.

Jul. You know I do not.

Lel. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spight
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or if you did, you would be kinder to me,)
This bitterness of yours has struck my Heart.

Jul. I pray, no more.

Lel. Thus you would do, I warrant,

If I were married to you.

Jul. Married to me?

Is that your end?

Lel. Yes, is not that the best end,

And, as all hold, the noblest way of Love?

Why do you look so strange, Sir? Do not you

Desire it should be so?

Jul. Stay.

Lel. Answer me.

Jul. Farewel.

[*Exit Julio.*]

Lel. Ay! Are you there? Are all these Tears lost then?

Am I so overtaken by a Fool

In my best Days and Tricks? My wise Fellow,

I'll make you smart for't, as I am a Woman;

And if thou beest not Timber, yet I'll warm thee.

And is he gone?

Enter Woman.

Wom. Yes.

Lel. He's not so lightly struck,

To be recovered with a base Repentance,

I should be sorry then; Fortune, I prithee

Give me this Man but once more in my Arms,

And if I lose him, Women have no Charms. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jacomo, and Fabricio.

Jac. SEignior, what think you of this sound of Wars?

Fab. As only of a sound; they that intend

To do, are like deep Waters that run quietly,

(14) Leaving no Noise of what they were, behind 'em.

(14) *Leaving no face ---*] Deep Waters, 'tis true, have generally a smooth unruffled face, but the Expression *leaving a face behind 'em*, seems to have no propriety, nor does it agree with the former or subsequent Metaphors, which *Noise* does. *T. Seward.*

I am apt to believe that neither *Face* or *Noise* are at all proper in this Place, as the learned Reader will easily perceive.

This

This Rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we ne'er live to see
Men look like Men again, upon a March?
This cold dull rusty Peace makes us appear
Like empty Pictures, only the faint Shadows
Of what we should be; would to Heav'n my Mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me Woman, to sit still and Sing,
Or be Sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a Man to think of;
Would I had been a Whore, 't had been a course
Certain, and (of my Conscience) of more gain
Than two Commands, as I would handle it:
'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing
Rather than what I am, a Soldier;
A Carrier, or a Cöbler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a Sword first; for their Trades
Are, and shall be, a constant way of Life,
While Men send Cheeses up, or wear out Buskins.

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'st thy Anger a far more Vexation
Than the not having Wars; I am a Soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Though I could wish a breach with all the World,
If not dishonourable, a'n't so malicious,
To curse the fair Peace of my Mother Country;
But thou want'st Mony, and the first supply
Will bury these Thoughts in thee.

Jac. 'Pox o' Peace,
It fills the Kingdom full of Holidays,
And only feeds the wants of Whores and Pipers;
And makes the idle drunken Rogues get Spinsters:
'Tis true, I may want Mony, and no little,
And almost Cloaths too; of which if I'd both
In full abundance, yet against all Peace,
That brings up mischiefs thicker than a Shower,
I would speak louder than a Lawyer;
By Heav'n, it is the surfeit of all Youth,
That makes the toughness and the strength of Nations

Melt into Women. It is an Ease that
Broods Thieves and Bastards only.

Fab. This is more

(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And favours only of an indiscretion.

Believe me, Captain, such distemper'd Spirits
Once out of motion, though they be Proof valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own Disgraces; and are nearer
Doubt and Suspect in Princes, than Rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true Spirits ill affected,
That whilst the Wars were, serv'd like Walls and Ribs
To girdle in the Kingdom; and now faln
Through a faint Peace into Affliction,
Speak but their Miseries? Come, come, *Fabritio*,
You may pretend what patience ye please,
And seem to (15) Yoak your wants like Passions;
But while I know thou art a Soldier,
And a Deserver, and no other Harvest
But what thy Sword reaps for thee, to come in,
You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell ye,

(15) ——— to Yoak your Wants like Passions] Want is one of our
Passions, more properly than Anger, Love, &c. which have all some-
thing active in them, though they are more frequently called Passions
than Hunger, &c. in which we are merely passive. If therefore
Wants are a Species or Part of our Passions, what Writer wou'd make
a Simile between them? It is little more than to say, *You yoak your
Passions like your Passions.* Whereas Wants and Passions will signify
your Wants, and the Passions of Anger, Discontent, &c. which those
Wants occasion. Upon this Account I wou'd read thus,

————— *Your Wants and Passions.*

T. Seward.

The Reasoning of Mr. *Seward*, for his Alteration of *like* for *and*,
I have given at full length. If my Objection to the Passage in question
was the same with his, I shou'd readily agree to his Correction: I
suppose the Line to be corrupted, but not in the Place he mentions:
I object to *yoak*, he to *like*, and wou'd read thus,

————— to cloak your Wants like Passions.

To cloak our Wants is tantamount to conceal'em, and the same thing
not only may be, but is, said of our Passions. Thus in the *Queen of
Corinth*, Act 1. Scene 1. *Crates* says to the Prince,

*Tho' in your Heart there rage a thousand Tempests.
All Calmness in your Looks.*

You

You wish a Devil of this musty Peace;
To which Prayer, as one that's bound in Conscience,
(16) With all that love our Trade, I cry, Amen.

Fab. Prithce no more, we shall live well enough,
There's ways enough besides the Wars to Men
That are not Logs, and lie still for the Hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, Sir,
Thou'rt young and handsome yet, and well enough
To please a Widow; thou canst Sing, and tell
These foolish Love-tales; and indite a little,
And if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable,
Which may awaken his Compassion,
To make ye Clerk o' th' Kitchen; and at length
Come to be married to my Lady's Woman,
After she's crack'd i' th' Ring.

Fab. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shalt become of me,
With all my Imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn Tapster, or some frothy Fellow,
That stinks of stale Beer.

Fab. Captain *Jacomo*,
Why should you think so hardly of your Virtues?

Jac. What Virtues? By this light, I have no Virtue
But down-right buffeting; what can my Face,
That is no better than a ragged Map now
Of where I've march'd and travell'd, profit me?
Unless it be for Ladies to abuse, and say
'Twas spoil'd for want of a Bongrace when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true Prognostication
Of what Man must be? Tell me of a Fellow
That can mend Noses, and complain, so tall
A Soldier should want Teeth to his Stomach;
And how it was great pity, that it was,

(16) ——— and all] The old Text is scarcely Grammar, and
I a little suspect the *and* to have chang'd Places with the *like* in
the Note above: For *like* all would be good Sense tho' *with* seems
rather preferable. T. Seward.

That he that made my Body was so busied
 He could not stay
 To make my Legs too; but was driv'n to clap
 (17) A pair of Cat-sticks to my Knees, for which
 I am indebted to two School-Boys; this
 Must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my Morals, and those hidden pieces,
 That Art bestows upon me, they are such,
 That when they come to light, I'm sure will shame me,
 For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak
 That any Man shall hope to profit by me;
 And for my Languages, they are so many,
 That put them all together, they will scarce
 Serve to beg single Beer in; the plain truth is,
 I love a Soldier, and can lead him on,
 And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk;
 This is my Virtue, and if this will do,
 I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way
 To be thus pleasant still, but fear not, Man,
 For though the Wars fail, we shall screw ourselves
 Into some course of Life yet.

Jac. Good *Fabricio*,
 Have a quick Eye upon me, for I fear
 This Peace will make me something that I love not;
 For by my Troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,
 I would not be an Ass; and to sell Parcels,
 I can as soon be hang'd: Prithee bestow me,
 And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more; stay, this
 Should be another Wind-fall of the Wars.

(17) *To clap a pair of Catskins*] So runs the Copy of 1647, the
 Text is from the Edition of 1679, and may be confirm'd (if occasion
 requires) from *Massenger's Maid of Honour*,

Page to Sylli.

— You, Sirrah, Sheep's Head,

With a Face cut on a Catstick, do you hear?

Jac.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd Colours,
That every Wind would borrow from the Staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts;
They have not cast his Tongue too.

Fath. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched Man that seeks her,
I think are either patient Fools, or Liars,
I'm sure I find it so, for I am master'd
With such a Misery and Grief together,
That that stay'd Anchor Men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me Lead that bows,
Or breaks with every strong Sea of my Sorrows.
I could now question Heav'n (were it well
To look into their Justice) why those Faults,
Those heavy Sins others provoke 'em with
Should be rewarded on the head of us,
That hold (18) the least Alliance to their Vices;
But this would be too curious; for I see
(19) Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these Miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy *Hermits* in a Camp
Would make 'em all *Carthusians*, I'll be hang'd
If he know what a Whore is, or a Health,
Or have a Nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest Nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the Spleen to swear
A greater Oath than Semsters utter Socks with.
Spur him a Question.

Fath. They are Strangers both
To me, as I to them I hope; I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any,
I'll rather lie myself unto another.

Fab. I need not ask you, Sir, your Country,
I hear you speak this Tongue, 'pray what more are you?

(18) I a little suspect that a negative Particle ought to have place here, for he seems to think it hard, that the Virtuous shou'd be at all involv'd in the Punishments due only to the notoriously Vicious; May we not then without any great Strain read,

That hold not th' least Alliance, &c.

(19) *Our Sufferings*—] The Text is from Mr. *Seward's* Conjecture, and is confirm'd by the Edition of 1647.

Or

Or have you been? if it be not offensive
To urge ye so far, Misery in your Years
Gives every thing a Tongue to question it.

Fath. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my Ills
Only mine own, for grieving other Men,
Yet to so fair and courteous a Demander
That promises Compassion, at worst Pity,
I will relate a little of my Story.

I am a Gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which believe me, Sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have try'd
Both the extreams of Fortune, and have found
Both dangerous; my younger Years provok'd me,
Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
(Which to all stirring Spirits is a Sickness,)
To see far Countries, and observe their Customs:
I did so, and I travell'd till that Course
Stor'd me with Language, and some few slight Man-
ners,

Scarce worth my Mony; when an Itch possess'd me
Of making Arms my active end of Travel.

Fab. But did you so?

Fath. I did, and twenty Winters
I wore the Christian Cause upon my Sword
(20) Against his Enemies; at *Buda* Siege
Full many a cold Night have I lodg'd in Armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine Honour;
And many a Day, when both the Sun and Cannon
Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood
Mail'd up in Steel, when my tough (21) Sinews shrunk,
And this parch'd Body ready to consume

(20) *Against his Enemies*; —] Mr. *Seward* wou'd have us read *its* for *his*, as necessary to the Grammar of the Passage: I see no Reason for this, because it is usual in the *Saxon* Writers, and those who succeeded 'em; *Spenser* particularly abounds in it; our Authors too, as the learned Reader will observe, have it more than once in their Plays, and even *Milton* himself has approv'd the Practice.

(21) Thus I conjectur'd, and found the Edition of 1647 to concur with me. The *Octavo* reads *Sinew*.

As soon to Ashes, as the Pike I bore ;
Want has been to me as another Nature,
Which makes me with this patience still profess it ;
And if a Soldier may without Vain-glory
Tell what he's done, believe me, Gentlemen,
I could turn over Annals of my Dangers ;
With this poor weakness have I man'd a Breach,
And made it firm with so much Blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was Anger ;
Thrice was I made a Slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had ; the Miseries
Of which times, if I had a Heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like Children ; but I'll spare ye.

Jac. Fabricio, we two have been Soldiers
Above these fourteen Years, yet o' my Conscience,
All we have seen, compar'd to his Experience,
Has been but Cudgel-play, or (22) Mock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in Arms, I reverence
The very Poverty of this brave Fellow ;
Which were enough itself, (23) as his to strengthen
The weakest Town against half *Christendom*.
I was never so ashamed of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done ; and yet the Rogues would swear
I was a valiant Fellow ; I do find
The greatest Danger I have brought my Life through,
Now I have heard this Worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a *May-pole*, or at worst,

(22) ——— or Cock-fighting.] What *Cock-fighting* has to do
with Gentlemen of the Sword, wou'd perhaps puzzle a Grand Council
of War to explain. But *Mock-fighting*, as I read, carries on the
Sense of the Authors and makes it consistent ; Cudgels being properly
to be look'd upon as no more than the *Tela lusoria* of the Ancients.

(23) ——— and *his*] This seems scarcely Sense, tho' the Sentiment
intended is visible. It might be *and he* ; or *with him* or
in him, or *being his*, or *as his*. Indeed I scarce know which to
prefer. T. Seward.

I once thought that *as his*, was the true Lesson, and as such have
corrected the Text ; tho' I can't, upon second thoughts, but think,
that for *and his*, or *as his*, we shou'd read nearer the trace of the
Letters, *and is*, i. e. the Poverty of *Lelia's* Father, not only might
be, but is enough, to fortify, &c.

Fighting

Fighting at single Billet with a Barge-man.

Fab. I do believe him, *Jacomo*.

Jac. Believe him?

I have no Faith within me, if I do not.

Fath. I see they are Soldiers;
And if we may judge by Affections,
Brave and deserving Men; how are they stir'd
But with a meer Relation of what may be?
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour, I'll make use of thee.

Fab. Sir, would I were a Man, or great, or able
To look with liberal Eyes upon your Virtue.

Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.
Here, Soldier, there's even five (24) Months pay, be
merry,

And get thee handsome Cloaths.

Fab. What mean you, *Jacomo*?

Jac. Ye are a Fool,
The very Story's worth a hundred Pound.
Give him more Mony.

Fath. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this Blessing;
But if I live to see fair Days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your Goodness,
That shall shew Thankfulness, if not Desert.

Fab. If you please, Sir, till we procure ye place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest Garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome Man; to say more, were to feed ye
Only with Words; we honour what you've been,
For we are Soldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.

Fath. I do guess ye so,
And knew, unless ye were a Soldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my Wants.

Jac. But methinks all this while you are too temperate?
Do you not tell Men sometimes of (25) their dulness

(24) ——— *Month's pay, he merry,*] All the old Books read, as I
have given it in the Text, which confirms Mr. Seward's Conjecture.

(25) ——— *the dulness*] The Text is from the old Copies, and so
Mr. Seward amended the Passage.

When you are grip'd, as now you are with Need?
I do, and let them know those Silks they wear,
The War weaves for 'em; and the Bread they eat
We Sow, and Reap again to feed their Hunger;
I tell them boldly, they are Masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair Women
Lie playing in their Arms, whilst we, like *Lares*,
Defend their Pleasures; I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great Men
That suffer us to sue, for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we ask.

Fab. I have

Too often told my Griefs that way, when all
I reapt, was rudeness of Behaviour;
In their opinion Men of War that thrive,
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, Sir, I see your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are; pray go with us.

Fath. I thank you, Gentlemen; since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it,
And what my Service or Endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.

Jac. So you shall us,
I'll to the Taylors with you Bodily. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, and Pifo.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a Woman
When I have nothing else to do.

Pifo. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In Blushes, Smiles, and Commendations;
For by this Light, I've heard her praise yon' Fellow
In such a pitch, as if sh' had studied
To crowd the worths of all Men into him;
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special Ends, and by a Maid
Of her Desires and Youth.

Fred. It may be so.

She's

She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that Prerogative, a liberal Choice
In the bestowing of her love.

Lod. Bestowing?

If it be so, she has bestow'd herself
Upon a trim Youth, *Piso*, what do you call him?

Piso. Why, Captain *Jacomo*.

Lod. O, Captain Jack-boy,
That is the Gentleman.

Fred. I think he be
A Gentleman at worst.

Lod. So think I too,
Would he would mend, Sir.

Fred. And a tall one too.

Lod. Yes, of his Teeth; for of my Faith I think
They're sharper than his Sword, and dare do more
(26) If the Beef meet him fairly.

Fred. Very well.

Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.

Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his Pike under him, and be a Gentlewoman
Of the brave Captain's Company.

Fred. Do you hear me?
This Woman is my Sister, Gentlemen.

Lod. I'm glad she's none of mine; but *Frederick*
Thou art not such a Fool sure to be angry
Unless it be with her; we are thy Friends, Man.

Fred. I think ye are.

Lod. Yes, 'Faith, and do but tell thee
How she will utterly o'erthrow her Credit,
If she continue gracing of this Pot-gun.

Piso. I think she was Bewitch'd, or Mad or Blind,
She would ne'er have ta'en such a Scar-crow else
-Into Protection; o' my Life he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth Complexion,

(26) *If the Buff meet him fairly.*] *Beef*, as Mr. *Seward* reads, is certainly right, and carries on the Humour even to the height; for what can be a greater Sneer on the Captain, than to say, He was a better Trencherman by much than a Soldier?

Than

Than an old arming Doublet.

Lod. I would send
His Face to th' Cutlers then, and have it sanguin'd,
'Twill look a great deal sweeter; then his Nose
I would have shorter, and my reason is,
His Face will be ill-mounted else.

Piso. For's Body,
I will not be my own Judge, lest I seem
A Railer, but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a Trunk-sellar, to send Wines down in,
Or a long walking Bottle, I'll be hang'd for't;
His Hide (for sure he is a Beast) is ranker
Than the *Muscovy*-Leather, and Grain'd like it;
And by all likelihoods he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of Winter Boots;
His Body goes with Straps, he is so churlish.

Lod. He's poor and beggarly besides all this,
And of a Nature far incapable
Of any benefit; for his Manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a Man that does one,
He's so uncivil; you may do a part
Worthy a Brother, to perswade your Sister
From her undoing; if she prove so foolish
To marry this cast Captain, look to find her
Within a Month, where you, or any good Man,
Would blush to know her; selling Cheese and Prunes,
And retail'd Bottle-Ale; I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a march this Captain
Will set her into.

Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant Knaves, and were it not for taking
So just an Execution from his Hands
You have bely'd thus, I would (a) fwaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your Skins like Scabbards.
That Man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a Stranger, yet I know so worthy,

(a) He means *beat*. So *Hudibras*. B. 1. C. 1. 23, 24.

*Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
That cou'd as well bind o'er as fwaddle.*

However low in Fortune, (27) that his worst Parts,
The very wearing of his Cloaths, would make
Two better Gentlemen than you dare be,
For there is Virtue in his outward Things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes marry do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him.

Fred. If you talk,

Or pull your Face into (28) a stitich again,

As I love truth I shall be very angry.

Do not I know thee, though thou hast some Land

(To set thee out thus among Gentlemen,)

To be a prating and vain-glorious Ass?

I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.

Do not I know th' hast been a cudgel'd Coward,

That has no cure for shame but Cloth of Silver?

And think'st the wearing of a gaudy Suit

Hides all Disgraces?

Lod. I understand you not, you hurt not me,

Your Anger flies so wide.

Piso. Seignior Frederick,

You much mistake this Gentleman.

Fred. No, Sir.

Piso. If you would please to be less angry,

I'd tell you how—

Fred. You'd better study, Sir,

How to excuse yourself if ye be able,

Or I shall tell you once again.

Piso. Not me, Sir;

For I protest what I have said, was only

To make you understand your Sister's danger.

Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so.

(27) Mr. *Seward* reads thus, and the Edition of 1647 confirms it:
The other Copies run so,

—— that this worst Parts.

(28) —— a stitich again,] 'Tis plain by *Stitch* here we must understand *Smile*, but how it is to be made out, perhaps may not be so easy to every Capacity: I have not alter'd the Text, tho' I suspect it is corrupted, and as such propose a Conjecture which may stand or fall according to its worth,

Or draw your face into a Smirk again.

Smirk comes from the A. S. *Smercian*, *subfidere*, *arridere*. To smile.

Fred.

Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear
My Sister made a *May-game*, might I not?
And give Allowance to your liberal Jest
Upon his Person, whose least Anger would
Consume a (29) Legion of such wretched People,
That have no more to justify their Actions
But their Tongues ends? that dare lie every way,
As a Mill grinds? From this Hour, I renounce
All part of Fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of ye, but for Knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole Skins and Coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus; for this time,
I care not if I spare ye; do not shake,
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly. *Lod.* This is a strange course, *Frederick*:
But sure you do not, or you would not know us;
Beat us?

Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, Sir, to a Gentleman.

Fred. I'll speak but few Words, but I'll make 'em Truths;
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two Rascals.

Lod. How?

Fred. Two Rascals.

Come speak it from your Hearts, or by this light
My Sword shall fly among ye; answer me,
And to the point directly.

Piso. You shall have
Your Will for this time: Since we see you're grown
So far untemperate; Let it be so, Sir,
In your Opinion.

Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the Words plain; and you, *Lodovick*,
That stand so tally on your Reputation,

(29) — Legend of such, &c.] This nonsensical Reading, so much contradictory to the Tenor of this Speech, made me suspect that *Legion* was the true Reading, and upon consulting the two oldest Editions, they happily confirm'd it.

You shall be he shall speak it.

Lod. This is pretty.

Fred. Let me not stay upon't,

Lod. Well we are Rascals,

Yes, *Piso*, we are Rascals.

[*Exeunt Lod. and Piso.*]

Fred. Get ye gone now, not a Word more, you're Rascals.

Enter Fabricio, and Giacomo.

Fab. That should be *Frederick*.

Jac. 'Tis he: *Frederick*?

Fred. Who's that?

Jac. A Friend, Sir.

Fred. It is so, by th' voice:

I've fought you, Gentlemen, and since I've found you,

So near our House, I'll force ye stay a while,

I pray let it be so.

Fab. It is too late,

We'll come and dine to Morrow with your Sister,

And do our Services.

Jac. Who were those with you?

Fab. We met two came from hence.

Fred. Two idle Fellows,

That you shall beat hereafter, and I'll tell ye

Some fitter time a Cause sufficient for it.

Fab. But *Frederick*, tell me truly; do you think

She can affect my Friend?

Fred. (30) No certainer

Than when I speak of him, or any other,

She entertains it with as much desire

As others do their Recreations.

Fab. Let not him have this light by any means;

He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow angry,

(30) *No certainer*

Than when I speak of him, or any other,

This Line may easily be misunderstood for want of attending to the Construction, as well as one in *Jonson's Sejanus*,

*Mean time give Order that his Books be burnt
To th' Aediles.*

Ev'n to a quarrel: He's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him —
Women especially: for which he shuns
All Conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a Mirth to all their Sex.
Whence is this Musick?

Fred. From my Sister's Chamber.

Fab. The touch is excellent, let's be attentive.

Jac. Hark, are the Waits abroad?

Fab. Be softer prithee,
'Tis private Musick.

Jac. What a din it makes?
I'd rather hear a Jew's Trump than these Lutes,
They cry like School-boys.

Fab. Prithee *Jacomo*.

Jac. Well I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether.

Enter at the Window Frank, and Clora.

The S O N G.

1. *Tell me dearest, what is Love?*

2. 'Tis a Lightning from above,

'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,

'Tis a Boy they call Desire.

Both. 'Tis a Grave,

Gapes to have

Those poor Fools that long to prove.

1. *Tell me more, are Women true?*

2. Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you Men first taught to change.

Both. And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

The Captain.

1. *Tell me more yet, can they grieve?*

2. *Yes, and sicken sore, but live:*

And be wise, and delay,

When you Men are wise as they.

Both. *Then I see,*

Faith will be,

Never 'till they both believe.

Fran. Clora, come hither: who are these below there?

Clo. Where? Fran. There.

Clo. Ha! I should know their shapes

*Though it be darkish; there are both our Brothers,
What should they make thus late here?*

Fran. (31) What's the other?

Clo. What t'other?

Fran. He that lies along there.

Clo. O, I see him

*As if he had a branch of some great Pedigree"
Grew out on's Belly.*

Frank. Yes.

Clo. That should be,

If I have any knowledge in proportion —

Fab. They see us. Fred. 'Tis no matter.

Fab. What a Log is this,

*To sleep such Musick out? Fred. No more, let's
hear 'em.*

Clo. If I have any knowledge in proportion

The Captain Jacomo, those are his Legs

Upon my Conscience.

Frank. By my faith, and neat ones.

*Clo. You mean the Boots, I think they're Neat by
nature.*

Frank. As thou art knavish, would I saw his Face!

Clo. 'Twould scare you in the dark.

(31) So Edition of 1647, and 1679. The Octavo.

What's t'other.

Frank.

Frank. A worse than that
Has never scar'd you, *Clora*, to my knowledge.

Clo. 'Tis true, for I never have seen a worse;
Nor while I say my Prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.

Frank. Well, I am no Tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, *Clora*,
That such a brave deserving Gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect and worth flung on him
By able Men? Were I one of these great ones,
Such Virtues should not sleep thus.

Clo. Were he greater
He would sleep more, I think: I'll waken him.

Frank. Away ye Fool.

Clo. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his Blacks? methinks they're very busy,
A fine clean Coarse he is: I'd have him buried
Ev'n as he lies, cross-leg'd, like one o'th' *Templers*,
(If his *Westphalia* Gammons will hold crossing)
And on his Breast, a Buckler with a (32) Pike in't,
In which I would have some learned Cutler
Compile an Epitaph, and at his Feet
A Musquet, with this (a) word upon a Label,
Which from the Cock's Mouth thus should be delivered,
I have discharg'd the Office of a Soldier.

Frank. Well, if thy Father were a Soldier
Thus thou wouldst use him.

Clo. Such a Soldier,
I would indeed.

Fab. If he hear this, not all
The Power of Man could keep him from the Windows
'Till they were down, and all the Doors broke open:
For God's sake make her cooler, I dare n't venture
To bring him else: I know he'll go to buffets
Within five Words with her, if she holds this Spirit;

(32) —Pike in't,] The Pike and Sword in Funerals are laid upon
the Shield, perhaps therefore the Original might be *on't*; unless the
Term *in't* be us'd in Heraldry. T. Seward.

(a) Word here means Sentence. So *Spenser* in his *Fairy Queen*,
more than once.

Let's waken him, and away, we shall hear worse else.

Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, *Clora*,
Let me be hang'd for this: I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge thy wit
Which would break out else.

Clo. I have found ye,
I'll be no more cross, bid 'em a good Night.

Frank. No, no, they shall not know we have seen 'em;
Shut the Window: [Ex. *Frank and Clora.*

Fab. Will you get up, Sir?

Jac. Have you paid the Fidlers?

Fab. You are not left to do it: Fie upon thee,
Hast thou forsworn Manners?

Jac. Yes, unless

They would let me eat my Meat without long Graces,
Or drink without a Preface to the Pledger,
(33) Of will it please you, shall I be so bold, Sir,
Let me remember your good Bed-fellow,
And lye and kiss my Hand unto my Mistress
As often as an Ape does for an Apple;
These are meer Schisms in Soldiers; where's my Friend?
These are to us as bitter as Purgations,
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang these faint fooleries, they smell of Peace,
Do they not, Friend?

Fab. Faith, Sir, to me they are
As things indifferent, yet I use 'em not,
Or if I did, they would not prick my Conscience.

Fred. Come, shall we go? 'tis late.

Jac. Yes, any whither?

But no more Musick, it has made me dull.

Fab. Faith any thing but drinking disturbs thee, *Jacomo*,
We'll ev'n to bed. *Jac.* Content.

Fab. Thou'lt dream of Wenches.

(33) The Reading in the Text Mr. *Seward* communicated to me,
and which I indeed had hit on, on my first perusal of this Play.—
The old Copies have the Passage thus,

—— to the Pledger;

Ofst will it please, &c.

What strange stuff is this made by the Addition of a single Letter,
and a small Error in the Punctuation?

Jac.

Jac. I never think of any, I thank Heav'n,
But when I'm drunk, and then 'tis but to cast
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd
Like Vermine; let's away, I am very sleepy.

Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry; come. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Julio, and Angelo.

Jul. I WILL but see her once more, *Angelo*,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.

Ang. I would not have thee tempt Lust,
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all Men in thee.

Jul. Having her Sins before me, I dare see her
(Were she as catching as the Plague, and deadly,)
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more Pestilent, if not repentant,
And like a strong Man, chide her well, and leave her.

Ang. 'Tis easily said; of what Complexion is she?

Jul. Make but a curious Frame unto thyself
As thou wouldst shape an Angel in thy thought;
Such as the Poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine *Juno* is, or fair-ey'd *Pallas*,
And one more excellent, than all those Figures
Shalt thou find her; she's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may express her Beauty)
Believe me, *Angelo*, would do more mischief
With a forc'd smile, than twenty thousand *Cupids*
With their Love-quivers, full of Ladies Eyes,
And twice as many Flames, could sling upon us.

Ang. Of what Age is she?

Jul. As a Rose at fairest,
Neither a Bud, nor blown, but such a one,
Were there a *Hercules* to get again
With all his Glory, or one more than he,

The

The God would chuse out 'mongst a Race of Women
 To make a Mother of: She's outwardly
 All that bewitches Sense, all that entices;
 Nor is it in our Virtue to uncharm it.
 And when she speaks, oh *Angelo*, then Musick
 (Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a Soul
 To aged Mountains, and made rugged Beasts
 Lay by their Rages; and tall Trees that knew
 No sound but Tempests, to bow down their Branches
 And hear, and wonder; and the Sea, whose Surges
 Shook their white Heads in Heav'n, to be as mid-night
 Still, and attentive) steals into our Souls
 So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
 From that time no more ours, but what she pleases.

Ang. Why look, how far you've thrust yourself again
 Into your old Disease? Are you that Man
 With such a resolution, that would venture
 To take your leave of folly, and now melt
 Ev'n in repeating her?

Jul. I had forgot me.

Ang. As you will still do.

Jul. No, the strongest Man
 May have the grudging of an Ague on him,
 This is no more; let's go, I'd fain be fit
 To be thy Friend again, for now I'm no Man's.

Ang. Go you, I dare not go, I tell you truly,
 Nor were it wise I should.

Jul. Why? *Ang.* I am well,
 And if I can, will keep myself so.

Jul. Ha?

Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
 To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee;
 Art thou not strong enough to see a Woman?

Ang. Yes, twenty thousand; but not such a one
 As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;
 I know I'm frail, and may be cozen'd too
 By such a Siren.

Jul. Faith thou shalt go, *Angelo*.

Ang. Faith but I will not; no, I know how far, Sir,
 I'm able to hold out, and will not venture

Above my depth: I do not long to have
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly
Like a poor Wench had lost her Market-mony;
And when I see good Meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small Beer, and consume my wit
In making *Anagrams*, and faithful Posies;
I do not like that Itch, I'm sure I had rather
Have the main Pox, and safer.

Jul. Thou shalt go,
I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my Repentance; as thou lov'st me go.

Ang. Well I will go, since you will have it so;
But if I prove a Fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully.

Jul. And if thou see'st me fall again, good *Angelo*,
Give me thy Counsel quickly lest I perish.

Ang. Pray Heav'n I have enough to save myself,
For as I have a Soul, I'd rather venture
Upon a savage Island, than this Woman. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Father and Servant.

Fath. From whom, Sir, comes this Bounty? for I think
You are mistaken.

Ser. No, Sir, 'tis to you
I am sure my Mistress sent it.

Fath. Who's your Mistress,
That I may give her thanks?

Ser. The virtuous Widow.

Fath. The virtuous Widow, Sir? I know none such:
Pray what's her Name? *Ser. Lelia.*

Fath. I knew you err'd,
'Tis not to me I warrant ye; there, Sir,
Carry't to those she feeds fat with such Favours,
I am a Stranger to her.

Ser. Good Sir take it,
And if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you,
For I am sure mine Eye never went off ye

Since

Since you forsook the Gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her Door.

Fath. Indeed I talk'd with two
Within this half hour in the Street.

Ser. 'Tis you, Sir,
And none but you I'm sent to; wiser Men
Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it,
'Tis not a Fortune every Man can brag of,
And from a Woman of her Excellence.

Fath. Well, Sir, I'm catechiz'd; what more belongs to't?

Ser. This only, Sir; she would intreat you come
This Evening to her without fail.

Fath. I will.

Ser. You guess where. *Fath.* Sir, I have a Tongue else. She
[*Exit Servant.*

Is downright Devil; or else my Wants and
Her Disobedience have provok'd her
To look into her foul Self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me? I had thought
I'd been the same to all, I am to them
That chang'd me thus: Heav'n pardon me for lying,
For I have paid it home: Many a good Man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico, and Pifo.

Here are my Praters; now if I did well
I should belabour 'em, but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thousand on't.

Lod. If we could get a Fellow that would do it.

Fath. What Villany is now in Hand?

Pifo. 'Twill be hard to be done in my Opinion,
Unless we light upon an *Englishman*
With sevenscore Surfeits in him. *Lod.* Are the *Englishmen*
Such stubborn Drinkers? *Pifo.* Not a leak at Sea
Can suck more Liquor; you shall have their Children
Christen'd in mull'd Sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a *Dane* down: Take an *Englishman*,
And cry *St. George*, and give him but a *Rasher*,
And you shall have him upon even Terms

Defy

Defy a Hogthead; such a one would do it [Weapon?
Home, Boy, and like a Work-man. (34) *Lod.* At what

Piso. Sherry Sack: I would have him drink stark dead
If it were possible: At worst past Portage.

Lod. What is the end then?

Piso. Dost thou not perceive it?

If he be drunk Dead, there's a fair end of him.

If not, this is my end, or by enticing,

Or by deceiving, to conduct him where

The Fool is, that admires him; and if sober

His Nature be so rugged, what will't be.

When he is hot with Wine? Come let's about it,

If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn

My head sh' hath done with Soldiers.

Lod. This may do well.

Fath. Here's a new way to murder Men alive,

I'll choak his train. God save ye, Gentlemen.

It is to you, stay: Yes it is to you.

Lod. What's to me?

Fath. You are fortunate,

I cannot stand to tell you more now, meet me

Here soon, and you'll be made a Man. [Exit Father.

Lod. What Vision's this?

Piso. I know not.

Lod. Well, I'll meet it,

Think you o'th' other, and let me a while

(34) *Lod.* At what Weapon?] I have made a Change in the Persons of the Speakers *Lodovic* and *Piso*, giving to *Lodovic* what was in the other Edition spoke by *Piso* and *è contra*; as thinking the Speeches something out of Character. *Piso*'s Design seems to be, by the whole Tenor of the Conversation, to make *Jacomo* soundly drunk: His hope of doing this is built upon one of our Countrymen, whom he describes as capable of tuning down an Hogthead with the Shoing-horn of a Rasher. But wou'd the Poet on this Supposition put *At what Weapon* into the Mouth of *Piso*, make him ask himself a Question and let *Lodovic* give the Answer? No surely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who shou'd have interrupted *Piso*'s Narrative, both as to the Means and End of making the Captain drunk. What seems to confirm this, is the Speech of *Lodovic* at the Close of the Scene, where he bids *Piso* think of the other, viz. making *Jacomo* fuddled; to which *Piso* answers

For the Drunkard *Lodovic*

Let me alone.

Dream

Dream of this Fellow.

Piso. For the Drunkard, *Lodovic*

Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Clora, and Frank.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, pray let me laugh extreamly.

Frank. Why? Prithee why? Hast thou such cause;

Clo. Yes faith,

My Brother will be here straightway, and ——

Frank. What?

Clo. The other Party: Ha, ha, ha.

Frank. What Party?

Wench, thou art not drunk?

Clo. No faith.

Frank. Faith thou hast been among the Bottles, *Clora.*

Clo. Faith but I have not, *Frank*: Prithee be handsom,
The Captain comes along too, Wench.

Frank. O is that it

That tickles ye?

Clo. Yes, and shall tickle you too;

You understand me?

Frank. By my troth thou'rt grown

A strange lewd Wench; I must e'en leave thy Company,
Thou wilt spoil me else.

Clo. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my Hand;
Hadst thou been free, as a good Wench ought to be,
When I went first a Birding for thy Love,
And roundly said, that is the Man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago. [know'st him,

Frank. And what dost thou see in him, now thou
To be thus laught at?

Clo. Prithee be not angry,
And I'll speak freely to thee.

Frank. Do, I will not.

Clo. Then as I hope to have a handsom Husband,
This Fellow in mine Eye, and *Frank* I'm held
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty Fellow,

Appears

Appears a strange thing.

Frank. Why, how strange for God's sake?

He is a Man, and one that may content

(For any thing I see) a right good Woman:

And sure I am not blind.

Clo. There lyes the Question?

For, (but you say he is a Man, and I

Will credit you,) I should as soon have thought him

Another of God's Creatures; out upon him,

His Body, that can promise nothing.

But laziness and long strides.

Frank. These are your Eyes;

Where were they *Clora*, when you fell in Love

With the old Foot-man, for singing of *Queen Dido*?

And swore he look'd, in his old Velvet Trunks

And his slic'd *Spanish* Jerkin, like *Don John*?

You had a parlous Judgment then, my *Clora*.

Clo. Who told you that?

Frank. I heard it.

Clo. Come, be Friends,

The Soldier is a *Mars*, no more, we're all

Subject to slide away.

Frank. Nay, laugh on still.

Clo. No faith, thou art a good Wench, and 'tis pity

Thou should'st not be well quarried at thy entring,

Thou art so high flown for him: Look, who's there?

Enter Fabricio, and Giacomo.

Jac. Prithee go single, what should I do there?

Thou know'st I hate these Visitations,

As I hate Peace or Perry.

Fab. Wilt thou never

Make a right Man?

Jac. You make a right Fool of me,

To lead me up and down to visit Women,

And be abus'd and laugh'd at; let me starve

If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em

What their Shoes cost?

Fab. Fy upon thee, Coward,

Canst thou not Sing?

Jac.

- *Jac.* Thou know'st I can sing nothing
(35) But *Plumpton Park*.

Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.

Jac. I'd rather enter
A breach: If I miscarry, by this Hand
I will have you by th' Ears for't.

Fab. Save ye, Ladies.

Clo. Sweet Brother, I dare swear you're welcome hither,
So is your Friend.

Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em. [welcome,

Frank. Good Sir believe your Sister; you're most
So is this worthy Gentleman, whose Virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

Jac. Sh' has found me out already, and has paid me;
Shall we be going? *Fab.* Peace; your Goodness, Lady,
Will ever be afore us; for myself
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My Friend, this Gentleman, out of acquaintance.

Jac. More of me yet?

Franc. Would I were able, Sir,
From either of your worths to merit Thanks.

Clo. But Brother, is your Friend thus sad still? Methinks
'Tis an unseemly Nature in a Soldier.

Jac. What's she to do with me, or my Behaviour?

Fab. He do's but shew so; prithee to him, Sister.

Jac. If I don't break thy Head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once.

Clo. Sir, we must intreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry,
'Tis pity a fair Man of your proportion
Should have a Soul of Sorrow.

Jac. Very well;
Pray Gentlewoman what would you have me say?

Clo. Do not you know, Sir?

Jac. Not so well as you
That talk continually.

(35) *But Plumpton Part.*] This Lesson is peculiar to the Edition of 1711, the oldest *Folios* giving, as I conjectur'd it shou'd be, the Reading in the Text.

Frank.

Frank. You've hit her, Sir.

Clo. I thank him, so he has,
Fair fall his sweet Face for it.

Jac. Let my Face
Alone, I'd wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.

Clo. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your Friend brought up? H'as sure
Been a great lover in his youth of Pottage,
They lie so dull upon his Understanding.

Fab. No more of that, thou'lt anger him at Heart.

Clo. Then let him be more Manly, for he looks
Like a great School-Boy that had been blown up
Last Night at Dust-point.

Frank. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are, fye *Clora*.
Sir, will it please you sit?

Clo. And I'll sit by you.

Jac. Woman be quiet, and be rul'd I'd wish you.

Clo. I've done, Sir Captain.

Fab. Art thou not asham'd?

Jac. Your'e an Ass, I'll tell you more anon,
Y'had better have been hang'd than brought me hither.

Fab. You are grown a sullen Fool; either be handsome,
Or by this Light I will have the Wenches bait thee;
Go to the Gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your Head up; what?

Jac. By this light I'll brain thee.

Frank. Now o' my faith this Gentleman do's nothing
But it becomes him rarely; *Clora*, look
How well this little Anger, if it be one,
Shews in his Face.

Clo. Yes, it shews very sweetly.

Frank. Nay, do not blush Sir, o' my troth it does,
I would be ever angry to be thus.

Fabricio, o' my Conscience if I ever
Do fall in Love, as I will not forswear it
Till I am something wiser, it must be,
I will not say directly with that Face,
But certainly such another as that is,

And thus (36) dispos'd may Chance to hamper me.

Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?

Jac. You will prate still;

I would you were not Women, I would take

A new course with ye.

Clo. Why couragious?

Jac. For making me a Stone to whet your Tongues on.

Clo. Prithee, sweet Captain.

Jac. Go, go spin, go hang.

Clo. Now could I kiss him.

Jac. If you long for kicking,

You'd best come kiss me, do not though, I'd wish ye;

I'll send my Foot-man to thee, he shall Leap thee,

And thou wantest Horsing: I'll leave ye, Ladies.

Frank. Beshrew my Heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a Gentleman

Of his deserts, that comes so worthily

To visit me, I cannot take it well.

Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish Woman?

Frank. I thought you did Sir, and for that I thank you,
I would be loth to lose those Thanks; I know

This is but some odd way you have, and faith

It do's become you well to make us merry;

I have heard often of your pleasant Vein.

Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?

Jac. Pray thou scurvy Fellow,

Thou hast not long to live; adieu dear Damsels,

You filthy Women farewell, and be sober,

And keep your Chambers.

Clo. Farewel old *Don Diego*.

Frank. Away, away, you must not so be angry,

To part thus roughly from us; yet to me

This does not shew, as if 'twere yours, the Wars

May breed Men something plain I know, but not

Thus rude; give me your Hand, good Sir. I know

(36) — *dispose my Chance* —] Thus read the old Copies, contrary both to Sense and Grammar: The slight Change in two Words which I have made, make the whole clear and consistent; *Frank* is praising *Jacomo's* Anger, and says naturally enough, *that a Face thus dispos'd may chance to captivate her Affections.* T. Seward.

'Tis

The Captain.

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'Tis white, and ———

Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating Housewives?

Clo. For any thing I know, we would in to Supper,
And there begin a Health of lusty Claret
To keep care from our Hearts, and it should be ———

Fab. 'Faith to whom? Mark but this, *Jacomo.*

Clo. Even to the handsomest Fellow now alive.

Fab. Do you know such a one?

Frank. He may be guest at,
Without much Travel.

Fab. There's another Item.

Clo. And he should be a Soldier.

Frank. 'Twould be better.

Clo. And yet not you, sweet Captain.

Frank. Why not he?

Jac. Well; I shall live to see your Husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like Ban-dogs.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Green Sickneffes and Serving-men light on ye
With greasy Codpieces, and woollen Stockings,
The Devil (if he dare deal with two Women)
Be of your Counsels: Farewel Plaisterers — [Exit *Jac.*

Clo. This Fellow will be mad at Mid-summer
Without all doubt.

Fab. I think so too.

Frank. I'm sorry,
He's gone in such a Rage, but sure this holds him
Not every Day.

Fab. 'Faith every other Day
If he come near a Woman.

Clo. I wonder how his Mother could endure
To have him in her Belly, he's so boysterous.

Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

Clo. Yes, if they taw him as they do Whit-leather,
Upon an Iron, or beat him soft like Stock-fish.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-woman with a Vail.

Lel. Art t' sure 'tis he?

Wom. Yes, and another with him.

Lel. The more the merrier; did you give that Mony,
And charg'd it be delivered where I shew'd you?

Wom. Yes, and what else you bad me.

Lel. That brave Fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness,
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting Gristles
Are only for my safer ends.

Wom. They're here.

Lel. Give me my Vail, and bid the Boy go sing
That Song above, I gave him; the sad Song;
Now if I miss him, I am curst: Go, Wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of Men, yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in; thou know'st these things,
Do 'em to th' life.

Wom. I warrant you I'm perfect.

Lel. Now some ill Woman for her use would give
A million for this Wench, she is so subtle.

Enter to the Door, Julio and Angelo.

Wom. Good Sir, desire it not, I dare not do it,
For since your last being here, Sir, believe me,
Sh' has griev'd herself out of all Company,
And, sweet Soul, almost out of Life too.

Jul. Prithee

Let me but speak one word.

Wom. You will offend, Sir,
And yet your Name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but Sorrow; good Sir, go.

Ang. This little Varlet hath her Lesson perfect,
These are the baits they bob with.

Jul. 'Faith I will not.

Wom. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;

But

But you are such a Gentleman —

Jul. No more.

[well enough.

Ang. There's a new Tyre, Wench; peace, thou'rt

Jul. What, has she Musick?

Wom. Yes, for Heav'n's sake stay,

'Tis all she feeds upon.

Jul. Alas, poor Soul.

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly, for there's need on't.

The S O N G.

Away Delights, go seek some other dwelling,

For I must die :

Farewel false Love, thy Tongue is ever telling

Lye after Lye.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,

Alas, for pity go,

And fire their Hearts

That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,

For I will die ;

And all those Griefs that think to over-grow me,

Shall be as I :

For ever will I sleep, while poor Maids cry,

Alas, for Pity stay,

And let us die

With thee, Men cannot mock us in the (37) Clay.

(37) — *mock us in the Day.*] To mock a Person in the Day, appear'd to me very obscure, and bordering upon, if not quite Nonsense: I consulted Mr. Seward upon it, and he informed me, 'twas his Suspicion we shou'd read

In the Clay, i. e. when we are dead:

But seem'd diffident of finding any Authority for such an Use of the Word *Clay*. I had at first put this Reading in my Margin, but did not care to propose it, as thinking it much too poor a one for this Place: But upon Mr. Seward's coming into this Lecture, and having an Authority from *Shakespear* for this Use of the Word, I am apt to imagine we have recovered the Poets original Text. The Passage in *Shakespear* is in *Hen. V. Act 4.*

The Dead with Charity inclos'd in Clay.

Jul. Mistress? not one word? Mistress, if I grieve ye I can depart again.

Ang. Let's go then quickly,
For if she get from under this dark Cloud,
We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.

Jul. Do but speak
Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone, for that I think will please you.

Ang. Oh, that all Women were thus silent ever,
What fine things were they!

Jul. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in Womens words
Spoken in Tears, you swore you lov'd to do so,

Lel. O me, my Heart!

Ang. Now, *Julio*, play the Man,
Or such another O me will undo thee:
Would I had any thing to keep me busie,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i'th' mesh too.

Jul. 'Pray speak again.

Lel. Where is my Woman?

Wom. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me! what a Face she has?
Would it were vail'd again.

Lel. Why did you let
This flattering Man in to me! Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his Eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
'Thou'st brought me poyson in a shape of Heav'n,
Whose violence will break the Hearts of all,
Of all weak Women, as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.
Good Sir, be gone, you know not what an ease
Your absence is.

Ang. By Heav'n she is a wonder,
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am (38) quamish.

Jul. Though I desire to be here more than Heav'n,
As I am now, yet if my sight offend you,

(38) The Edition of 1647 has *Squeamish*. Either Reading is equally good.

So

So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go; farewell——

Lel. I should say something
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me;
But why should I speak to a Man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?

Ful. If this be hate——

Lel. Away, away, Deceiver.

Ful. Now help me, *Angelo!*

Ang. I'm worse than thou art.

Lel. Such Tears as those might make another Woman
Believe thee honest, *Julio*, almost me,
That know their ends, for I confess they stir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her; O brave Eye!
Steal me away, (39) for God's sake, *Julio*.

Ful. Alas, poor Man! I'm lost again too, strangely.

Lel. No, I will sooner trust a Crocodile
When he sheds Tears, for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a Man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way;
I was requesting you to come no more
And mock me with your Service, 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far; you may love too;
For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way; yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

Ful. Will you believe me?

Lel. For your Vows and Oaths,
And such deceiving Tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

Ful. Let me be most despis'd of Men——

Lel. No more;

There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me; no, thou false Man
I will avoid thee, and for thy sake all

(39) *Steal me away, Julio.*] The Text is from the oldest Folio of
1647. T. Seward.

That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in Love,
 For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee;
 Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
 That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her
 That is a Stranger to thy cruelty,
 And knows not yet what Man is, and his lyings,
 How thou dy'st daily for her; pour it out
 In thy best lamentations; put on Sorrow,
 As thou canst, to deceive an Angel, *Julio*,
 And vow thyself into her Heart, that when
 I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falshood,
 Still a forsaken Woman may be found
 To call to Heav'n for Vengeance.

Ang. From this hour,
 I heartily despise all honest Women;
 I care not if the World took knowledge on't,
 I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
 Of loving one Man only; give me henceforth,
 (Before the greatest Blessing can be thought of)
 If this be one, a Whore; that's all I aim at.

Jul. Mistress, the most offending Man is heard
 Before his Sentence, why will you condemn me
 Ere I produce the Truth to witness with me,
 How innocent I am of all your Angers?

Lel. There is no trusting of that Tongue, I know't,
 And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills; no more, Sir.

Jul. It never lied to you (40) yet; if it did,
 'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lel. Good Sir, no more; make not my Understanding,
 After I've suffer'd thus much evil by you,
 So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
 Of all your forc'd Affections; yet because
 I once lov'd such a Sorrow too too dearly,
 As that would strive to be; I do forgive ye
 Ev'n heartily, as I would be forgiven,
 For all your wrongs to me; my Charity
 Yet loves you so far, (though again I may not)

(40) *Yet* is from the Edition of 1647.

(41) And wish when that time comes, you will love truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find
The worthy fruit of your Affections,
True Love again, not my unhappy Harvest,
Which, like a Fool, I sow'd in such a Heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers
From these two Eyes, continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Jul. You have conquer'd me ;
I did not think to yield, but make me now,
Ev'n what you will, my *Lelia*, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lel. No, no, those fond Imaginations
Are dead and buried in me, let 'em rest.

Jul. I'll marry you.

Ang. The Devil thou wilt, *Julio*,
How that word waken'd me ! come hither, Friend,
Thou art a Fool, look stedfastly upon her,
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears, though I could fight for her,
And run through fire ; though I am stark mad too
Never to be recover'd, though I would
Give all I had i'th' World to lie with her
Ev'n to my naked Soul, I'm so far gone ;
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That that is something more than ours, our Honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means,
Yet I should do so ; is she not a Whore ?

Jul. She is ; but such a one ———

Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent,
And when I well consider, *Julio*,
I see no reason we should be confin'd

(41) *And wish when that time—*] Mr. Seward suspects something left
out here, necessary to compleat the Sense and Grammar, or else this
Line must be corrupted through the Transposition of some Particles ;
and wou'd read thus,

I wish when the Time comes, that you love truly,

(If you can ever do so) you may find, &c,

I have not indeed alter'd the Text, tho' I suspect it strongly to be
corrupt, and wou'd propose reading thus,

And wishes when th' time comes that you love, &c,

In our Affections ; when all Creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.

Jul. And so will I then.

Lel. He's fast enough I hope now, if I hold him.

Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis.

Jul. Do not consider, *Angelo*,
For I must do it.

Ang. No, I'll kill thee first,
I love thee so well, that the Worms shall have thee
Before this Woman, Friend.

Jul. It was your Counsel,

Ang. As I was a Knave,
Not as I lov'd thee.

Jul. All this is lost upon me, *Angelo*.
For I must have her ; I will marry ye
When e'er ye please : pray look better on me.

Ang. Nay then no more, Friend ; farewell, *Julio*,
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

Jul. Stay, thou art more than she, and now I find it.

Lel. Is he so ?

Jul. Mistress.

Lel. No, I'll see thee starv'd first. [Exit *Lelia*.

Jul. Friend.

Ang. Fly her as I do, *Julio*, she's a Witch.

Jul. Beat me away then, I shall grow here still else.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with
thee.

Farewel for ever.

[Exit *Angelo*.

Jul. Stay, I am uncharm'd,
Farewel thou cursed House, from this hour be
More hated of me than a Leprosy.

[Exit *Julio*.

Enter Lelia.

Lel. Both gone ? A plague upon 'em both,
Am I deceiv'd again ? Oh, I would rail
And follow 'em, but I fear the spight of People,
'Till I have emptied all my Gall ; the next
I seize upon shall pay their follies

To the last penny ; this will work me worse,
He that comes next, by Heav'n shall feel their curse. [*Ex.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Jacomo at one Door, and Fabricio at another.

Fab. O, y' are a sweet Youth, so uncivilly
To rail, and run away ?

Jac. O! are you there, Sir ?
I'm glad I've found ye, you've not now your Ladies,
To shew your Wit before.

Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou ?

Jac. What a sweet Youth I am, as you have made me,
You shall know presently. [*Draws.*

Fab. Put up your Sword,
I've seen it often, 'tis a Fox.

Jac. It is so,
And you shall feel it too ; will you dispatch, Sir,
And leave your Mirth ? or I shall take occasion
To beat ye, and disgrace ye too. *Fab.* Well, since
There is no other way to deal with you,
Let's see your Sword, I'm sure you scorn all odds,
I will fight with you——

[*They measure, and Fab. gets his Sword.*

Jac. How now ?

Fab. Nay, stand out,
Or by this light I'll make ye.

Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, Sir, out of judgment,
For he that deals with thee, (thou'rt grown so boisterous,)
Must have more Wits, or more Lives than another,
Or always be in Armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.

Jac. Your end of this, Sir ?

Fab. My end is only Mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety ; ha, ha, ha.

Jac. S'heart! then I'm grown ridiculous.

Fab. Thou art,
And wilt be shortly sport for little Children,

If

If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

Jac. O God, for any thing that had an Edge?

Fab. Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Fye, what a shame it is,
To have a Lubber shew his Teeth?

Fab. Ha, ha.

[low?

Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched Fel-
Speak with a Pox; and look ye render me
Just such a reason——

Fab. I shall die with laughing.

Jac. As no Man can find fault with; I shall have
Another Sword, I shall ye flearing Puppy.

Fab. Does not this Testiness shew finely in thee?
Once more take heed of Children, if they find thee,
They'll break up School to bear thee company,
Thou wilt be such a Pastime, and whoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, (42) and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Mad-man; and Go by *Jeronimo*,
And Will with Whisp, and Come aloft, and Crack Rope,
And old Saint *Dennis* with the dudgeon Cod-piece?
And twenty such Names.

Jac. No, I think they will not.

[dren

Fab. Yes, but they will; and Nurses still their Chil-
Only with thee, and take him, *Jacomo*.

Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One Steeple height, I'd fall and break thy Neck.

Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee, and
While thou art thus, will do: tell me one thing.

Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me;
Prithee restore my Sword.

(42) —— and Spade and Spit-fire.] If one wou'd compare these
Authors with themselves, there seems to be reason to suspect this Pas-
sage as corrupted: To put in *Spade*, which is a Name that carries no
'Terror in it to Children, between two which are usually made use
of for that purpose, seems to me not a little odd: what I conjecture
we shou'd read is this,

And call thee *Bloody-bones*, *Raw-head*, and *Spit-fire*,
So in the 4 Act, Scene 3 of this Play, *Clara* says of *Jacomo*,
Here's Raw-head come again.

And in the *Prophetess*, Act 4, Scene 5.

Now I look

Like *Bloody bones* and *Raw-head* to fright Children.

Fab.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will : Nay, Sir, keep out. [Sir.]

Jac. Well, I will be your Fool now, speak your mind,

Fab. Art thou not breeding Teeth ?

Jac. How, Teeth ?

Fab. Yes, Teeth, thou wouldst not be so froward else.

Jac. Teeth ?

Fab. Come, 'twill make thee

A little Rheumatick, but that's all one,
We'll have a Bib, for spoiling of thy Doublet ;
And a fring'd Muckender hang at thy Girdle,
I'll be thy Nurse, and get a Coral for thee,
And a fine Ring of Bells.

Jac. 'Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, *Fabricio*, to your Friend that loves you ;
Methinks your Goodness rather should invent
A way to make my Follies less, than breed 'em.
I should have been more moderate to you,
But I see ye despise me.

Fab. Now I love ye :

There, take your Sword, continue so : I dare not
Stay now to try your Patience, soon I'll meet ye,
And as you love your Honour, and your State,
Redeem yourself well to the Gentlewoman,
Farewel 'till soon.

[Exit *Fab.*]

Jac. Well, I shall think of this.

[Exit *Jac.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Host, Pifo, and Boy with a Glass of Wine.

Pifo. Nothing i'th' World but a dry'd Tongue or two--

Host. Taste him, and tell me.

Pifo. He's a valiant Wine,
This must be he, mine Host.

Host. This shall be *Ipse*.

Oh he's a devilish biting Wine, a Tyrant
Where he lays hold, Sir, this is he that scorns
Small Beer should quench him, or a foolish Caudle
Bring him to Bed ; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old Midwives.

Pifo.

Piso. There is a Soldier, I would have thee (43) batter Above the rest, because he thinks there's no Man Can give him Drink enough.

Host. What kind of Man?

Piso. That thou may'st know him perfectly, he's one Of a left-handed making, a lank thing, As if his Belly were ta'en up with Straw, To hunt a Match.

Host. Has he no Beard to shew him?

Piso. Faith but a little; yet enough to note him, Which grows in Parcels, here and there a Remnant: And that thou may'st not miss him, he is one That wears his Fore-head in a velvet Scabbard.

Host. That note's enough, he's mine, I'll fuddle him Or lie i'th' Suds; you will be here too? *Piso.* Yes, 'Till soon, farewell and bear up.

Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Angelo.

Jul. 'TIS strange thou should'st be thus, with thy Discretion.

Ang. I'm sure I am so.

Jul. I am well, you see.

Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep, And pray to God thou may'st continue so; Would I had gone to th' Devil of an Errand, When I was made a Fool to see her: Leave me, I am not fit for Conversation.

(43) ——— *have thee better*] How the making *Jacomo* drunk cou'd any way *better* him, is not, I fancy, mighty intelligible, at least to us at this time of day. The small Alteration of but a single Letter, where good Sense is gain'd by it, will easily be allow'd, I hope, to be no bad Exchange. Beside, as he is speaking of a Soldier, the Word *batter* is much more proper, and quite in Character. Mr. *Seward* too propos'd this reading, and I have transcrib'd part of his Letter into this Note.

Jul.

Jul. Why, thou art worse than I was.

Ang. Therefore leave me,
The Nature of my Sickneſs is not eas'd
By Company or Counſel; I am mad,
And if you follow me with Queſtions,
Shall ſhew myſelf ſo.

Jul. This is more than Error.

Ang. Pray be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me. *Jul.* Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone;
I would be loth to leave you thus elſe.

Ang. Nothing
That needs your Fear, that is ſufficient;
Farewel, and pray for me.

Jul. I would not leave you.

Ang. You muſt and ſhall.

Jul. I will then: Would yon Woman
Had been ten fathom under Ground, when firſt
I ſaw her Eyes.

Ang. Yet ſh' had been dangerous;
For to ſome wealthy Rock of precious Stone,
Or mine of Gold as tempting, her fair Body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by Labour
And brought to Uſe, having her Spells within it,
Might have corrupted States, and ruin'd Kingdoms,
Which had been fearful, Friend: Go, when I ſee thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me, you'll make me angry,

Jul. Heav'n grant you may be right again.

Ang. Amen.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a Gallon of Sack, and a Pint of Olives to
the Unicorn.

Above within. Why Drawer?

Boy. Anon, anon.

Another Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.

2 *Boy.*

2 *Boy*. Score a Quart of Claret to the Bar,
And a Pound of Sausages in the *Flower-pot*.

Enter first Servant with Wine.

1 *Serv*. The Devil's in their Throats : Anon, anon.

Enter second Servant.

2 *Serv*. Mull a Pint of Sack there for the Women in the
Flower-de-luce, and put in Ginger enough, they belch like
Pot-guns, [not be
And, *Robin*, fetch Tobacco for the *Peacock*, they will
Drunk till Midnight else : How now, how does my Master?

2 *Boy*. Faith he lies, drawing on apace.

1 *Boy*. That's an ill Sign.

2 *Boy*. And (44) fumbles with the Pots too.

1 *Boy*. Then there's no way but one with him.

2 *Boy*. All the rest,

Except the Captain, are in *Limbo Patrum*,
Where they lie sod in Sack.

1 *Boy*. Does he bear up still?

2 *Boy*. Afore the Wind still, with his Lights up bravely ;
All he takes in I think he turns to Juleps,
Or has a world of Stowage in his Belly ;
The rest look all like Fire-Drakes, and lie scatter'd
Like Rushes round about the Room. My Master
Is now the loving'st Man, I think, above Ground.

1 *Boy*. Would he were always drunk then.

Within. Drawer.

2 *Boy*. Anon, anon, Sir.

[weeps,

1 *Boy*. And swears I shall be free to Morrow, and so
And calls upon my Mistress.

2 *Boy*. Then he's right.

[her,

1 *Boy*. And swears the Captain must lie this Night with
And bad me break it to her with Discretion,
That he may leave an Issue after him,
Able to entertain a *Dutch* Ambassador :

(44) I wish our Poets had been a little less fatirical upon their
Master *Shakespeare* : This Expression is a plain sneering Parody upon
the Description of *Falstaff's* Death, in *Henry V.* Act 2. Scene 3.

For after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, &c.

And

And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her Friends i'th' Country;
And brought her up disguis'd with the Carriers, [head,
And was nine Nights bereaving her (45) her Maiden,
And the tenth got a Drawer. Here they come.

Enter Jacomo, Host, Lodovico, and Pifo.

Within cry Drawer. Anon, anon, speak to the Tyger,
Peter.

Host. There's my Bells, Boys, my silver Bell.

Pifo. Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him.

Host. Captain.

Jac. Ho Boy.

Lod. Robin, sufficient single Beer, as cold as Crystal,
Quench Robin, quench.

Boy. I am gone, Sir.

Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love thee?
Sweet Captain let me kiss thee, by this Hand
I love thee next to Malmsey in a Morning,
Of all things transitory. *Jac.* I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat Man. *Host.* Dost thou, Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?

Jac. With all mine heart, Boy. [Captain

Host. Then welcome Death, come close mine Eyes, sweet
Thou shalt have all.

Jac. What shall your Wife have then?

Host. Why she shall have,
Besides my Blessing, and a silver Spoon,
Enough to keep her stirring in the World;
Three little Children, one of them was mine
Upon my Conscience, th' other two are Pagans.

Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish Mony,
To rub the time away with.

Host. Not a (a) Rag,
Not a Deniere, no; let her spin a God's Name,

(45) ——— *her of her Maidenhead.*] The Monosyllable of I have
left out of this Edition, which hurts the Measure, and is no way
necessary to the Sense, upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

(a) A Cant Term this for a *Farthing*.

And raise her House again.

Jac. Thou shalt not die though.

Boy, see your Master safe delivered,

He's ready to lie in.

Host. Good Night.

Jac. Good Morrow,

Drink till the Cow come home, 'tis all pay'd Boys.

Lod. A pox of Sack.

Host. Marry God blefs my Buts, Sack is a Jewel,
'Tis comfortable, Gentlemen.

Jac. More Beer, Boy,
Very sufficient single Beer.

Boy. Here, Sir.

How is it, Gentlemen?

Jac. But e'en so, so.

Host. Go before finely *Robin*, and prepare
My Wife, bid her be right and straight, I come Boy :
And Sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use
Their own Discretions, by all means, and stir not,
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried ; ———
Captain, adieu, adieu sweet Bully Captain,
One kiss before I die, one kiss.

Jac. Farewel Boy.

Host. All my sweet Boys farewell. [Exit Host.]

Lod. Go Sleep, you're drunk.

Jac. Come Gentlemen, I'll see you at your Lodging,
You look not lustily, a Quart more.

Lod. No Boy.

Piso. Get us a Torch,

Boy. 'Tis Day, Sir.

Jac. That's all one.

Piso. Are n't those the Stars, thou scurvy Boy?

Lod. Is not Charle-wain there, tell me that, there?

Jac. Yes ;

I've paid 'em truly : Do not vex him, Sirrah.

Piso. Confess it Boy, or as I live I'll beat
Midnight into thy Brains.

Boy. I do confess it.

Piso. Then live, and draw more small Beer presently

Jac. Come, Boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And

And sing, and do brave things, cheerly my Hearts,
A-pox o' being sad; now could I fly,
And turn the World about upon my Finger:
Come, ye shall love me, I'm an honest Fellow:
Hang Care and Fortune, we are Friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two, dearly.

Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting Captain,
And kill up such poor People as we're by th' Dozens.

Lod. As they kill Flies with Fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, Sir.

Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews
To be a very merciful young Man.

And prithee, *Piso*, let m' have thy Opinion.

Piso. Then he shall have Mercy that merciful is,
Or all the Painters are Apocryphal.

Jac. I'm glad you have your Wits yet; will ye go?

Piso. You had best say we're drunk.

Jac. Ye are.

Lod. Ye lye.

Jac. Ye're Rascals, drunken Rascals.

Piso. 'Tis sufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye;
You have been tampering any time these three Days,
Thus to disgrace me.

Piso. That's a Lye too.

Jac. Well, Sir.

Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your Points on you,
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a Beating.

Piso. I'll make you fart Fire, Captain, by this Hand,
And ye provoke,—do not provoke, I'd wish you.

Jac. How do you like this? [Beats them.]

Lod. Sure I am enchanted.

Piso. Stay till I draw.

Jac. Dispatch then, I am angry.

Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.

Jac. Thou dar'st not draw; ye cold, tame, mangy
Cowards.

Ye drunken Rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?
Not Wine, nor Beating?

Lod. If this way be suffer'd——
'Tis very well.

Jac. Go, there's your Way, go and sleep.
I've pity on you, you shall have the rest
To Morrow when we meet.

Piso. Come *Lodovick*,
He's monstrous drunk now, there's no talking with him.

Jac. I am so, when I'm sober I'll do more.
[*Exeunt Lod. and Piso.*

Boy, where's mine Host?

Boy. He's on his Bed asleep, Sir. [Exit Boy.

Jac. Let him alone then: Now am I high Proof
For any Action, now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a Wild-fire; or I could love
Any Man living now, or any Woman,
Or indeed any Creature that loves Sack
Extreamly, monstrously; I am so loving,
Just at this Instant, that I might be brought,
I feel it, with a little Labour, now to
Talk with a Justice of Peace, that to my
Nature I hate next an ill Sword: I will do
Some strange brave thing now, and I have it here:
Pray God the Air keep out; I feel it buzzing. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Frederick, Frank, and Clora.

Clo. She loves him too much, that's the plain Truth,
Frederick,
For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her
A strange Forgetter of herself; there's *Julio*,
Or twenty more——

Fred. In your Eye I believe you,
But credit me, the Captain is a Man,
Lay but his rough Affections by, as worthy.

Clo. So is a resty Jade, a Horse of Service,
If he would leave his Nature; give me one,
By your Leave, Sir, to make a Husband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him.
Methinks a Man is Misery enough.

Fred.

Fred. You are too bitter, I'd not have him worse.
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one Day, Lady,
I do not doubt it, for this Heresy. [ness;

Clo. I'll burn before: Come, prithee leave this Sad-
This walking by thyself to see the Devil,
This Mumps, this Lachrimæ, this Love in Sippets;
It fits thee like a *French Hood*.

Frank. Does it so?
I'm sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose; take up quickly,
Thy Wit will founder of all four else, Wench;
If thou hold'st this Pace; take up, when I bid thee.

Clo. Before your Brother? fie.

Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Jacomo.

Clo. Here's Raw-head come again; Lord how he
looks!

Pray God we 'scape with broken Pates.

Frank. Were I he,
Thou should'st not want thy Wish; he has been drinking,
Has he not, *Frederick*?

Fred. Yes, but do not find it.

Clo. Peace, and let's hear his Wisdom.

Fred. You will mad him.

Jac. I'm somewhat bold, but that's all one.

Clo. A short and pithy Saying for a Soldier.

Frank. As I live

Thou art a strange mad Wench.

Clo. To make a Parson.

Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss ye.

Clo. How he wipes his Mouth like a young Preacher
We shall have it.

Jac. In order as you lie before me: First,
I will begin with you.

Frank. With me, Sir?

Jac. Yes,

If you will promise me to kiss in ease.

Frank. I care not if I venture.

Jac. I'll kiss according to mine own inventions

As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you,
I love ye.

Frank. Do you, Sir?

Jac. Yes indeed do I,
Would I could tell you how.

Frank. I would you would, Sir.

Jac. I would to God I could, but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my Heart.

Frank. Alas poor Heart.

Jac. And I am sorry; but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if't please God.

Frank. E'en when you will, Sir.

Clo. He's dismal Drunk, would he were musled.

Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.

Frank. Go to him, Fool.

Clo. Not I, he'll bite me.

Jac. When wit? When?

Clo. Good Captain.

Jac. Nay, and you play Bo-peep, I'll ha' no Mercy,
But catch as catch may.

Fred. Nay I'll not defend ye.

Clo. Good Captain do not hurt me, I am sorry
That e'er I anger'd ye.

Jac. I'll tew you for't

By this Hand, Wit, unless you kiss discreetly. [*Kisses her.*

Clo. No more, Sir.

Jac. Yes a little more sweet Wit,
One Taste more o' your Office: Go thy ways
With thy small Kettle-Drums; upon my Conscience
Thou art the best, that e'er Man laid his Leg o'er.

Clo. He smells just like a Cellar,
Fie upon him.

Jac. Sweet Lady now to you. [*Going to Frederick.*

Clo. For loves sake kiss him.

Fred. I shall not keep my Countenance.

Frank. Try prithee.

Jac. Pray be not coy sweet Woman, for I'll kiss ye,
I am blunt,
But you must pardon me.

Clo.

Clo. O God my fides.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noise, sweet Ladies?

Clo. Lusty Laurence,
See what a Gentlewoman you've saluted;
Pray God she prove not quick.

Fred. Where were thine eyes
To take me for a Woman, ha, ha, ha.

Jac. Who art'a, art'a Mortal?

Fred. I am *Frederick*.

Jac. Then *Frederick* is an Afs,
A scurvy *Frederick*, to laugh at me.

Frank. Sweet Captain.

Jac. Away, Woman;
Go stitch and serve God, I despise thee, Woman,
And *Frederick* shall be beaten; S'blood ye Rogue,
Have ye none else to make your Puppies of,
But me? *Fred.* I prithee be more patient,
There's no hurt done.

Jac. S'blood but there shall be, Scab.

Clo. Help, help, for Love's sake.

Frank. Who's within there? *Fred.* So,
Now you have made a fair hand.

Jac. Why? *Fred.* You've kill'd me——

[*Falls as kill'd.*]

Clo. Call in some Officers, and stay the Captain.

Jac. You shall not need.

Clo. This is your drunkenness.

Frank. O me! unhappy Brother, *Frederick*,
Look but upon me, do not part so from me.
Set him a little higher, he is dead.

Clo. O Villain, Villain. [*Enter Fabricio.*]

Fab. How now, what's the matter?

Frank. O Sir, my Brother! O my dearest Brother.

Clo. This drunken Trough has kill'd him.

Fab. Kill'd him?

Clo. Yes.

For Heav'n sake hang him quickly, he will do
Ev'ry Day such a Murder else, there's nothing

But a strong Gallows that can make him quiet,
I find it in his Nature too late.

Fab. Pray be quiet,
Let me come to him.

Clo. Some go for a Surgeon.

Frank. Oh what a wretched Woman has he made me.
Let me alone, good Sir.

Fab. To what a Fortune
Hast thou reserv'd thy Life?

Jac. Fabricio.

Fab. Never intreat me, for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, 'less it be
To have thee hang'd; for God sake be more temperate.

Jac. I have a Sword still, and I am a Villain.

Clo. &c. Hold, hold, hold.

Jac. Ha? [Exit Jacomo.

Clo. Away with him for Heav'n's sake,
He is too desperate for our enduring.

Fab. Come, you shall sleep; come strive not,
I'll have it so; here take him to his Lodging,
And see him laid, before you part. *Ser.* We will, Sir.

Fred. Ne'er wonder, I am living yet, and well:
I thank you, Sister, for your Grief, pray keep it
'Till I am fitter for it.

Fab. Do you live, Sir?

Fred. Yes, but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his Wine.

Fab. 'Twas well, Sir,
You had that good respect unto his Temper,
That no worse followed. *Fred.* If I had stood him,
Certain one of us must have perished.
How now, *Frank*?

Frank. Beshrew my Heart, I tremble like an Aspine.

Clo. Let him come here no more for Heav'n's sake,
Unless he be in Chains.

Frank. I would fain see him
After he's slept, *Fabricio*, but to try
How he will be; chide him, and bring him back.

Clo. You'll never leave 'till you be worried with him.

Frank. Come Brother, we'll walk in, and laugh a little,

To get this Fever off me.

Clo. Hang him Squib,
Now could I grind him into priming Powder.

Frank. Pray will you leave your fooling?

Fab. (46) Come, all Friends.

Frank. Thou art enough to make an Age of Men so,
Thou art so cross and peevish.

Fab. I will chide him,
And if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.

Clo. I'd go a Mile (to see him cry) in Slippers,
He would look so like a Whey Cheese.

Frank. Would we might see him once more.

Fab. If you dare
Venture a second tryal of his Temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.

Clo. No, good *Frank*,
Let him alone, I see his Vein lies only
For falling out at Wakes and Bear-baitings,
That may expresse him sturdy.

Fab. Now indeed
You are too sharp, sweet Sister; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sowness, he's as brave a Fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,
As any He that lives.

Frank. I do believe you,
And good Sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his Opinion any way,
Make peace again.

(46) *Come, all Friends,*

Thou art enough to make an Age of Men so,

Thou art so cross and peevish.

This seems to be as odd a Reason as well cou'd be given, to confirm the Line above: What, is Crossness and a peevish Temper conducive to make or keep up a Friendship? Any one sees the Folly of such an Assertion: To refer it to the biting things said above by *Clora* to *Jacomo*, which had so enrag'd him, is a Liberty in Writing I don't remember an Instance of. I am rather inclin'd to think that to solve this Matter to our Authors Credit and Honour, we must suppose some Line or Lines have been dropt upon us by the Negligence and Oversight of the first Editors.

Fab.

Fab. I will: I'll leave ye, Ladies.

Clo. Take heed y' had best, he's sworn to pay you else.

Fab. I warrant you, I have been often threatned.

Clo. When he comes next, I'll have the Cough or Toothach,

Or something that shall make me keep my Chamber,
I love him so well.

Frank. Would you'd keep your Tongue. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Angelo.

(47) *Ang.* I cannot keep from this ungodly Woman,
This *Lelia*, whom I know too, yet am caught;
Her Looks are nothing like her; would her faults
Were all in *Paris* Print upon her Face,
Cum Privilegio, to use 'em still.

(47) This Soliloquy of *Angelo* in the present Edition we have reduced to (what it might possibly be when it came out of the Authors Hands) Measure. Whether the Labour be worthy Thanks or no, is a thing every Reader will be the best Judge of. The whole deserves not the Name of Poetry, they are Lines rather than Verses, and there is neither Ear or Genius requir'd to make such: I think 'twou'd not be difficult to dictate like *Lucilius stans pede in uno*, two hundred such Verses as these in an Hour. The Speech in the old Copies is as follows:

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly Woman,
This *Lelia*, whom I know too, yet am caught,
Her Looks are nothing like her; would her Faults
Were all in *Paris* Print upon her Face,
Cum Privilegio, to use 'em still.

I would write an Epistle before it, on the inside of her Masque,
And Dedicate it to the Whore of Babylon, with a Preface upon
Her Nose to the gentle Reader; and they should be to be sold
At the Sign of the Whore's Head i'th' Pottage-pot, in what
Street you please: But all this helps not me; — I
Am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,
With a thing I contemn too.

I have read *Epictetus* twice over against the
Desire of these outward things, and still her Face runs in
My Mind; I went to say my Prayers, and they were
So laid out o'th' the way, that if I could find any Prayers I
Had, I'm no Christian.

This is the Door, and the short
Is, I must see her again. —

I'd an Epistle write before it, on
The inside of her Masque, and dedicate it
To th' Whore of *Babylon*, with a Preface on
Her Nose to th' gentle Reader; and they should
Be to be sold at th' Sign of the Whore's Head
I' th' Pottage-pot, in what Street you please: But all
This helps not me; — I'm made to be thus catch'd,
Past all redress, with a thing I contemn too.

I have read *Epictetus* over twice
'Gainst the Desire of these outward things,
And still her Face runs in my Mind; I went
To say my Prayers, and they were so laid
Out of the way, that if I could find any
Prayers I had, I'm no Christian.

This is the Door, and the short is, I
Must see her again. —

[He knocks.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I, I would speak with your Mistress.

Maid. Did she send for you? [leave.

Ang. No, what then? I would see her, prithee by thy

Maid. Not by my leave; for she will not see you,
But doth hate you, and your Friend, and doth wish
You both were hang'd, which being so proper
Men, is great pity that you are not.

Ang. How's this?

Maid. For your sweet self Sir in particular,
Who she resolves perswaded your Friend to
Neglect her, she deemeth Whipcord the most
Convenient Unction, for your Back and Shoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.

Maid. And if't shall happen that you are in doubt
Of these my Speeches, insomuch that you
Shall spend more time in arguing at the Door,
I am perswaded fully that my Mistress
In Person from above, will utter her
Mind more at large by way of Urine upon
Your Head, that it may sink the more soundly
Into your understanding Faculties.

Ang.

Ang. This is the strangest thing, good pretty Soul,
Why dost thou use me so?

I pray thee let me in, Sweet-heart.

Maid. Indeed I cannot, Sweet-heart.

Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this Crossness
(48) does not become thee.

Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.

Ang. Especially to me; thou knowst when I was here
I said I lik'd thee of all thy Mistress's Servants.

Maid. So did I you, tho' it be not my Fortune
To express it at this present: for truly
If you would cry, I cannot let you in. [Look you

Ang. Pox on her, I must go the down-right Way:
Here is ten Pound for you, let me speak with her.

Maid. I like your Gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heav'n I cannot do; she will not speak with you,
Especially at this time, sh'as Affairs.

Ang. This makes her leave her Jestings yet; but take it
And let me see her, bring me to a Place
Where, undiscern'd of herself, I may
Feed my desiring Eyes but half an Hour.

Maid. Why faith I think I can, and I will stretch
My Wits and Body too for Gold: If you
Will swear, as you are gentle, not to stir
Or speak, (49) whate'er you shall or see or hear,
Now or hereafter. Give m' your Gold, I'll plant you.

Ang. Why, as I am a Gentleman, I will not.

Maid. Enough, quick, follow me.

[*Ex. Angelo and Maid.*

(48) — *This Crossness does become thee.*] I have inserted the negative Particle *not* into the Text, as it seems entirely requisite to make the Speech of the Maid correspondent to *Angelo's*, who says,

— *This Crossness does not become thee.*

To which the Girl answers *à propos*,

Alas, I cannot help it.

(49) *Why faith I think I can, and I will stretch my Wits
And Body too for Gold: If you will swear, as you
Are gentle, not to stir or speak, where you shall
See or hear, now or hereafter. Give me your Gold, I'll plant you.*

Beside the Corruption in the Sense, this whole Speech has lost its Measure, which (as I have restor'd it) confirms the Necessity of the two Monosyllables inserted. *T. Seward.*

Enter

The Captain.

77

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why where's this Maid, she has much Care of her Business. *Nell?*

I think she be sunk — Why *Nell?* — whiew —

Maid within. What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away; oh, come, come, the Gentleman,

My Mistress invited, is coming down the Street, and the Banquet

Not yet brought out? — [They bring in the Banquet.

Lel. within. *Nell,* Sirrah?

Maid. I come, Forsooth.

Serv. Now must I walk: When there's any fleshly matters in hand, my

Mistress sends me of a four Hours Errand: But if I go not About mine own bodily Business as well as she, I am a

Turk.

[Exit Servant.

Enter Father.

Fath. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin, Doubtless; but I must on; the Gates of Hell

Are not more passable than these: How they

Will be to get out, God knows, I must try.

'Tis very strange; if there be any Life

Within this House, would it would shew itself.

What's here? a Banquet? and no Mouth to eat,

Or bid me do it? This is something like

The Entertainment of adventurous Knights

Entring enchanted Castles: For the manner,

Tho' there be nothing dismal to be seen,

Amazes me a little: What is meant

By this strange Invitation? I will sound

My Daughter's Meaning ere I speak to her,

If it be possible; for by my Voice

She will discover me! Hark, whence is this? [Musick.

The

The S O N G.

(a) Come hither you that love, and hear me sing
 Of Joys still growing
 Green, fresh and lusty, as the Pride of Spring,
 And ever blowing.
 Come hither, Youths that blush, and dare not know
 What is Desire,
 And old Men, worse than you, that cannot blow
 One Spark of Fire.
 And with the Power of my enchanting Song,
 Boys shall be able Men, and old Men young.

[Enter Angelo above.

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
 Leave off complaining,
 Youth, Strength and Beauty, that shall never die,
 Are here remaining.
 Come hither, Fools, and blush you stay so long
 From being blest,
 And mad Men worse than you, that suffer Wrong,
 Yet seek no Rest.
 And in an Hour, with my enchanting Song,
 You shall be ever pleas'd, and young Maids long.

Enter Lelia and her Maid with a Night-gown and Slippers.

Lel. Sir, you are welcome hither, as this Kiss,
 Giv'n with a larger Freedom than the Use
 Of Strangers will admit, shall witness to you.
 Put the Gown on him, in this Chair sit down;
 Give him his Slippers: Be not so amaz'd,
 Here's to your Health, and you shall feel this Wine
 Stir lively in me, in the Dead of Night.
 Give him some Wine; fall to your Banquet, Sir,
 And let us grow in Mirth; tho' I am set
 Now thus far off you, yet four Glasses hence

(a) 'Tis a sufficient Compliment to this Song, that Mr. Killigrew has inserted it in his *Thomaso* or *Merry-Wanderer*.

(50) I will sit here, and try, till both our Bloods
Shoot up and down to find a Passage out,
Then Mouth to Mouth will we walk up to Bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my Treasure, Body, and my Soul
Are yours to be dispos'd of.

Fath. Umh, umh —

[Makes Signs of his white Head and Beard.

Lel. You are old,

Is that your Meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater Novelty, all our fresh Youth
Are daily offer'd me; tho' you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My Appetite: From your Experience
I may learn something in the way of Lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones. But this Day I did refuse
A Pair of them, *Julio* and *Angelo*,
And told them they were (51) as they indeed were,
Raw Fools and Whelps. [Ang. makes discontented Signs.

Maid. Pray God he speak not.

[Maid lays her Finger cross her Mouth to him.

Lel. Why speak you not, sweet Sir?

Fath. Umh —

[Stops his Ears, shews he is troubled with the Musick.

Lel. Peace there, that Musick. Now, Sir, speak to me.

Fath. Umh ——— [Points at the Maid.

Lel. Why? Would you have her gone? You need not
Your freedom in for her; she knows my Life, [keep
That she might write it; think she is a Stone:
She is a kind of bawdy Confessor,
And will not utter Secrets.

(50) *I will sit here, —* It is no great matter whether we read *here*,
or *near*, or *there*: And no one ought at all to be solicitous about the
Recovery of this Passage which conveys such indecent Ideas, as must
shock every chaste Imagination. It is to be wish'd the Poets Pens had
been better employ'd.

(51) — *as they were,* The Deficiency of the Measure here, in-
duced me to insert *indeed* into the Text, as a Word that exceedingly
well fits the Place, and might have easily been dropt either by Tran-
scriber or Editor.

Fath

Fath. Umh ——— [Points at her again.]

Lel. Be gone then, since he needs will have it so.
'Tis all one. [Exit Maid. — *Fath.* locks the Door.]

Is all now as you would? Come meet me then,
And bring a thousand Kisses on thy Lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy Lips as wealthy as they were before.

Fath. Yes, all is as I would, but thou. *Lel.* By Heav'n
It is my Father. — [Starts.] *Fath.* And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard of Lusts, which worse become thee
Than mocking of thy Father; let thine Eyes
Reflect upon thy Soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy Face is Heav'nly fair, but thy Mind foul,
Go but into thy Closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that Face, and thou shalt find
How excellent a Change thou wilt have made,
For inward Beauty.

Lel. Though I know him now
To be my Father, never let me live
If my Lust do abate. I'll take upon me
T' have known him all this while.

Fath. Look, dost thou know me?

Lel. I knew ye, Sir, before.

Fath. What didst thou do?

Lel. Knew you; and so unmov'dly have you born
All the sad Crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble Temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your Carriage in Calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave Contempt,
That I have turn'd the Reverence of a Child
Into the hot Affection of a Lover.
Nor can there on the Earth be found, but yours,
A Spirit fit to meet with mine. *Fath.* A Woman?
Thou art not sure. *Lel.* Look and believe. *Fath.* Thou art
Something created to succeed the Devil,
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the World; but I believe thee,
Thou didst but mean to try my Patience,

And

And dost so still ; but better be advis'd,
And make thy tryal with some other things
That safelier will admit a Dalliance :
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curst thou art, so far from Heav'n, that thou
Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a Stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged Head,
And draw thy Father to thy Bed, and Hell.

Lel. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not against Nature
For us to lie together ; if you have
An Arrow of the same Tree with your Bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another ? 'Tis our general Nature
To procreate, as Fire's to consume,
And it will trouble you to find a Stick
The Fire will turn from : If't be Nature's will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our Organs
Will not be fit ; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her Pleasure
That we should deal with others.

Fath. The Doors are fast ; thou shalt not say a Prayer,
'Tis not God's will thou should'st ; when this is done
I'll kill myself, that never Man may tell me
I got thee. [*Fath. draws his Sword, Ang. discovers himself.*]

Lel. I pray you, Sir, help here, for God's sake Sir.

Ang. Hold, Reverend Sir, for Honour of your Age.

Fath. Who's that ?

Ang. For safety of your Soul, and of the Soul
Of that too wicked Woman yet to die. [place?

Fath. What art thou ? and how cam'st thou to that

Ang. I am a Man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an Oath in speaking this,
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your Patience ; let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word,
If so I can persuade you ; That I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my Sword down to you :

This House holds none but I, only a Maid
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

Fath. I do not know thee, but thy Tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy Sword.

Ang. There 'tis.

Lel. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame:
The fear of sudden Death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have Breath
To speak yet: But I have it in my Head,
And out it shall, that, Father, may perhaps
O'er-reach you yet.

[Father lets in Angelo, and locks the Door.]

Fath. Come, Sir, what is't you say?

Lel. My *Angelo*, by all the Joys of Love
Thou art as welcome, as these pliant Arms
Twin'd round, and fast about thee, can persuade thee.

Ang. Away.

Lel. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st,
Yon old mad Fellow, (it will make thee laugh,
Though it feared me) has talk'd so wildly here—
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my Doors, and swore
He was my Father, and I think believ'd it:
But that he had a Sword, and threatned me—
I faith he was good sport, good, thrust him out
That thou and I may kiss together, wilt thou?

Fath. Are you her Champion? and with these fair words,
Got in to rescue her from me? *[Offers to run at him.]*

Ang. Hold, Sir,

I swear I do not harbour such a thought,
I speak it not, for that you have two Swords,
But for 'tis Truth.

Lel. Two Swords, my *Angelo*?

Think this, that thou hast two young brawny Arms
And ne'er a Sword, and he has two good Swords
And ne'er an Arm to use 'em; rush upon him,
I could have beaten him with this weak Body,
If I had had the Spirit of a Man.

Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heav'n
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee.

Fath.

Fath. Why do you hinder me then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.

Lel. Would I were
Clear of this business, yet I cannot pray.

Ang. Oh be advis'd, why you were better kill her
If she were good; convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where let her hear of nought
But Death and Damning, which she hath deserv'd,
'Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;
And then lay Mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?

Fath. But whither should I bear her?

Ang. To my House,
'Tis large and private, I will lend it you.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, and happily it fits
With some design I have. But how shall we
Convey her?

Lel. Will they carry me away?

Fath. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud
That People will be drawn to rescue her.

Ang. Why, none can hear her here, but her own Maid?
Who is as fast as she.

Fath. But in the Street?

Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the Kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a Coach I'll bring to the Back-door,
And hurry 'em away.

Fath. It shall be so.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your Sword, lay hold upon her quickly;
This way with me, thou disobedient Child.
Why does thy stubborn Heart beat at thy Breast?
Let it be still, for I will have it search'd
'Till I have found a Well of living Tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine Eyes,
And flow all o'er thy Body foul'd with Sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain. [*They drag her.*]

Lel. Help! help! ah! ah!
Murther, I shall be murdered, I shall be murdered.

Fath. This helps thee not.

Lel. Basely murdered, basely:

Fath. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lodowick, and Pifo.

Lod. **T**His roguish Captain has made fine work with us.
Pifo. I would the Devil in a Storm would
 carry him

Home to his Garrison again; I ake all over,
 That I am sure of: Certainly my Body
 (52) Is all a Wild-fire, for my Head rings backward,
 Or else I have a Morise in my Brains.

Lod. I'll deal no more with Soldiers: Well remembred,
 Did not the Vision promise to appear
 About this time again?

Pifo. Yes, here he comes:
 He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Fath. O, they be here together.
 She's penitent, and by my troth I stagger
 Whether, as now she is, either of these
 Two Fools be worthy of her; yet because
 Her Youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
 And Marriage now may stay her, one of 'em
 (And *Pifo*, since I understand him abler,)
 Shall be the Man; the other bear the charges,
 And willingly, as I will handle it.
 I have a Ring here, which he shall believe
 Is sent him from a Woman I have thought of:
 But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
 In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
 By such a mess of Sugar-sops as this is:
 I am too old.

Lod. It moves again, let's meet it.

(52) *Is of a Wild-fire,*] So the old Copies. The Reading in the
 Text is from Mr. Seward's Conjecture, who thinks it much more
 agreeable to the tenor of this Speech.

Fath.

Fath. Now if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.
I am glad I've met you, Sir, so happily,
You do remember me, I'm sure.

Lod. I do, Sir.

Piso. This is a short Præludium to a Challenge.

Fath. I have a Message, Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good ; nay, you may hear too.

Piso. What should this Fellow mean ?

Fath. There is a Lady,
(How the poor Thing begins to warm already)
Come to this Town, (as yet a Stranger here, Sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in Possessions,
And all the Graces that make up a Woman,
A Widow, and a virtuous one. — It works,
He needs no Broth upon't.

Lod. What of her, Sir ?

Fath. No more but this ; she loves you.

Lod. Loves me ?

Fath. Yes,

And with a strong Affection, but a fair one.
If ye be wise and thankful, you are made :
There's the whole matter. *Lod.* I am sure I hear this.

Fath. Here is a Ring, Sir, of no little value :
Which after she had seen you at a Window,
She bad me haste, and give you, when she blush'd
Like a blown Rose.

Lod. But pray Sir, by your leave——
Methinks your Years should promise no ill meaning.

Fath. I am no Bawd, nor Cheater, nor a (53) Courser
Of broken-winded Women : If you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my Lady use
A Fellow of more form ; an honest
I'm sure she cannot.

(53) — *nor a Coarser*] Tho' I have chang'd *Coarser* to *Courser*,
as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a far-
ther Correction still, and for *Courser* read *Cofer*, i. e. *Mango*, a
Merchant or Dealer in, &c. The Word *Cose* in *Scotch* signifying to
change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr. *Lye*,
for this Sense of the Word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum*
ad verbum Cofed.

Lod. Stay, you have confirm'd me ;
Yet let me feel, you are in health.

Fath. I hope so,
My Water's well enough, and my Pulse,

Lod. Then
All may be excellent: Pray pardon me ;
For I am like a Boy that had found Mony,
Afraid I dream still.

Piso. Sir, what kind of Woman ?
Of what proportion is your Lady ?

Lod. Ay.

Fath. I'll tell you presently her very Picture :
D' you know a Woman in this town they call,——
Stay,—yes, it is so,—*Lelia* ?

Piso. Not by sight.

Fath. Nor you, Sir ?

Lod. Neither.

Fath. These are precious Rogues,
To rail upon a Woman they ne'er saw ;
So they would use their Kindred,

Piso. We have heard though
She's very fair and goodly.

Fath. Such another,
Just of the same Complexion, Making, Speech,
But a thought sweeter, is my Lady.

Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.

Fath. Indeed she is,
And you will find it so ; you do believe me ?

Lod. Yes marry do I, and I am so alter'd——

Fath. Your happiness will alter any Man.
Do not delay the time, Sir : At a House
Where *Don Velasco* lay, the *Spanish* Signior,
Which now is Signior *Angelo's*, she is.

Lod. I know it.

Fath. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be Night by all means, willingly
By day she would not have such Gallants seen
Repair unto her, 'tis her Modesty.

Lod. I'll go and fit myself.

Fath.

Fath. Do, and be sure
You send Provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the Marriage; for this Night I know
She will be yours: Sir, have you ne'er a Token
Of worth to send her back again? you must,
She will expect it.

Lod. Yes, pray give her this, [Gives him a Ring.
And with it all I have; I'm made for ever. [Exit Lod.

Piso. Well, thou hast Fools luck; should I live as long
As an old Oak, and say my Prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny.
I think the Devil be my ghostly Father;
Upon my Conscience, I am full as handsome,
I'm sure I have more Wit, and more Performance,
Which is a pretty matter.

Fath. Do you think, Sir,
That your Friend, Signior *Piso*, will be constant
Unto my Lady? you should know him well.

Piso. Who? Signior *Piso*?

Fath. Yes, the Gentleman.

Piso. Why, you are wide, Sir.

Fath. Is not his Name *Piso*?

Piso. No, mine is *Piso*.

Fath. How?

Piso. It is indeed, Sir,
And his is *Lodowick*.

Fath. Then I'm undone, Sir,
For I was sent at first to *Piso*; what a Rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you?

Piso. Peace.

There is no harm done yet.

Fath. Now 'tis too late,
I know my Error: At turning of a Street,
For you were then upon the Right-hand of him,
You chang'd your Places suddenly: Where I
(Like (54) a cross Block-head) lost my Memory:
What shall I do? My Lady utterly

(54) ——— a cross Blockhead] I have a strong Suspicion that *gross*
was the original Reading, i. e. what a great, stupid, dull, &c. Block-
head was I?

Will put me from her Favour.

Piso. Never fear it,
I'll be thy Guard, I warrant thee. O, O,
Am I at length reputed? For the Ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light Vengeance from him.
H'ad better keep tame Devils than that Ring;
Art thou not Steward?

Fath. No.

Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.

Fath. Lord how he takes it?

Piso. I'll go shift me straight;
Art sure it was to *Piso*?

Fath. O too sure, Sir.

Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't; give me Patience,
Heav'n, to bear this Blessing, I beseech thee:
I am but Man; I prithee break my Head,
To make me understand I'm sensible.

Fath. Lend me your Dagger, and I will, Sir.

Piso. No,
I believe now like a good Christian.

Fath. Good Sir, make haste; I dare not go without ye,
Since I have so mistaken.

Piso. 'Tis no matter;
Meet me within this half Hour at St. Margaret's.
Well, go thy ways, old Leg, thou hast the trick on't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Angelo and Julio.

Ang. How now, the News?

Fath. Well, passing well, I have 'em
Both in a (56) Leash, and made right to my Purpose.

Jul. I'm glad on't, I must leave you.

Ang. Whither, Man?

Jul. If all go right, I may be fast enough too.

Ang. I cry you Mercy, Sir, I know your Meaning,
Clora's the Woman, she's *Frank's* Bedfellow;
Commend me to 'em, and go, *Julio*,
Bring 'em to Supper all, to grace this Matter:
They'll serve for Witnesses.

(56) ——— in a *Leash*] I read as in the Text, before I saw the
oldest Copies, which happily confirmed my conjectural Correction.

Jul.

Jul. I will, Farewel. *[another.*
[Exit Julio at one Door, and Angelo and Father at

S C E N E II.

Enter Clora, Frank, Frederick and Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you *Jacomo* to th' Door,
 He has forgot all that he said last Night :
 And Shame of that makes him more loth to come ;
 I left *Fabricio*, persuading him,
 But 'tis in vain. *Frank.* Alas my Fortune, *Clora.*

Clo. Now, *Frank*, see what a kind of Man you love,
 That loves you when he's drunk. *Frank.* If so,
 Faith I would marry him : My Friends, I hope,
 Would make him drink.

Clo. 'Tis well consider'd, *Frank*,
 He has such pretty Humours then ; besides, being a Soldier,
 'Tis better he should love you when he's drunk,
 Than when he's sober ; for then he will be
 Sure to love you the greatest part on's Life.

Frank. And were not I a happy Woman then ?

Clo. That ever was born, *Frank*, i'faith——

Fred. How now ? What says he ?

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Faith you may as well
 Entice a Dog up with a Whip and Bell,
 As him by telling him of Love and Women ;
 He swears they mock him.

Fred. Look how my Sister weeps.

Fab. Who can help it ?

Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

Fab. Why, so I did, and may do all the Oaths
 Arithmetick can make, ere he believe me ;
 And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
 They would abuse him : If we could persuade him
 She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She herself
 Shall bate so much of her own Modesty,
 To swear it to him ; with such Tears as now
 You see rain from her.

Fab.

Fab. I believe 'twould work,
But would you have her do't i'th' open Street?
Or if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No, if we could
Anger him hither, as there is no way
But that to bring him, and then hold him fast,
Women and Men, whilst she delivers to him
The Truth seal'd with her Tears, he would be (57) plain
As a pleas'd Child; he walks below for me
Under the Window.

Clo. We'll anger him I warrant ye,
Let one o'th' Maids take a good bowl of Water,
Or say it be a Piss-pot, and pour't on's Head.

Fab. Content; hang me if I like not the cast
On't rarely, for no question it is an
Approv'd receipt to fetch up such a Fellow.
Take all the Women-kind within this House,
Betwixt the Age of one, and one hundred,
And let them take unto them a Pot or

(57) ——— *he would be plain, &c.*] That *plain* is a Corruption,
I think, cannot be doubted; the word which I think the true one has
lost but one Letter, and suffer'd a Transmutation of the Vowels.
I read thus,

———— *he would be pliant, &c.*

T. Seward.

The Corruption I myself think evident enough, and the way I
propose to remedy it, is by reading thus,

———— *he would be fain, i. e. fond.*

The Captain's Character is that of a morose, surly, ill-natur'd Mortal, hating the Ladies with all his Heart, as knowing himself destitute of all the Qualities proper for a Woman's Man: "Yet notwithstanding all this, (says *Fabricio*,) cou'd we but get him to hear the Truth from Mrs. Frank's Mouth, and see it seal'd with her Tears, it wou'd so work upon his Nature that has hitherto been so morose and stubborn to all Motions of Love and Pity, that I am sure he wou'd be *fain* as a pleas'd Child." This Word is us'd in this Sense by our immortal *Spenser* in his *Colin Clout's come home again*. Speaking of *Mulla* he says,

Full faine she lov'd and was belov'd full faine

Of her own Brother River, Bregog hight:

I forbear to mention what *Junius* has upon this Word in his *Gothic Glossary*, as thinking the Sense of this Word plain from *Spenser*.

A Bowl containing seven Quarts or upwards,
And let them never leave till the above
Named Pot or Bowl become full; then let one of them
Stretch out her Arm and pour it on his Head,
And *Probatum est*, it will fetch him, for in
His Anger he will run up, and then let us
Alone.

Clo. Go you and do it.

[Exit Maid.

Frank. Good *Clora*, no.

Clo. Away I say, and do it; never fear,
We have enough of that Water ready distill'd.

Frank. Why this will make him mad, *Fabricio*,
He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.

Fab. I warrant you: What, is the Wench come up?

Enter Wench above.

Clo. Art thou there; Wench?

Wench. Ay.

Fab. Look out then if thou canst see him.

Wench. Yes I see him, and by my troth he stands
So fair, I could not hold were he my Father;
His Hat's off too, and he's scratching his Head.

Fab. O wash that Hand I prithee.

Wench. God send thee good luck, 'tis the second time
I have thrown thee out to Day. Ha, ha, ha? just on's

Frank. Alas!

[Head.

Fab. What does he now?

Wench. He gathers Stones, God's light, he breaks
all the (58) Street Windows.

(58) — *the Street Windows.*] This is a Passage I can't at all reconcile with the Context; as perhaps not being skill'd enough in Architecture. For what *Windows* were the *Street* ones? High ones, no doubt; because he breaks them with Stones. But what were the low ones he is now breaking with his Sword? Were not these toward the Street too? If they were not, why are they not distinguish'd, and if they be, then there is a Distinction without a Difference. I suspect the Passage corrupted, and that to make our Poets talk Sense, and the whole Passage consistent; we ought to read,

— *the Garret Windows.* The Captain broke those with Stones, the Garret being the Place from whence the *Jordan* was discharg'd, but after his Ammunition was spent, like a brave Officer he charges the lower Windows Sword in hand, and manfully makes a mighty breach in the innocent and inoffensive ground-room Windows.

Jac.

Jac. Whores, Bawds, your Windows, your Windows.

Wench. Now he is breaking all the low Windows with his Sword. [at him;

Excellent sport, now he's beating a Fellow that laugh'd Truly the Man takes it patiently; now he goes down the Street [laugh.

Gravely, looking on each side, there's not one more dare

Frank. Does he go on?

Wench. Yes.

Frank. Fabricio, you have undone a Maid [*Frank kneels.* By Treachery; know you some other better, You would prefer your Friend to? If you do not Bring him again, I have no other Hope But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail me, I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out A discontented Life, and die contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me; I pray you be more patient. If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.* I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand At the Street Door, the Maids, and all to watch When I come back, and have some private place To shuffle me into, for he shall follow In fury, but I know I can out-run him: As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him, And use your own Discretions.

Fred. We will do it.

Fab. But suddenly, for I will bring him hither, With that unstop'd speed, that he shall run over All that's in's way: And though my Life be ventur'd 'Tis no great matter, I will do't.

Frank. I thank you,

Worthy *Fabricio.*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no Woman could abide me, But am I grown so contemptible, by being once drunk Amongst 'em, that they begin to throw Piss on my Head? For surely it was Piss; huh, huh. [*Seems to smell.*

Enter

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Giacomo, how dost thou?

Jac. Well; something troubled with watrish Humours.

Fab. Foh, how thou stink'st; prithee stand further off me; [dry

Methinks these Humours become thee better then thy Cholerick Humours, or thy Wine-wet Humours.

Jac. Ha! You're pleasant; but Fabricio, know, I am not in the mood of suffering Jest. [moody,

Fab. If you be not i'th' mood, I hope you will not be But truly I cannot blame the Gentlewoman, you stood Evefdropping

Under their Window, and would not come up.

Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk, Your hand was in't, which if I once believe, Be sure you shall account to me. [you already,

Fab. The Gentlewoman and the Maids have counted to The next turn I see is mine.

Jac. Let me die but this is very strange; good Fabricio Do not provoke me so. [there's no

Fab. Provoke you? You're grown the strangest Fellow; Keeping company with you; pish, take you that.

[*Fab. gives him a Box o'th' Ear suddenly, and throws him from him; and goes his ways, whilst Giacomo draws his Sword.*

Jac. O all the Devils? Stand, Slave.

Fab. Follow me if thou darest.

Jac. Stay Coward, stay.--- [Giacomo runs after Fabricio.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora, Servant and Maid.

Clo. Be ready, for I see Fabricio running, And Giacomo behind him.

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Where's the Place?

Fred. That way, Fabricio.

[*Exit Fab.*

Enter

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Where art thou, Treacher?

[*Frederick, Clora, and Maid, lay hold on Jacomo.*
What's the matter, Sirs?

Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd,
Torture and Hell be with you; let me go.

[*They drag him to a Chair, and hold him down in't.*

Fred. Good *Jacomo* be patient, and but hear
What I can say, you know I am your Friend,
If you yet doubt it, by my Soul I am.

Jac. S'death stand away.

I would my Breath were Poison.

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, was but to draw you hither
For Causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all Malice, which this Maid, my Sister,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh, a pox on you all; you will not hold me
For ever here, and till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a Gentleman,
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest; if there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is,
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your Content; if you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;
And when mine Eyes be out, I will be told
How fast the Tears I shed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a Sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the Fire were under.

Jac. Fine Mocking, fine Mocking.

Fred. Mocking? Look how she weeps.

Jac. Do's she counterfeit Crying too?

Fred. Behold how the Tears flow, or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a Man.

Jac. How's this? Soft you, soft you, my Masters: Is it
Possible,

Possible, think you, she should be in earnest?

Clo. Earnest? Ay, in earnest:
She is a Fool to break so many Sleeps,
That would have been sound ones, and venture such a Face,
And so much Life, for e'er an humorous As i'th' World?

Frank. Why, *Clora*? I have known you cry as much
For *Julio*, that has not half his Worth.
All Night you write and weep, too much I fear;
I do but what I should.

Clo. If I do write,
I'm answer'd, *Frank*.

Frank. I would I might be so.

Jac. Good *Frederick*, let me go, I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.

Fred. Give me your Sword then.

Jac. No, but take my Word,
As I am Man, I will not hurt a Creature
Under this Roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your Hands,
Or have your full Consent.

Fred. It is enough.

Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your Face;
I am an Infidel, if she don't weep:
Stay, where's my Handkerchief?
I'll wipe the old Wet off; the fresh Tears come. Pox on't,
I am a handsome gracious Fellow amongst Women, and
Knew't not. Gentlewoman, how should I know these
Tears are for me? Is not your Mother dead?

Frank. By Heav'n they are for you. [Morrow

Jac. S'light, I'll have my Head curl'd and powder'd to
By Break of Day; if you love me, I pray you kiss me,
For if I love you, it shall be such Love as I will not be
Asham'd of; if this be a Mock, [Kisses.
It is the heartiest and the sweetest Mock

That e'er I tasted; mock me so again. [Kisses again.

Fred. Fie, *Jacomo*, why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It is true, I had forgot it, [Lifts her up.
And should have done this Twelve-month: Pray you rise.
Frederick,

If

If I could all this while have been persuaded
 She could have lov'd me, dost thou think I had
 Not rather kiss her than another should?
 And yet you may gull me for ought I know;
 But if you do, Hell take me, if I do not cut
 All your Throats sleeping.

Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is, I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it possible any Woman
 Could have lik'd this Face; it's good for nothing, is't?

Clo. Yes, it is worth forty Shillings to pawn,
 Being (59) lin'd almost quite through with Velvet.

Frank. 'Tis better than your *Julio's*.

Jac. Thou thinkest so,

But otherwise, in faith, it is not, *Frank.*

[*Whilst Jacomo is kissing Frank,*

Enter Fabricio.

Fab. Hift, *Jacomo*, How dost thou, Boy? Ha!

Jac. Why, very well, I thank you, Sir. [Passages,

Fab. Dost thou perceive the Reason of Matters and
 Yet, Sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, Sir.

Fab. I have done simply for you,
 But now you're beaten to some Understanding,
 I pray you dally not with the Gentlewoman,
 But dispatch your Matrimony with all convenient Speed.

Fred. He gives good Counsel.

Jac. And I'll follow it.

Fab. And I you; prithee do not take it unkindly,
 For trust me, I boxt thee for thy Advancement,
 A foolish desire I had to joggle thee into Preferment.

(59) In Act 3. Scene 6. of this Play, *Piso* describes *Jacomo* as one that wore his Forehead in a Velvet Scabbard, and *Clora* here says his Face is worth forty Shillings to pawn upon account of its Velvet Lining. If *Lin'd* be not a *Latinism* here, we must have the *Lining* not on the *Inside* as usual, but on the *Out*. What we may farther remark from hence is, the difference of Patches in the Poet's Days and in ours. The Heroes of the Blade then would have nothing less than Velvet, whereas plain Silk is thought good enough by those now.

Jac.

Jac. I apprehend you, Sir, and if I can study out
a course

How a Bastinading may any ways raise your Fortunes
In the State, you shall be sure on't.

Fab. Oh, Sir, keep your way, God send you much joy.

Clo. And me my *Julio*. [*Julio speaks within.*]

O God I hear his Voice, now he is true,
Have at a Marriage, *Frank*, as soon as you.

[*Exeunt all but Fred.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, I would speak with you:

Fred. What is your hasty Business, Friend? —

Mess. The Duke commands your present Attendance
at Court.

Fred. The Cause?

Mess. I know not in particular; but this:

Many are sent for more, about Affairs

Foreign I take it, Sir.

Fred. I will be there

Within this Hour, return my humble Service.

Mess. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Fred. Farewel Friend. What News with you?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Mistress would desire you, Sir, to follow
With all the haste you can, She is gone to Church,
To marry Captain *Jacomo*; and *Julio*,
To do as much for the young merry Gentlewoman,
Fair Mistress *Clora*?

Fred. *Julio* marry *Clora*?

Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.

Ser. No sure, Sir,

I saw their Lips as close upon the Bargain
As Cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy, I cannot now go,
The Duke hath sent for me in haste. *Ser.* This Note, Sir,
When you are free, will bring you where they are.

[*Exit:*
Fred.]

*Fred. reads. You shall find us all at Signior Angelo's,
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia
Of famous Memory, are to be Married,
And we not far behind! Would I had time
To wonder at this (60) last Couple in Hell.*

Enter Messenger again.

Mess. You are staid for, Sir.

*Fred. I come, pray God the Business
Hold me not from this sport, I would not lose it.
[Exeunt.*

(60) ——— *last Couple in Hell.*] This is alluding to a Rustic
Diversion, called, I think, by another Name in our Poets, *Shake-
spear*, and the Playwrights of that time, *viz. Barley-break*. Sir John
Suckling has a pretty Poem wherein he describes this Diversion, which,
for the sake of my Readers, I have here inserted :

*Lowe, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three Mates to play at Barley-break;
Lowe, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate Consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Lowe coupled last, and so it fell
That Lowe and Folly were in Hell.*

*They break, and Lowe would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her Feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together:
Yet this new Coupling still doth tell
That Lowe and Folly were in Hell.*

*The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untoucht by Lowe in Folly's Hand;
Folly was dull, but Lowe ran well,
So Lowe and Folly were in Hell.*

But the Reader may find a more exact and minute Description of
this Diversion in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter Father, Pifo, Angelo, and Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy Pair.

Pifo. I do not doubt we shall. [Fortune,
There was never poor Gentleman had such a sudden
I could thrust my Head betwixt two Pales, and strip me
out of [said't
My old Skin like a Snake; will the Guests come, thou
Thou sentest for to solemnise the Nuptials?

Fath. They will, I lookt for 'em ere this.

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabricio, Frank, and Clora.

Jul. By your leave all.

Fath. They're here, Sir.

Jul. Especially, fair Lady,

I ask your Pardon, to whose Marriage Bed
I wish all good Success, I have here brought you
Such Guests as can discern your Happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it;
For such a Fortune they themselves have run,
The worthy *Jacomo*, and his fair Bride,
Noble *Fabricio*, (whom this age of Peace
Has not yet taught to love ought but the Wars,
And his true Friend,) this Lady, who is but
A piece of me.

Lel. Sir, you are welcome all,

Are they not, Sir? [Exit *Fath.*

Pifo. Bring in some Wine, some of the Wine
Lodowick the Fool sent hither: Whoever thou bid'st
Welcome, shall find it

Lel. An unexpected Honour you have done
To our too hasty Wedding. [yours:

Jac. Faith, Madam, our Weddings were as hasty as
We're glad to run up and down any whither, to see
where

We can get Meat to our Wedding.

Pifo. That *Lodowick* hath provided too, good Afs.

The Captain.

Aug. I thought you, *Julio*, would not thus have stolen a Marriage,
Without acquainting your Friends.

Jul. Why, I did give thee inklings.

Ang. If a Marriage should be thus flubber'd up in a Play, ere almost
[tors
Any body had taken notice you were in love, the Specta-
Would take it to be but ridiculous.

Jul. This was the first, and I will never hide
Another Secret from you.

Enter Father.

Fath. Sir, yonder's your Friend *Lodowick*, hide yourself,
And 'twill be the best sport—

Piso. Gentlemen, I pray you take no notice I'm here.
The Coxcomb *Lodowick* is coming in.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Is that the Lady?

Fath. That is my Lady.

Lod. As I live she's a fair one; what make all these here?

Fath. O Lord Sir, she is so pester'd—

Fab. Now will the sport be, it runs right as *Julio* told us.

Lod. Fair Lady, health to you; some Words I have, that
Require an utterance more private
Than this Place can afford.

Lel. I'll call my Husband,
All Business I hear with his Ears now.

Lod. Good Madam no, but I perceive your Jest,
You have no Husband, I am the very Man
That walk'd the Streets so comely.

Lel. Are you so?

Lod. Yes faith, when *Cupid* first did prick your Heart.
I am not cruel, but the Love begun
I'th' Street, I'll satisfy i'th' Chamber fully.

Lel. To ask a Mad-man whether he be mad
Were but an idle Question, if you be,
I do not speak to you, but if you be not,
Walk in the Streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you, here I not endure you.

Lod.

Lod. Good Madam stay ; do not you know this Ring ?

Lel. Yes, it was mine, I sent it by my Man
To change, and so he did, it has a Blemish,
And this he brought me for it ; did you change it ?
Are you a Goldsmith ?

Lod. Sure the World is mad.
Sirrah, did you not bring me this Ring from your Lady ?

Fath. Yes surely Sir, did I ; but your Worship must
e'en bear with me,
For there was a mistaking in it ; and so, as I was
Saying to your Worship, my Lady is now married.

Lod. Married ? To whom ?

Fath. To your Worship's Friend, *Piso*.

Lod. S'death, to *Piso* ?

Piso within. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. Yes, Sir, I can assure you she's married to him,
I saw't with these gray Eyes.

Lod. Why what a Rogue art thou then ? Thou hast made
Me send in Provision too.

Fath. O, A Gentleman should not have such foul
Words in's Mouth ;
But your Worship's Provision could not have come in at
a fitter time ;

Will it please you to tast any of your own Wine ?

It may be the Vintner has cozen'd you.

Lod. Pox, I am mad. [out.]

Ang. You have always Plots, Sir, and see how they fall

Jac. You had a Plot upon me, how do you like this ?

Lod. I do not speak to you.

Fab. Because you dare not. [in this Ring.]

Lod. But I will have one of that old Rogue's Teeth set

Fath. Dost not thou know that I can beat thee ?

Dost thou know it now ? [Discovers himself.]

Lod. He beat me once indeed.

Fath. And if you have forgot it, I can call a Witness.
Come forth, *Piso*—remember you lit ?

Piso. Faith I do call to mind some such a matter.

Fath. And if I cannot still do't, you are young,
And will assist your Father-in-law.

Piso. My Father-in-law ?

Ang. Your Father-in-law, as sure as this is Widow *Lelia*.

Piso. How! Widow *Lelia*?

Fath. I'faith 'tis she, Son.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, let my Provision go, I'm glad I Have miss'd the Woman.

Piso. Have you put a Whore upon me?

Lel. By Heav'n you do me wrong, I have a Heart As pure as any Woman's, and I mean To keep it so for ever.

Fath. There is no starting now, Son, if you offer't? I can compel you; her Estate is great, But all made o'er to me, before this Match: Yet if you use her kindly, as I swear I think she will deserve, you shall enjoy it During your Life, all save some slender piece I will reserve for my own maintenance, And if God bless you with a Child by her, It shall have all.

Piso. So I may have the Means, I do not much care what the Woman is: Come my sweet Heart, as long as I shall find Thy Kisses sweet, and thy Means plentiful, Let People talk their Tongues out.

Lel. They may talk Of what is pass'd, but all that is to come Shall be without occasion.

Jul. Shall we not make *Piso* and *Lodowick* Friends?

Jac. Hang 'em, they dare not be Enemies, or if they be, The Danger is not great. Welcome *Frederick*.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First joy unto you all; and next I think We shall have Wars.

Jac. Give me some Wine, I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge. [Wench;

Frank. But I shall lose you then. *Jac.* Not a whit, I'll teach thee presently to be a Soldier.

Fred. *Fabricio's* Command, and yours, are both Restor'd. *Jac.* Bring me four Glasses then. *Fab.* Where are they?

Ang.

Ang. You shall not drink 'em here, 'tis Supper time,
And from my House no Creature here shall stir,
These three Days, Mirth shall flow as well as Wine.

Falb. Content, within I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeserved Liberality
Must not escape, thus unrequited.

Jac. 'Tis Happiness to me, I did so well :
Of every noble Action, the Intent
Is to give Worth Reward, Vice, Punishment. [Exeunt.]



EPILOGUE.

I F you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
For your own Nobleness yet do not hiss,
But as you go by, say it was amiss;
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold Blood: O' my Honesty
(If I have any) this I'll say for all,
Our Meaning was to please you still, and shall.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.



Chastus, Emperor of Rome.
Cotice, King of Persia.
Diocles, of a private Soldier called Co-Emperor.
Maximian, Nephew to Diocles, and Emperor by his De-
cession.
Voluptas, Minister of Maximian, the late Em-
peror.

Niger, a noble Soldier, servant to the Emperor.
Cassius, a Captain, and Governor of Africa.
Fidius, a Soldier.
Gard.
Sextus, a Soldier.
Andronicus, a Soldier.
Liber.
Flavian.
Andronicus, a Soldier.
Sextus, a Soldier.
Cassius, a Captain, and Governor of Africa.
Fidius, a Soldier.
Gard.
Sextus, a Soldier.
Andronicus, a Soldier.
Liber.
Flavian.

PROPHETES.

A

TRAGICAL HISTORY.

W O M E N.

Andronicus, a Soldier.
Cassius, a Captain, and Governor of Africa.
Fidius, a Soldier.
Gard.
Sextus, a Soldier.
Andronicus, a Soldier.
Liber.
Flavian.



SCENE ROME.

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Charinus, *Emperor of Rome.*
Cosroe, *King of Persia.*
Diocles, *of a private Soldier elected Co-Emperor.*
Maximinian, *Nephew to Diocles, and Emperor by his Donation.*
Volutius Aper, *Murderer of Numerianus, the late Emperor.*
Niger, *a noble Soldier, Servant to the Emperor.*
Camurius, *a Captain, and Creature of Aper's.*
Persian Lords.
Senators.
Soldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambassadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Attendants.
Shepherd.
Country-men.
Geta, *a Jester, Servant to Diocles, a merry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Aurelius, *Sister to Charinus.*
Cassana, *Sister to Cosroe, a Captive, waiting on Aurelia.*
Delphia, *a Prophetess.*
Drusilla, *Neice to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

SCENE ROME.

THE



THE
PROPHESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.

CHARINUS.



O U buz into my Head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of Doubts: But what Proofs,
Niger, [ther
What Certainties, that my most noble Bro-
Came to his end by Murder? Tell me that,
Assure me by some Circumstance.

Nig. I will, Sir.

And as I tell you truth, so the Gods prosper me.
I've often nam'd this *Aper.*

Cha. True, ye have done:

And in mysterious Senses I have heard ye
Break out o'th' sudden, and abruptly.

Nig. True, Sir.

Fear of your Unbelief, and the Time's giddiness,
Made me I durst not then go farther. So your Grace
please

Out

(1) Out of your wonted Goodness to give credit,
I shall unfold the Wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly :

You shall have both our hearty Loves and Hearings.

Nig. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good Man)
Great Sir, give Ear: This most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of Mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody Hands——

Cba. Take heed.

Nig. I'm in, Sir;
And if I make not good my Story——

Aur. Forward :

I see a Truth would break out : Be not fearful.

Nig. I say, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes:
Th' honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treach'rously :
For in his Litter, as he bore him Company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
Yet still he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears
With stories of his weakness; of his Life;
That he dare n't venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike Face among the Soldiers ;
The tenderness and weakness of his Eyes,
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this Infirmary
(Because he would dispatch his Honour too)

(1) But why must he bespeak the Emperor's Belief, before he had told his Story ? 'Tis enough to hear it, and afterwards reflect, whether, all Circumstances consider'd, it be worthy of Credit. Might we not read then, with greater Propriety, the whole Passage thus ?

Out of your wonted Goodness to give Ear to't.

As a Confirmation of this *Aurelius* answers for 'em both,

Do it boldly :

You shall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.

Niger then proceeds—— But thinking *Charinus* not so attentive as he cou'd wish, he breaks off the Narrative in order to put his Attention upon the Stretch, by crying

Great Sir, give Ear.

T' arise

T' arise from Wantonness, and love of Women,
And thus he juggles still.

Aur. O most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after Death thy Memory
Loaden with Shames and Lies? Those pious Tears
Thou daily shower'dst upon my Father's Monument,
(When in the *Persian* Expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of Thunder)
Made thy Defame and Sins? Those wept out Eyes,
The fair Examples of a noble Nature,
Those holy Drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers
(Malicious poison'd Tongues) to thy Abuses?
We must not suffer this.

Cha. It shows a truth now :
And sure this *Aper* is not right nor honest,
He will not (2) now come near me.

Nig. No, he dare not :
He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conscience,
Bids him keep off.

Cha. My Brother honour'd him,
Made him first Captain of his Guard, his next Friend ;
Then to my Mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him Husband,

Nig. And withal Ambitious :
For when he trod so nigh, his false Feet itch'd, Sir,
To step into the State.

Aur. If ye believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave disputing, and do something Noble.

Cha. Sister, be rul'd. I am not yet so pow'rful,
To meet him in the Field: He has under him
The flower of all the Empire, and the strength,
The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts; pray ye be patient.
Niger, how stands the Soldier to him ?

Nig. In Fear, more, Sir,
Than Love or Honour : He has lost their fair Affections,
By his most covetous and greedy Gripping.

(2) *He will not come near me.* I have inserted the Particle *Now*
into the Text, upon the Authority of the Edition of 1647.

Are ye desirous to do something on him,
That all the World may know ye lov'd your Brother?
And do it safely too, without an Army?

Cha. Most willingly.

Nig. Then send out a Proscription,
Send suddenly: And to that Man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his Head) add a fair Payment,
No common Sum: Then ye shall see, I fear not, [him,
Ev'n from his own Camp, from those Men that follow
Follow, and flatter him, we shall find one,
And if he miss, one hundred that will venture it.

Aur. For his Reward, (it shall be so, dear Brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the Villain,
For so far runs my Love to my dead Brother,)
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.

Cha. You shall not, Sister.

But ye shall know, my Love shall go along too:
See a Proscription drawn; and for his Recompence,
My Sister, and half Partner in the Empire;
And I will keep my Word.

Aur. Now ye do bravely.

Nig. And though it cost my Life, I'll see it publish'd.

Cha. Away then, for the Business.

Nig. I am gone, Sir:

You shall have all dispatch'd to Night.

Cha. Be prosp'rous.

Aur. And let the Villain fall.

Nig. Fear nothing, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleasant Nature, sweet and temperate;
His Cousin *Maximinian*, proud and bloody.

Del. Yes, and mistrustful too, my Girl; take heed,
Although he seem to love thee, and affect

Like

Like the more Courtier, curious Compliment,
Yet have a care.

Dru. You know all my Affection,
And all my (3) Heart's-desire, is set on *Diocles*.
But, Aunt, how coldly he requites this Courtesy,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me,
Although I woo him sometimes beyond Modesty,
Beyond a Virgin's Care: How still he slights me,
And puts me still off with your Prophecy,
And the Performance of your late Prediction,
That when he's Emp'ror, then he'll marry me:
Alas, what hope of that?

Del. Peace, and be patient,
For though he be now a Man most miserable,
Of no Rank, nor no badge of Honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no Eye of favour shining;
And though my sure Prediction of his rising,
Which can no more fail, than the Day or Night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
Have found some Rubs and Stops, yet hear me, Neice,
And hear me with a Faith, it shall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occasion.

Dru. Do, good Aunt:
For yet I'm ignorant.

Del. Chiding him one Day (4)
For being too near and sparing for a Soldier,
Too griping, and too greedy: He made answer,
When I am *Cæsar*, then I will be liberal.

I presently, inspir'd with holy Fire,
And my prophetick Spirit burning in me,
Gave answer from the Gods; and this it was,

(5) [*Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:*]

(3) So the oldest Folio. The other Copies read *Heart-desires*.

(4) This whole Speech, is almost a Translation from *Vopiscus*.

(5) I could wish this *splendidus pannus*, this Latin Piece of Patch-work, was not to be found in the oldest Edition: It might very well have been spar'd, and the Author's Learning have suffer'd no detriment.

Thou shalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*,
 When thou hast kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time,
 As giving Credit to my Words, h' has imploy'd
 Much of his Life in hunting. Many Boars
 Hideous and fierce, with his own Hands h' has kill'd too,
 But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
 Should raise him to the Empire: Be not sad, Niece,
 Ere long he shall: Come, let's go entertain him;
 For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting:
 And by my Art, I find this very instant
 Some great Design's afoot.

Dru. The Gods give good, Aunt. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta, with a Boar.

Dia. Lay down the Boar,

Geta. With all my Heart, I am weary on't;
 I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such Burdens.
 Do you think, Master, to be Emperor
 With killing Swine? ye may be an honest Butcher,
 Or ally'd to a seemly Family of Sowse-wives.
 Can you be such an Ass, my reverend Master,
 To think (6) these Springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?

Max. The Fool says true,

Dio. Come leave your fooling, Sirrah,
 And think of what thou shalt be when I'm Emperor.

Geta. Would it would come with thinking, for then
 O' my Conscience I should be at least a Senator.

Max. A Sowter;
 For that's a place more fitted to thy Nature,
 If there could be any such Expectation.

(6) — *these Springs of Pork*] *Gayton* in his festiuous *Notes on Don Quixote* (p. 96.) will well explain this Phrase, where telling a Story of an hungry Scholar invited to a Feast, and dreaming the Night before of his next Day's Entertainment, cry'd out in his Sleep, "Sir, Sir, pray hand the *Spring of Pork* to me, pray advance the *Rump of Beef* this way, &c.

Or say the Devil could perform this wonder,
Can such a Rascal as thou'rt hope for Honour?
Such a Log-carrying Lowt?

Geta. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I'm not the first Ass, Sir,
Has born good Office, and perform'd it reverently.

Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tiler, canst thou hope
to be a Senator?

Geta. Thou being the Son of a Tanner, canst thou hope
to be an Emperor?

Dio. Thou say'st true, *Geta*, there's a stop indeed;
But yet the bold and virtuous——

Geta. Y're right, Master,
Right as a Gun: For we the virtuous,
Though we be Kennel-rakers, Scabs, and Scoundrels,
We the discreet and bold: And yet, now I remember it,
We Tilers may deserve well to be Senators;
And there we step before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
For we are born three Stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, Master.

Dio. I like thee well,
(7) Thou hast as good a Mind as I have to this Honour.

Geta. As good a Mind, Sir, of a simple Plaisterer—
And when I come to execute my Office,
Then you shall see.

Max. What?

Geta. An Officer in fury:
An Officer as he ought to be: Do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator, in hope, worth no more Reverence?
By these Hands I'll clap you by th' Heels the first hour of it.

Max. O' my Conscience, the Fellow believes.

Dio. Ay, do, do, *Geta*,
For if I once be Emperor——

Geta. Then will I,
(For wise Men must be had to prop the Republick)
Not bate y' a single Ace of a sound Senator.

Dio. But what shall we do th' whilst?

(7) *Thou hast a good Mind*] The Addition I have made to this
Line appear plainly necessary to make *Geta's* Answer, and this part
of *Diocles's* Speech tally to each other.

Geta. Kill Swine, and souse 'em,
And eat 'em when we've Bread.

Max. Why didst thou run away
When the Boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?

Geta. No indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine Honour
too:

I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to th' Monster;
Hark what Discretion says, let Fury pass;
From the Tooth of a mad Beast, and the Tongue
Of a Slanderer, (8) preserve thine Honour.

Dio. He talks like a full Senator.

Go, take it up, and carry't in: 'tis a huge one;
We never kill'd so large a Swine; so fierce too
I never met with yet.

Max. Take heed, it stirs again;
How nimbly the Rogue runs up! he climbs like a Squirrel,

Dio. Come down ye Dunce, is it not dead?

Geta. I know not.

Dio. His Throat is cut, and his Bowels out.

Geta. That's all one,

I'm sure his Teeth are in; and for any thing I know,
He may have Pigs of his own Nature in's Belly.

Dio. Come, take him up I say, and see him dress'd,
He's fat, and will be lusty Meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.

Geta. Shall he be roasted whole,
And serv'd up in a Sowce-tub? a portly service,
I'll run i'th' Wheel myself.

Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently,
We're weary both, and hungry.

Geta. I'll about it.

What an inundation of Brewis shall I swim in? [*Exit.*

(8) — *thine Honour.*] *To preserve thy Honour from the Tooth of a mad Beast,* is scarcely Sense. The deficiency of the Verse gives room to suspect that something is dropt. I read

— *of a mad Beast, and the Tongue of
A Slanderer preserve thee (or thy self) and Honour.*

Mr. Seward.

Dio.

Dio. Thou'rt ever dull and melancholy, Cousin,
Distrustful of my hopes.

Max. Why, can ye blame me?

Do Men give credit to a Juggler?

Dio. Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

Max. A small one,

And as small Profit to be hop'd for by her.

Dio. Thou art the strangest Man; how does thy hurt?
The Boar came near you, Sir.

Max. A scratch, a scratch. [angry.

Dio. It akes and troubles thee, and that makes thee

Max. Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle,
The butcherly base custom of our lives now:

Had a brave Enemy's Sword drawn so much from me,

Or danger met me in the head o'th' Army,

T'have blush'd thus in my Blood, had been mine Honour.

But to live base, like Swine-herds, and believe too;

To be fool'd out with Tales, and old Wives Dreams,

Dreams when they're drunk.

Dio. Certain, you much mistake her.

Max. Mistake her? hang her: To be made her Purveyors,
To feed her old Chaps; to provide her daily,

And bring in Feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,

And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.

Dio. Prithee be wise: Dost thou think, *Maximinian*,
So great a Rev'rence, and so staid a Knowledge—

Max. Sur-rev'rence, you would say: What Truth?

What Knowledge?

What any thing, but eating, is good in her?

'Twould make a Fool prophecy to be fed continually:

What do you get? your labour and your danger,

Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.

Inspir'd with full deep Cups, who cannot Prophecy?

A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions:

But who believes?

Dio. She is a holy *Druid*,

A Woman noted for that Faith, that Piety,

Belov'd of Heav'n.

Max. Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.

Indeed, I must confess, they're excellent Jugglers;

Their Age upon some Fools too flings a confidence ;
 But what grounds have they, what elements to work on ?
 Show me but that ; the Sieve and Sheers ? a learn'd one.
 I have no patience to dispute this Question,
 'Tis so ridiculous ; I think the Devil does help 'em :
 Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, Uncle :
 For they're as fit to deal with him ; these old Women,
 They are as jump and squar'd out to his nature——

Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.

Max. So I would have
 Against these purblind Prophets ; for look ye, Sir,
 Old Women will lie monstrously ; so will th' Devil,
 (Or else h' has had much wrong,) upon my knowledge ;
 Old Women are malicious, so is he ;
 They're proud, and covetous, revengeful, lech'rous,
 All which are excellent Attributes o'th' Devil.
 They would at last seem holy, so would he ;
 And to vail o'er these Villanies, they'd Prophecy ;
 He gives them leave now and then to use their cunning,
 Which is to kill a Cow, or blast a Harvest,
 Make young Pigs pipe themselves to Death, choak Poultry,
 And chase a Dairy-wench into a Fever
 With pumping for her Butter.
 But when he makes these Agents to raise Emperors,
 When he disposes Fortune as his Servant,
 And ties her to old Wives Tails——

Dio. Go thy ways,
 Thou art a learned Scholar, against credit.
 You hear the Prophecy ?

Max. Yes, and I laugh at it,
 And so will any Man can tell but twenty,
 That is not blind, as you are blind, and ignorant.
 D' you think she knows your Fortune ?

Dio. I do think it.

Max. I know she has the Name of a rare Soothsayer,
 But do you in your Conscience believe her holy ?
 Inspired with such Prophetick fire ?

Dio. Yes in my Conscience.

Max. And that you must upon necessity
 From her words be a *Cæsar* ?

Dio.

Dio. If I live——

Max. There's one stop yet.

Dio. And follow her Directions.

Max. But do not juggle with me.

Dio. In faith, Cousin,

So full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise——

Max. Very well, Sir;

You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own Fate?

Dio. I believe it certain.

Max. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it,
For I stand doubtful.

Dio. How?

Max. Come nearer to me;
Because her cunning Devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear; if she can turn this Destiny,
[*Whispers* *Diocles.*

I'll be of your Faith too.

Dio. Forward, I fear not.

For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——

Max. 'Faith so am I too,

That I shall make her Devil's sides hum.

Dio. She comes here,

Go take your stand.

Max. (9) Now holly, or you howl for't. [Exit.

Dio. 'Tis pity this young Man should be so stubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his Valour temperate,
Only distrustful of Delays in Fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Del. Now my Son *Diocles*,

Are ye not weary of your Game to day?

(9) *Now Holly, &c.*] I read *Hallow Ye.*

Maximinian did not believe *Delphia* had any Divinity about her,
and therefore when designing to shoot at her, should seem to say, *Now*
Hallow you, i. e. render yourself *Holy*, or, *You Howl for it*. As to the
old Reading, I have no Idea of it at all; and what I purpose will
read in the Verse as two Syllables only. *Mr. Seward.*

And are ye well ?

Dio. Yes, Mother, well and lusty ;
Only ye make me hunt for empty Shadows. [Day ;

Del. You must have Patience, *Rome* was n't built in one
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.
You've kill'd a mighty Boar.

Dio. But I'm no Emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering Expectation hour by hour ?
Rise early, and sleep late ? to feed your Appetites,
Forget my Trade, my Arms ? forsake mine Honour,
Labour and sweat t' arrive at a base Memory ?
Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barb'rous Name of Butcher ?

Del. Son, you are wise.

Dio. But you are cunning, Mother ;
(10) And with that Cunning, and the Faith I give ye,
Ye lead me blindly to no End, no Honour.
You find ye're daily fed, you take no Labour,
Your Family at Ease, they know no Market,
And therefore to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still ye nourish it, whilst I,
Being a credulous and obsequious Coxcomb,
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly, (11) to find out,
To clear your Mystery ; kill Boar on Boar,
And make your Spits and Pots bow with my Bounties :
Yet I still poorer, further still——

Del. Be provident,
And tempt not the Gods Dooms ; stop not the Glory
They're ready to fix on ye. Y'are a Fool then ;

(10) *And with that Cannon,]* What Great Guns have to do with Faith, or Gun-powder with Oracles, will not appear easy to any Reader's Apprehension. There has been undoubtedly a Corruption in the Old Copies, which the present Reading entirely amends, and at the same time carries its conviction along with it. Mr. Seward offer'd the very same Emendation.

(11) —— *to find out*

To Clear your Mystery ;] There is undoubtedly a Fault in this Passage, which may yet be easily rectified, either by inserting a Comma, after *out*, or reading *how* instead of it. But as the former is the easier, I have chose that.

Chearful and grateful Takers the Gods love,
And such as wait their Pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful Man Heav'n frowns at.
What I have told you by my Inspiration,
I tell ye once again, must and shall find ye.

Dio. But when; or how?

Del. Cum Aprum interfeceris.

Dio. I have kill'd many.

Del. Not the Boar they point ye;
Nor must I reveal further, 'till you clear it.
The lots of glorious Men are wrapt in Mysteries,
And so deliver'd: Common and slight Creatures,
That have their Ends as open as their Actions,
Easy and open Fortunes follow.

Max. I shall try [From his covert stand.
How deep your Inspiration lies hid in ye,
And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler
To keep this Arrow off, I'll make you smoke else.

Dio. Knowing my Fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a Stranger, of no tie unto ye,
Methinks you should be studied in your own,
In your own Destiny, methinks, most perfect;
And every hour, and every minute, Mother,
So great a care should Heav'n have of her Ministers;
Methinks your Fortunes both ways should appear t' ye,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the Stars now,
And all those influences you receive into ye,
Or secret Inspirations ye make shew of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itself upon your Life, deliver ye?
Can they now say, Take heed?

Del. Ha? pray ye come hither.

[ye,

Max. I would know that: I fear your Devil will cozen
And stand as close as ye can, I shall be with ye.

Del. I find a present Ill.

Dio. How?

Del. But I scorn it.

Max. Do ye so? do ye so?

Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*

The Prophetess.

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish Men
Should dare t'oppose the power of Destiny?
That Power the Gods shake at? Look yonder, Son.

Max. Have ye spy'd me? then have at ye,

Del. Do, shoot boldly.

Hit me and spare not, if thou canst.

Dio. Shoot, Cousin.

Max. I cannot, mine Arm's dead, I have no feeling;
Or if I could shoot, so strong's her arm'd Virtue,
She'd catch the Arrow flying.

Del. Poor doubtful People,
I pity your weak Faiths.

Dio. Your mercy, Mother,
And from this Hour a Deity, I crown ye,

Del. No more of that.

Max. O let my Prayers prevail too,
Here like a Tree, I dwell else: Free me Mother,
And greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee.

Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.

Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly,
And when I have the Power y' have promis'd to me—

Del. Remember then your Vow: my Niece *Drusilla*,
I mean, to marry her, and then ye prosper.

Dio. I shall forget my Life else.

Del. I am a poor weak Woman; to me no Worship.

Enter Niger, Geta, and Soldiers.

Geta. And shall he have, as you say, that kills this *Aper*?

Del. Now mark and understand.

Nig. The Proscription's up,
I'th' Market-place 'tis up, there ye may read it,
He shall have half the Empire.

Get. A pretty Farm, i'faith.

Nig. And th' Emperor's Sisters, bright *Aurelia*,
Her to his Wife.

Get. Ye say well, Friend; but hark ye,
Who shall do this?

Nig. You, if ye dare.

Get. I think so:

Yet I could poison him in a Pot of Perry,

He

He loves that veng'ancely : But when I've done this,
May I lie with the Gentlewoman?

Nig. Lie with her? what else, Man?

Get. Yes, Man,

I have known a Man married, that never lay with his Wife.
Those dancing days are done.

Nig. These are old Soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their Appetites.
'Save ye brave Soldiers.

Max. Sir, ye talk'd of Proscriptions?

Nig. 'Tis true, there is one set up from the Emperor
Against *Volutius Aper*.

Dio. *Aper*?

Del. Now;

Now have ye found the Boar?

Dio. I have the meaning;
And blessed Mother.

Nig. He has scorn'd his Master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble Brother to him.

Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.

Nig. Did you see him?

Max. No.

Nig. He's murder'd;
So ye shall find it mention'd from the Emperor,
And honest faithful Soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you'll find it so, he's murther'd,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.

Del. It is most true, Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a Villain false.

Dio. I thank ye, Mother,
And dare believe ye: Hark ye, Sir, the Recompence?
As ye related.

Nig. Is as firm as Faith, Sir;
Bring him alive or dead.

Max. You took a fit time, [him not,
The General being out o'th' Town, for though we love
Yet had he known this first, y' had paid for't dearly.

Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him; honest *Niger*,

A true sound Man, and I believe him constantly :
Your business may be done, make no great hurry
For your own safety.

Nig. No, I'm gone, I thank ye.

[*Exit.*

Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.

Max. I'll pray and work too.

Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the Offer,
And now I've found the Boar.

Del. Find your own Faith too,
And remember what ye have vow'd.

Dio. O Mother.

Del. Prosper.

Get. If my Master and I do this, there's two Emperors,
And what a show will that make? how we shall bounce it?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Drusilla and Delphia.

Dru. **L**eave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
To her, that in his hopes of Greatness lives,
And goes along with him in all his Dangers?

Del. I grant 'twas most inhuman.

Dru. O you give it

Too mild a Name; 'twas more than barbarous,
And you a Partner in it.

Del. I, *Drusilla*?

[*vastness,*

Dru. Yes, you have blown his swollen Pride to that
As he believes the Earth is in his Fathom;
This makes him quite forget his humble Being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,
Disdains ev'n those that gave him Means, and Life,
To nourish such Desires, when he's possess'd
Of his ambitious Ends (which must fall on him,
Or your Predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me?

Del.

Del. Were his Intent

Perfidious as the Seas or Winds ; his Heart
Compos'd of Falshood ; yet the benefit,
Exit. The greatness of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd, is thine, *Druzilla*)
Must make him firm, and thankful : But if all
Remembrance of the Debts he stands engag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude,
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was rais'd,
Or sink him to the Center.

Dru. I had rather

Your Art could force him to return that Ardour
To me, I bear to him ; or give me Power
To moderate my Passions : Yet I know not,
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd it,
(So well I find he's worthy of all Service.)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were Treason to true Love, that knows no Pleasure,
The Object, that it doats on, ill affected.

Del. Pretty Simplicity, I love thee for't,
And will not sit an idle looker on,
And see it cozen'd ; dry thy innocent Eyes,
And cast off jealous Fears, (yet Promises
Are but Lip-comforts) and but fancy ought
That's possible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy Comfort, and be bold
To tell thy Soul 'tis thine, therefore speak freely.

Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you
My virgin Fondness, were to hide my Sickness
From my Physician. O dear Aunt, I languish
For want of *Diocles'* sight : He's the Sun
That keeps my Blood in a perpetual Spring ;
But in his absence, cold benumbing Winter
Seizes on all my Faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your Slave already) in more Fetters,
And (in the place of Service) to adore you?
O bear me then (but 'tis impossible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may

See

See how my *Diocles* breaks th'row his Dangers,
And in what heaps his Honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him, in the height and pride
Of all his Glories; and there (as your Gift)
Challenge him, as mine own.

Del. Enjoy thy Wishes :

This is an easy Boon, which, at thy years,
I could have giv'n to any ; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden Mysteries
Of that inimitable Art, which makes us
Equal ev'n to the Gods, and Nature's Wonders,
It shall be done, as fits my Skill and Glory :
To break th'row Bolts, and Locks, a Scholar's prize
For Thieves and Pick-locks: To pass th'row an Army
Cover'd with Night, or some disguise, the Practice
Of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Drusilla*,
From *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the Air hang over the Tribunal ;
The Musick of the Spheres attending on us.
There, as his good Star, thou shalt shine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be false, I, in a moment
Will put that glorious Light out, with such horror,
As if th' eternal Night had seiz'd the Sun;
Or all things were return'd to the first Chaos,
And then appear like Furies.

Dru. I will do

Whate'er you shall command.

Del. Rest then assur'd,

I am the Mistress of my Art, and fear not.

[*Soft Musick.* *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a Litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your sick Emp'ror, Fellow-soldiers,
In colours to the Life, doth shew your Love,
And zealous Duty : O continue in it !
And though I know you long to see and hear him,

Impute

Impute it not to Pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your Wishes; such State-vices
(Too too familiar with great Princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the Life
Of good *Numerianus*: Let your patience
Be the Physician to the wounded Eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his Father)
Which Time and your strong Patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant. [*Goes to the Litter.*]

1 *Guard*. If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter trust a prodigal Heir,
When he weeps at his Father's Funeral. [*Husband,*]

2 *Guard*. Or a young Widow, foll'wing a Bed-rid
(After a three years groaning) to the Fire.

3 *Guard*. Note his Humility, and with what soft
Murmurs

He does enquire his Pleasures.

1 *Guard*. And how soon
He is instructed.

2 *Guard*. How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands (dread *Cæsar*) I'll impart
To your most ready Soldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. It is the Pleasure

[*Turning from the Litter to the Guards.*]

Of mighty *Cæsar* (his thanks still remembred

For your long Patience, which a Donative,

Fitting his State to give, shall quickly follow)

That you continue a strict Guard upon

His sacred Person, and admit no Stranger

Of any other Legion, to come near him;

You being most trusted by him. I receive

Your answer in your silence. Now *Camurius*,

Speak without Flatt'ry: Hath thy *Aper* acted

This Passion to the Life?

Cam. I would applaud him,

Were he saluted *Cæsar*: But I fear

These long protracted Counsels will undo us;

And 'tis beyond my Reason, he being Dead,

You should conceal yourself, or hope it can

Continue undiscover'd.

Aper.

Aper. That I've killed him,
 Yet feed these ignorant Fools with hopes he lives,
 Has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
 (That are my own, and sure) are not come up,
 The *German* Legions waver; and *Charinus*,
 Brother to this dead Dog, (Hells plagues on *Niger*,)
 Is jealous of the Murder; and, I hear,
 Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
 Till I have power to justify the Act,
 To shew myself the Author: Be therefore careful
 For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
 How th' Tribunes and Centurions stand affected)
 That none come near th' Litter. If I find them
 Firm on my part, I dare profess myself,
 And then live *Aper's* Equal.

Cam. Does not the Body
 Begin to putrify?

Aper. That exacts my haste:
 When, but ev'n now, I feign'd Obedience to it,
 As I had some great business to impart, [rious,
 The Scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore (a) cu-
 All keep at distance. [Exit.

Cam. I am taught my Part;
 Haste you, to perfect yours.

i Guar. I'd rather meet
 An Enemy i'th' Field, than stand thus nodding
 Like to a Rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.

Geta. Th' Watch at Noon?
 This is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am Arm'd
 Against all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
 A Coward's name pursue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
 Guide and direct me.

(a) i. e. *Cautious*: 'Tis not the only place in our Poets, where
 it has this Sense.

Cam.

Cam. You are rude and sawcy,
With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,
Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these
That do attend his Person. Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,
Nor ever were: Soldiers, and honest Men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp too.

Dio. No instruments of Craft, Engines of Murder,
That serve the Emperor only with oil'd Tongues,
Sooth and applaud his Vices, play the Bawds
To all his Appetites; and when you've wrought
So far upon his Weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the Subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked Ends,
You rid him out o'th' way.

Cam. Treason?

Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.

Cam. Lay Hands upon 'em.
Or kill them suddenly.

Geta. I'm out at that;
I do not like the Sport.

Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any Virtue worth a *Roman*;
Or does retain the mem'ry of the Oath
He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword
Against the Man that (careless of his Life)
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
As when you hear't, and understand how long
You've been abus'd, will run you mad with Fury?
I am no Stranger, but (like you) a Soldier,
Train'd up one from my Youth: And there are some
With whom I've serv'd, and (not to praise myself)
Must needs confess they have seen *Diocles*
In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common Man.

1 *Guard.* *Diocles*?

2 *Guard.* I know him,
The bravest Soldier of the Empire.

Cam.

Cam. Stand;
If thou advance an Inch, thou'rt dead.

Dio. Die thou, [Stabs *Camurius*,
That durst oppose thyself against a Truth
That will break out, though Mountains cover it.

Geta. I fear this is a sucking Pig; no Boar,
He falls so easy.

Dio. Hear me, fellow Soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an Act of Justice, and no Murther,
Cut me in Pieces: I'll disperse the Cloud
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody Act
Ne'er equal'd yet; You all know with what Favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac'd
The Provost *Aper*?

Guard. True.

Dio. And that those Bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The Elements of Honesty and Truth)
In Loyal Duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on. But I lose time. You're here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emp'ror's Person, to admit no Stranger
To have access to him, or come near his Litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his Eyes are sore
And his Mind troubled; no, my Friends, you're cozen'd,
The good *Numerianus* now is past
The Sense of Wrong or Injury.

Guard. How? Dead?

Dio. Let your own Eyes inform you. [Opens the Litter.

Geta. An Emperor's Cabinet?
Fough, I have known a Charnel-house smell sweeter.
If Emperor's Flesh have this favour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Most unheard of Villany.

2 *Guard.* And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard.* Who is the Murderer? Name him, that
we may
Punish it in his Family.

Dio.

Dio. Who but *Aper*?
The barbarous and most ingrateful *Aper*?
His desperate Poniard printed on his Breast
This deadly Wound; Hate to vow'd Enemies
Finds a full Satisfaction in Death,
And Tyrants seek no farther. He, a Subject,
And bound by all the Ties of Love and Duty,
Ended not so; but does deny his Prince,
(Whose Ghost forbid a Passage to his rest,
Mourns by the *Stygian Shore*,) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not; let your Loves speak in your Anger,
And, to confirm you gave no Suffrage to
The damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands
To wreak the Parricide; and if you find
That there is Worth in *Diocles* to deserve it,
Make him your Leader.

Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles*. [Stars,

Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now my
If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Delphia and Drusilla in a Throne drawn by
Dragons.*

Del. Fix here, and rest a while your (12) Sail-stretch'd
Wings
That have out-stript the Winds; the Eye of Heav'n

(12) ——— *Sail stretch'd Wings*] I can't forbear transcribing a
Stanza out of our inimitable *Spenser*, which whether our Poets had in
their Eye or no here, the Reader must judge. B. 1. C. 11. Stan. 10.

*His flaggy Wings when forth he did display,
Were like two Sails, in which the hollow Wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the Pens that did his Pinions bind,
Were like Main-yards, with flying Canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him list the Air to beat,
And there by force unwonted Passage find,
The Clouds before him fled for Terror great,
And all the Heavens stood full amazed with his Threat.*

Durst not behold your Speed, but hid itself
Behind the grossest Clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her silver Horns, trembling for fear
That my strong Spells should force her from her Sphere;
Such is the Power of Art.

Dru. Good Aunt, where are we?

Del. Look down, *Druilla*, on these lofty Towers,
These spacious Streets, where every private House
Appears a Palace to receive a King:
The Site, the Wealth, the Beauty of the Place,
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious *Rome*,
Rome, the great Mistress of the conquer'd World.

Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
Like any Wilderness we have pass'd o'er;
Shall I not see him?

Del. Yes, and in full Glory,
And glut thy greedy Eyes with looking on
His prosperous Success: Contain thyself;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest sighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
Cannot discover us; nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Guard, Aper, Senators,
Geta, Officers, with Litter.*

But when Occasion shall present itself,
Do something to add to it. See, he comes. [Grace,

(13) *Dru.* How God-like he appears? With such a
The Giants that attempted to scale Heav'n,
When they lay dead on the *Pblegrean* Plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove*. *Del.* Forbear.

Dio. Look on this,
And when with Horror thou hast view'd thy Deed,
Thy most accursed Deed, be thine own Judge,
And see (thy Guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Perswade thyself, whom thou stand'st bound to hate,
To hope or plead for Mercy.

(13) This Passage, for the bold Ordination of the Words, may stand
in Competition with any in *Milton*, and has not its fellow, throughout
the whole Collection of our Authors Plays.

Aper.

The Prophetess.

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Aper. I confess
My Life's a Burden to me.

Dio. Thou art like thy Name,
A cruel Boar, whose Snout hath rooted up
The fruitful Vineyard of the Common-Wealth:
I long have hunted for thee, and since now
Thou'rt in the Toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out; thou dost deserve
The Hangman's Hook, or to be punished
More Majorum, whipt with Rods to Death,
Or any way, that were more terrible.

Yet, since my future Fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great *Delphia's* Prophecy,

Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the Honour
To fall by *Diocles* Hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
That usher'd me to taste this common Air,
In my Entrance to the World, and give Applause
To this great Work.

Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres. [*Musick.*]

Dru. O now you honour me.

Dio. Ha? In the Air?

All. Miraculous.

Max. This shews the Gods approve
The Person, and the Act: Then if the Senate
(For in their Eyes I read the Soldiers Love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the Place
Of dead *Numerianus*, as he stands
His Heir in his Revenge, with one Consent
Salute him Emperor.

Sen. Long live *Diocles*,
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsars*,
We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his Honour with our Swords
Against the World; raise him to the Tribunal.

1 Sen. Fetch the Imperial Robes, and as a Sign
We give him absolute Power of Life and Death,
Bind this Sword to his side.

I 2

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
That may be for his Honour.

S O N G.

Max. Still the Gods
Express that they are pleas'd with this Election.

Geta. My Master is an Emperor, and I feel
A Senator's Itch upon me: Would I could hire
These fine invisible Fiddlers to play to me
At my Instalment.

Dio. I embrace your Loves,
And hope the Honours that you heap upon me,
Shall be with Strength supported. It shall be
My Study to appear another *Atlas*,
To stand firm underneath this Heav'n of Empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no Titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The Name I had, being a private Man,
Only with some small Difference; I will add
To *Diocles* but (14) two short Syllables,
And be call'd *Dioclesianus*.

Geta. That is fine;
I'll follow th' Fashion; and when I'm a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.

Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your Favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove false.
These Glories shall be to him as a Dream,

(14) — but two short Syllables,

And be call'd Dioclesianus.] Thus run all the Copies Ancient and Modern: It was doubtless for want of Attention in our Authors that this Passage has come down to us so incorrect: For if we must read two short Syllables, what must we do with *Dioclesianus*, which is certainly an Addition of three? And if we read *Dioclesian*, which is much more agreeable to the Measure, we shall be embarrass'd with that unlucky Addition of *Geta*, to be call'd *Getianus*. I am however upon the whole, for reading *Dioclesian*, because the Verse will run better, and because he is call'd so through the rest of the Play.

Or

Or an enchanted Banquet. (15) *Nig.* From *Charinus*,
From great *Charinus*, who with Joy hath heard
Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honour ;
He, with his beauteous Sister, fair *Aurelia*,
Are come in Person, like themselves attended,
To gratulate your Fortune. [*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Charinus, Aurelia and Attendants.

Dio. For thy News,
Be thou in *France* Pro-Consul ; let us meet
The Emperor with all Honour, and embrace him.

Dru. O Aunt I fear this Princess doth eclipse
Th' Opinion of my Beauty, though I were
Myself to be the Judge.

Del. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis Virtue, and not Birth that makes us noble :
Great Actions speak great Minds, and such should govern ;
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A Fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you ; may we live so far
From Difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the World may say, Although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.

Aur. When I look on the Trunk
Of dear *Numerianus*, I should wash
His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Sister's Sorrow
To his sad Fate ; but since he lives again
In your most brave Revenge, I bow to you,
As to a Power that gave him second Life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your Wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and Dishonour to your Bed,
(Although my Youth and Fortune should require

(15) *Or an Inchant'd Banquet.*

Nig. From *Charinus who with, &c.*] The Addition I have
made to the present Text, (which is no inconsiderable one) is from
the Copy of 1647. It supplies the Hemistich after *Delphia's* Speech,
and fills up the Hobling Line which begun that of *Niger* in all the
other Editions.

Both to be su'd and sought to,) here I yield
Myself at your Devotion.

Dio. O you Gods,
Teach me how to be thankful; you have pour'd
All Blessings on me, that ambitious Man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy Minute
I ne'er saw Beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a Woman. I shall live
To serve and honour you, upon my Knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I'm doubly married, to the Empire,
And your best self.

Del. False and perfidious Villain. —

Dru. Let me fall headlong on him: O my Stars!
This I foresaw and fear'd.

Cha. Call forth a *Flamen*.
This Knot shall now be ty'd.

Del. But I will loose it,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen. [Thunder and Lightning.]

Cha. Prodigious!

Max. How soon the day's o'ercast?

Fla. The signs are fatal;

Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews too
She has her Thunder.

Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full Fortune?

Cha. We're too violent,
And I repent the haste: we first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the Body,
And when we've plac'd his Ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the Gods again; for wise Men say,
Marriage and Obsequies don't suit one day. [Sen. Ex.]

Del. So, 'tis defer'd yet, in despite of falshood:
Comfort, *Drusilla*, for he shall be thine,
(16) Or wish, in vain, he were. Note, I will punish

(16) *Or wish in vain he were not. I will punish*] To talk thus
was not talking like a Prophetess, or like a Person of common Sense.
He shall be yours, says she to *Drusilla*, *or wish in vain, he were not.*

His

His Perjury to th' height: (a) Mount up, my Birds;
Some Rites I'm to perform to *Hecate*,
To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his Ruin I will bury all. [*Ascends in the Throne.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Maximinian, solus.

Max. **W**Hat powerful Star shin'd at this Man's Na-
tivity,
And bless'd his homely Cradle with full Glory?
What throngs of People press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him *Cæsar*?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
How the fierce-minded Soldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his Honour? at his Devotion
Their Lives, their Virtues and their Fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the Emperor entreats him,
And as a brighter flame, takes his Beams from him:
The bless'd and bright *Aurelia*, she doats on him,
And as the God of Love, burns Incense to him;
All Eyes live on him. Yet I'm still *Maximinian*,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his Servant.
What have I got by this? where lies my Glory?

Why so? What Occasion for *Diocles* to wish in vain that he was not
hers? Since 'twas fact that he was not: The Alteration I have made,
depends only upon the Change of a Point, and the Addition of a single
Letter, one of which might be easily overlook'd, and the other dropt.

Mr. *Seward*, upon my laying my Finger on this Passage, agreed
it was corrupt, and offer'd to read *Now* for *Note*: The Reader is left
to his Choice, seeing both are at his Service.

(a) ——— *Mount up my Birds.*] She means *Dragons*. Thus what
has, or is suppos'd to have, Wings, as the *Dragons* here, is by our
Poets call'd a Bird. *Shakespeare* takes much the same kind of Liberty
in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, when he calls his *Aspics Worms of Nile*;
and *Milton*, in Imitation of his great Master, gives the Serpent in
Paradise Lost the same Name, as coming I suppose under the Deno-
mination of Reptiles.

How am I rais'd and honour'd ? I have gone as far
 To woo this purblind Honour, and have pass'd
 As many dangerous Expeditions,
 As noble, and as high ; nay, in his Destiny,
 Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
 And done as much, sweat thorough as many Perils ;
 Only the Hangman of *Volutius Aper*,
 Which I mistook, has made him Emperor,
 And me his Slave.

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Del. Stand still, he cannot see us,
 'Till I please ; mark him well, this discontentment
 I've forc'd into him, for thy cause, *Drusilla*.

Max. Can the Gods see this,
 See it with justice, and confer their blessings
 On him, that never flung one grain of Incense
 Upon their Altars ? never bow'd his Knee yet ;
 And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
 And whilst he was a gleaning, have been praying,
 Contemning his base covetous——

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bless me, and with all Reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
 And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle ;
 I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.

Max. O Mother, did I stand the tenth part to ye
 Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
 How would I serve, how would I fall before ye ?
 The poorer Powers we worship——

Del. Peace, and flatter not ;
 Necessity and Anger draws this from ye,
 Of both which I will quit ye : For your Uncle
 I spoke this Honour, and it fell upon him,
 Fell to his full content : he has forgot me,
 For all my care, forgot me and his Vow too ;
 As if a Dream had vanish'd, so h'as lost me,
 And I him, let him now stand fast. Come hither,
 My care is now on you.

Max. O blessed Mother !

Del.

Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*;
Believe what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your Addresses to her;
She is the Stair of Honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your Servant: go.

Max. With Reverence,
All this as holy Truths—— [Exit.]

Del. Believe, and prosper.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me, but as much credit,
As much belief from *Dioclesian*——

Enter Geta, Liſtors, and Suitors with Petitions.

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often;
The proudest thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O 'tis the Fool and Knave grown a grave Officer.
Here's hot and high Preferment.

Geta. What's your Bill?

For Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills;
Is the way Rheumatick?

1 *Suit.* 'Tis Piles, and 't please you.

Geta. Remove me those Piles to (17) *Port Esquiline*,
Fitter the Place, my Friend: you shall be paid.

1 *Suit.* I thank your Worship.

Geta. Thank me when ye have it,
Thank me another way, ye are an Ass else.
I know my Office; you are for the Streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that Knave has eaten Garlick,
Whip him and bring him back.

(17) ——— *Port Esquiline.*] So our great *Spencer*, from whom
this Passage seems to have been taken. B. 2. C. 9. Stan. 32.

*But all the Liquor, which was foul and waste,
Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
They in another great round Vessel plac'd,
'Till by a Conduit-Pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noxious was and nought,
By secret ways that none might it espy,
Was close convey'd, and to the back Gate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.*

3 *Suit.*

Del.

3 *Suit.* I beseech your Worship,
Here's an old reckoning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.

Geta. It stinks like thee, away. Yet let him tarry,
His Bill shall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your Hats off, decently.
For scowring the Water-courses thorow the Cities;
A fine Periphrasis of a Kennel-raker.
Did ye scour all, my Friend? ye had some business;
Who shall scour you? you're to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons swear you have perform'd your Office.

4 *Suit.* Your Worship's merry.

Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To nick a Knave; 'tis as useful as our Gravity:
I'll take no more Petitions, I am pester'd,
Give me some rest.

4 *Suit.* I've brought the Gold, and't please ye,
About the Place ye promised.

Geta. See him enter'd.

How does your Daughter?

4 *Suit.* Better your Worship thinks of her. [ter.

Geta. This is with the least. But let me see your Daugh-
'Tis a good forward Maid, I'll join her with ye.
I do beseech ye leave me.

Lit. Ye see the Edile's busy.

Geta. And look t' your Places, or I'll make ye smook else.
Sirrah, I drank a Cup of Wine at your House Yesterday,
A good smart Wine.

Lit. Send him the piece, he likes it.

Geta. And eat the best wild Boar at that same Farmer's.

2 *Suit.* I've half left yet: your Worship shall com-
mand it.

Geta. A bit will serve; give me some rest; Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a Senator?

Del. 'Tis a fit place indeed. 'Save your Mastership;
Do you know us, Sir?

Geta. These Women are still troublesome.
There be Houses providing for such wretched Women,
And some small Rents, to set ye a Spinning.

Dru. Sir,
We are no Spinsters; nor, if you look on us,

So wretched as you take us.

Del. Does your Mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your Memory,
Yet understand our Faces?

Geta. Prithee keep off, Woman;
It is not fit I should know every Creature.
Although I've been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now, my Place neglects thee.
Yet, 'cause I deign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your Suits, and wait me a Month hence.

Del. Our Suits are, Sir, to see the Emperor,
The Emperor *Dioclesian*, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We've told you all, Sir.

Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor Women;
See the Emperor? Why you are deceiv'd; now
The Emperor appears but once in seven Years,
And then he shines not on such Weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep Beggars from
me.

Dru. Here is a pretty Youth. [Exeunt.

Enter Dioclesian.

Del. He shall be pretty,
Or I will want my will, since y' are so high, Sir,
I'll raise ye higher, or my Art shall fail me.
Stand close, he comes.

Dio. How am I cross'd and tortur'd?
My most wish'd Happiness, my lovely Mistress,
That must make good my hopes, and link my Greatness,
Yet sever'd from mine Arms? Tell me, high Heav'n,
How have I sin'd, that you should speak in Thunder,
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready
To leap into her Breast? the Priest was ready?
The joyful Virgins and the young Men ready?
When *Hymen* stood with all his flames about him
Blessing the Bed? the House with full joy sweating?
And expectation, like the *Roman Eagle*,
Took stand, and call'd all Eyes? It was your Honour;
And e'er you give it full, do you destroy it?

* *Enter Diocles.] See Note 30th.*

Or

Or was there some dire Star? some Devil that did it?
Some sad malignant Angel to mine Honour?
With you, I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted,
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canst not quarrel;
I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falshood;
Look here, to her thy falshood. Now be angry,
And be as great in Evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou hast full need of Blessing.
'Twas I, that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the Air unseen: 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various Musicks, and sweet sounding Airs;
'Twas I inspir'd the Soldier's Heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself with Love and Duty,
Low as thy Feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy Honesty,
Thy Vow and Faith; that once forgot and slighted,
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
The Priest and all the Ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thundred loud, 'twas I that threatned,
'Twas I that cast a dark Face over Heav'n,
And smote ye all with terror.

Dru. Yet consider,
As ye are noble, as I have deserv'd ye;
For yet y're free: If neither Faith nor Promise,
The Deeds of elder Times, may be remembred,
Let these new-dropping Tears; for I still love ye,
These Hands held up to Heav'n —

Dio. I must not pity ye;
'Tis not wise in me.

Del. How? Not wise?

Dio. Nor honourable.

A Princess is my Love, and doats upon me:
A fair and lovely Princess is my Mistress.
I am an Emperor; consider, Prophetess,
Now my Embraces are for Queens and Princesses,
For Ladies of high Mark, for divine Beauties:
To look so low as this cheap common Sweetness,

Would

The Prophetess.

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Would speak me base, my Names and Glories nothing.
I grant I made a Vow, what was I then?

As she is now, of no fort, (Hope made me promise)
(18) But as I'm now; to keep this Vow, were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Del. Take heed, proud Man.

Dru. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.

Del. Take heed; here stands thy Destiny;
Thy Fate here followeth.

Dio. Thou doating Sorceress,
Would'st have me love this Thing, that's not worthy
To kneel unto my Saint? To kiss her Shadow?
Great Princes are her Slaves; selected Beauties
Bow at her beck, the mighty *Persian's* Daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as th' Mid-day Glorious)
Waits her Commands, and grows proud in her Pleasures.
I'll see her honour'd; some Watch I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye.

[*Exit.*

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not, Wench,
be confident,
E'er long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me)
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:
My Art and I are yet Companions. Come, Girl. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Geta, and Liſtors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, Friends,
And of too soft a Nature to be an Officer;
I bear too much Remorse,

1 *Liſt.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;
For look you, one so newly warm in Office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice,

(18) *But now I am]* Now I am what I of no sort, &c. to be sure.
But this is not what he meant to say, but, as it seems, quite the Con-
trary. And accordingly I have reform'd the Text.

Mr. Seward offer'd the same Conjecture.

Hit

Hit where it will, the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(Though without cause; let that declare 'tself afterward)
The more ye are admired.

Geta. I think I shall be. —

2 Liſt. Your Worſhip is a Man of a ſpare Body,
And prone to Anger,

Geta. Nay, I will be angry,
And, the beſt is, I need not ſhew my Reaſon.

2 Liſt. You need not, Sir, your Place is without Reaſon;
And what you want in Growth and full Proportion,
Make up in Rule and Rigour.

Geta. A rare Counſellor;
Inſtruct me further. Is it fit, my Friends,
The Emperor my Maſter *Diocleſian*
Should now remember or the Times or Manners
That call'd him plain down *Diocles*?

1 Liſt. He muſt not,
It ſtands not with his Royalty.

Geta. I grant ye,
I being then the Edile *Getianus*,
A Man of Place, and Judge, is't held requiſite
I ſhould commit to my conſideration
Thoſe Rascals of removed and ragged Hours,
That with unrev'rend Mouths call'd me Slave *Geta*?

2 Liſt. You muſt forget their Names; your Honour
bids ye.

Geta. I do forget 'em; but I'll hang their Natures:
I will aſcend my Place, which is of Juſtice;
And Mercy, I forget thee.

Suit. A rare Magiſtrate;
Another *Solon* ſure.

Geta. Bring out th' Offenders. [be.

1 Liſt. There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will
But if you pleaſe touch ſome things of thoſe Natures.

Geta. And am I ready, and mine Anger too?
The Melancholy of a Magiſtrate upon me,
And no Offenders to execute my Fury?
Ha? No Offenders, Knaves?

1 Liſt. There are Knaves indeed, Sir,
But we hope ſhortly t' have 'em 'fore your Worſhip.

Geta.

Geta. No Men to hang or whip? Are you good Officers,
That provide no Fuel for a Judge's Fury? [ye,
In this Place something must be done; this Chair, I tell
When I sit down, must favour of Severity:
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd People,
Or likely to be lewd; Twigs must be cropt too;
Let me have evil Persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate;
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectify my Country, [wealth:
You are those Scabs I'll scratch off from the Common-
You are those Rascals of the State (19) I'll tread on,
And you shall find and feel—

2 *Licet.* You shall have many,
Many notorious People.

Geta. Let 'em be People,
And take ye notorious to yourselves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you the rest of my Officials;
If I be angry, as my Place will ask it,
And want fit matter to dispose my Authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your Offences:
It is sufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,
Suffer myself; for so runs my Commission.

Suit. An admirable, zealous and true Justice.

1 *Licet.* I cannot hold; if there be any People,
Of what degree soever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of Justice
In a new Officer, a Man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious *Getianus*.

(19) *I treat of*] The old Reading is Sense, but very flat. He had
us'd a strong Metaphor in the Line before, and his Humour should
require another strong one in this, which I have given him by a
slight Change. It might possibly have been—*I threaten*, which was
my first Conjecture, but the latter seems preferable.

Mr. Seward.

Enter

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little. What are these?

Del. You shall not mourn still: Times of Recreation,
T'allay this sadness, must be sought. What's here?
A superstitious Flock of senseless People
Worshiping a Sign in Office?

Geta. Lay hold on her, [Guards seize her.
And hold her fast,
She'll slip thorow your Fingers like an Eel else;
I know her tricks; hold her, I say, and bind her,
Or hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

Del. What have I done?

Geta. Thou'st done enough t' undo thee;
Thou hast pressed to the Emperor's Presence without my
Warrant,
I being his Key and Image.

Del. You are an Image indeed,
And of the coarsest stuff, and the worst making
That e'er I look'd on yet; I'll make as good an Image
of an Ass.

Geta. Besides, thou art a Woman of a lewd Life.

Del. I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common Fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the People, vitious.

Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd Woman,
Which is as much as all the People swore it;
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils:
And whereas great and grave Men of my Place
Can by the Laws b' allow'd but one apiece,
For their own Services and Recreations;
Thou, like a traiterous Quean, keep'st twenty Devils;
Twenty in ordinary.

Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified.
If that be all; and if ye want a Servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise Devil too;
Think for what End.

Geta. Let her alone, 'tis useful; [The Guards release her.
We Men of Business must use speedy Servants:

Let

Let me see your Family.

Del. Think but one, he is ready.

Geta. A Devil for intelligence? No, no,
He'll lie beyond all Travellers. A State-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own Weapon.
For Execution? He will hang me too.
I'd have a handfom, pleasant, and a fine She-devil,
To entertain the Ladies that come to me;
A travell'd Devil too, that speaks the 'Tongues,
And a neat carving Devil. [*Musick.*]

Enter a She-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.

Geta. A pretty brown Devil's faith; may I not kiss her?

Del. Yes and embrace her too; she is your Servant.
Fear not, her Lips are cool enough.

Geta. She is marvellous well mounted; what's her Name?

Del. *Lucifera.*

Geta. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kiss me.

Del. Let her sit on your Knee.

Geta. The Chair turns, hey-boys:
Pleasant it's faith, and a fine facetious Devil. [*Dance.*]

Del. She would whisper in your Ear, and tell ye
wonders.

(20) [*Geta.* Come what's her Name? *Del.* *Lucifera.*]

Geta. Come, *Lucie*, come speak thy Mind. I am cer-
tain burnt to Ashes. [*Exeunt.*]

I have a kind of Glass-house in my Cod-piece.
Are these the flames of State? I'm roasted over,
Over, and over-roasted. Is this Office?
The pleasures of Authority? I'll no more on't,
Till I can punish Devils too; I'll quit it.
Some other Trade now, and some course less dangerous,
Or certainly I'll Tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*]

(20) This Question and Answer I would reject as an idle Tauto-
logy; otherwise the Fault of a very short Memory, must be laid to
somebody's Charge.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Cassana, Ambassadors,
and Attendants.*

Aur. Never dispute with me, you cannot have her,
Nor name the greatness of your King; I scorn him:
Your Knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his Duty, and (21) my Power to slight him.

Cha. She is her Woman; never sue to me,
And in her Power to render her, or keep her;
And she, my Sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.

Amb. We desire not,
But for what Ransom she shall please to think of;
Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.

Aur. No ransom.
No, not your King's own Head, his Crown upon it,
And all the low Subjections of his People.

Amb. Fair Princes should have tender Thoughts.

Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty Emperor's Sister?
What Princess of that Sweetness, or that Excellence,
Sprung from the proudest, and the mightiest Monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my Servant?

Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty Lady.

Aur. Has my fair Usage
Made you so much despise me and your Fortune,
That ye grow weary of my Entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
And as you were ordain'd my Prisoner,
My Slave, and one I may dispose of any way.
No more my fair Companion; tell your King so:

(21) *my Power, &c.*] Perhaps this Reading may be explain'd into
Sense, and so I have not disturb'd, or displac'd it: But I have all
along suspected we should read thus;

It were his Duty, and my Part to slight him.

By this Alteration, *Aurelia's* Pride is mounted to its highest pitch,
and she soothes her Vanity at the Expence of no Less a Man than the
Great King, the King of *Persia*.

And

The Prophetess.

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And if he had more Sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your Answer.

Amb. We must take some other way, Force must
compel it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Maximinian.

Max. Now if thou be'st a Prophetess, and can'st do
Things of that Wonder that thy Tongue delivers,
Can'st raise me too, I shall be bound to speak thee :
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
And Monuments to all succeeding Ages,
Of thee, and of thy Piety.—Now she eyes me.
Now work great Power of Art ; she moves unto me ;
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her Aspects are ? [me.
Her Eyes are like bright (22) *Eoan* Flames shot through

Aur. O my fair Friend, where have you been ?

Max. What am I ?

What does she take me for ? Work still, work strongly.

Aur. Where have you fled, my Loves and my Embraces ?

Max. I am beyond my Wits.

Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
Whose Causes are as common as his Noises,
Make ye defer your lawful and free Pleasures ?
Strike Terror to a Soldier's Heart, a Monarch's ?
Th'row all the Fires of angry Heav'n ; th'row Tempests,
That sing of nothing but Destruction,
Ev'n underneath the Bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And flie into your Arms.

Max. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly ;
For certain, a most handsome Man.

Cha. Fie, Sister,
What a forgetful Weakness is this in ye ?
What a light Presence ? These are Words and Offers
Due only to your Husband, *Dioclesian* ;
This free Behaviour only his.

(22) — *like bright Ioan Flames*] This nonsensical Corruption
runs through the Folio of 1647, and the Octavo of 1711. The
Reading (which is undoubtedly the true one) in the present Text,
I have inserted from the Folio of 1679.

Aur. 'Tis strange,
That only empty Names compel Affections :
This Man, ye see, give him what Name or Title,
Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despis'd, Brother,
This lovely Man——

Max. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward ;
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not. [Sir.

Aur. This rare and sweet young Man, see how he looks,

Max. I'll juggle hard, dear Uncle.

Aur. This Thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,
This most unequall'd Man, this spring of Beauty,
Deserves the Bed of *Juno*.

Cha. You're not mad.

Max. I hope she be ; I'm sure I'm little better.

Aur. O fair, sweet Man !

Cha. For shame refrain this Impudence. [Blessing :

Max. Would I had her alone, that I might seal this
Sure, sure she should not beg : If this continue,
As I hope Heav'n it will, Uncle, I'll nick ye,
I'll nick ye, by this Life. Some would fear killing
In the Pursuit now of so rare a Venture :

Enter Diocles.

I'm covetous to die for such a Beauty.
Mine Uncle comes ; now, if she stand, I'm happy.

Cha. Be right again, for Honour's sake.

Dio. Fair Mistress——

Aur. What Man is this ? Away. What sawcy Fellow ?
Dare any such base Groom press to salute me ?

Dio. Have ye forgot me, Fair, or do you jest with me ?
I'll tell ye what I am : Come, pray ye look lovely.
Nothing but Frowns and Scorns ?

Aur. Who is this Fellow ?

Dio. I'll tell ye who I am ; I am your Husband.

Aur. Husband to me ?

Dio. To you. I'm *Dioclesian*.

Max. More of this Sport, and I am made, old Mother :
Effect but this thou hast begun.

Dio. I'm he, Lady,

Reveng'd

Revenge'd your Brother's Death ; slew cruel *Aper* :
I'm he the Soldier courts, the Empire honours,
Your Brother loves; am he, my lovely Mistress,
Will make you Empress of the World.

Max. Still excellent :

Now I see too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd.

An Emperor may suffer like another.

Well said, old Mother, hold but up this Miracle.

Aur. Thou ly'st, thou art not he; thou a brave Fellow?

Cha. Is there no Shame, no Modesty in Women?

Aur. Thou one of high and full Mark?

Dio. Gods, what ails she?

Aur. Generous and noble? Fie thou liest most basely.
Thy Face, and all Aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing
Not worth the Name of *Roman* : Stand off farther.

Dio. What may this mean?

Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion* ;
Come, shew thyself, and all Eyes be bless'd in thee.

Dio. Hah? what is this?

Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightness :
Look, here's a Face now, of another making,
Another Mold ; here's a divine Proportion,
Eyes fit for *Phabus* self, to gild the World with ;
And there's a Brow arch'd like the State of Heav'n ;
Look how it bends, and with what Radiance,
As if the Synod of the Gods sat under :
Look there, and wonder ; now behold that Fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an Ax out.

Max. Old Woman, though I cannot give thee re-
compence,
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy Name as glorious:

Dio. Is this in truth?

Cha. She's mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him, see.

Cha. Her fit is strong now :
Be not you passionate.

Dio. She kisses.

Cha. Let her;
'Tis but the Fondness of her Fit.

Dio. I'm fool'd,
And if I suffer this.

Cha. Pray ye, Friend, be pacify'd,
This will be off anon : She goes in. [*Exit Aurelia.*

Dio. Sirrah.

Max. What say you, Sir ?

Dio. How dare thy Lips, thy base Lips ?

Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir, and no such base one :
I fought no Kisses, nor I had no Reason
To kick the Princess from me ; 'twas no Manners :
I never yet compell'd her, of her Courtesie
What she bestows, Sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, Villain.

Max. I will, and I will go off with that Glory,
And magnifie my Fate. [*Exit.*

Dio. Good Brother leave me,
I'm to myself a trouble now.

Cha. I'm sorry for't.
You'll find it but a Woman-Fit to try ye.

Dio. It may be so ; I hope so.

Cha. I am asham'd, and what I think I blush at. [*Exit.*

Dio. What Misery hath my great Fortune bred me ?
And how far must I suffer ? Poor and low States,
Though they know Wants and Hungers, know not these,
Know not these killing Fates : Little contents them,
And with that little they live Kings, commanding
And ordering, both their Ends and Loves. O Honour !
How greedily Men seek thee ; and once purchased,
How many En'mies to Man's Peace bring'st thou ?
How many Grievs and Sorrows, that like Sheers,
Like fatal Sheers, are sheering off our Lives still ?
How many sad Eclipses do we shine through ?

Enter Delphia, and Drusilla veil'd.

When I presum'd I was bless'd in this fair Woman.

Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'st him.

Dio. When all my Hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest and the happiest Monarch,

Then

Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely?
By mine own Kinsman cross'd? O Villain Kinsman!
Curse of my Blood; because a little younger,
A little smother fac'd: O false, false Woman,
False and forgetful of thy Faith; I'll kill him.
But can I kill her Hate too? No, he woes not,
Nor worthy is of Death, because she follows him,
Because she courts him: Shall I kill an Innocent?
O *Diocles*! Would thou hadst never known this,
Nor surfeited upon this sweet Ambition,
That now lyes bitter at thy Heart: O Fortune,
That thou hast none to fool and blow like Bubbles,
But Kings, and their Contents!

Del. What think ye now, Girl?

Dru. Upon my Life, I pity his Misfortune.
See how he weeps; I cannot hold.

Del. Away Fool;
He must weep bloody Tears before thou hast him.
How fare you now, brave *Dioclesian*?
What? Lazy in your Loves? Has too much pleasure
Dull'd your most mighty Faculties?

Dio. Art thou there?
More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?

Del. I do, and I do laugh at all thy sufferings.
I that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings;
I told thee once, This is thy Fate, this Woman,
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.
It is not in thy power to turn this Destiny,
Nor stop the torrent of those Miseries
(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of Faith,
Proud, and dost think no Power can cross thy Pleasures;
Thou'lt find a Fate above thee.

Dru. Good Aunt, speak mildly;
See how he looks and suffers.

Dio. I find and feel, Woman,
That I am miserable.

Del. Thou'rt most miserable.

Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.
But didst thou work this?

Del. Yes, and will pursue it.

Dio. Stay there, and have some pity; fair *Drusilla*,
Let me perswade thy Mercy, thou hast lov'd me,
Although I know my Suit will sound unjustly,
To make thy Love the means to lose itself,
Have pity on me.

Dru. I will do.

Del. Peace, Neice.

Although this softness may become your Love,
Your Care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,
And still I'll work; the same Affection
He ever shews to thee, be't sweet or bitter,
The same *Aurelia* shall shew him; no further:
Nor shall the wealth of all his Empire free this.

Dio. I must speak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my Sorrows: You (23) that grieve too,
I see it in your Eyes, and thus I meet it.

Dru. O Aunt, I'm blest'd.

Dio. Be not both young and cruel,
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter Aurelia.

Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, Aunt.

Del. Not yet, Girl; thou'rt cozen'd. [tience?

Aur. O my dear Lord, how have I wrong'd your Pa-
How wander'd from the truth of my Affections?
How, like a wanton Fool, shun'd that I lov'd most?
But you are full of Goodness to forgive, Sir,
As I of Grief to beg, and Shame to take it:
Sure I was not myself, some strange Illusion,
Or what you please to pardon.

Dio. All, my Dearest;
All my Delight; and with more pleasure take thee,

(23) — *You that grieve too,*] The Particle *that*, seems to have no Right of Place here: If we must have a Monosyllable to fill up, it seems, as if *those* was a more significant one than the present *that*, and ought to agree with *Sorrows* as the Antecedent. However, as no great Matter depends upon it, I leave it to every one's Judgment, which way he will read.

Than

Than if there had been no such Dream; for certain,
It was no more.

Aur. Now you have seal'd Forgiveness,
I take my leave, and the Gods keep your goodness.

[Exit.

Del. You see how kindness prospers; be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new Fortunes,
New Joys, and Pleasures; far beyond this Lady,
Beyond her Greatness too.

Dio. I'll die a Dog first.
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spite of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

Del. Thou shalt not, Fool.

Dio. I will, old doating Devil;
And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,
My Sword should tell thee.

Del. I contemn thy Threatnings,
And thou shalt know I hold a Power above thee.
We must remove *Aurelia*: Come, farewell Fool,
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my Pleasures.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of Matter is our History,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet Variety,
The Accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and Time t' express
In Action to the Life, our Dioclesian
In his full Lustre: Yet (as the Statuary,
That by the large size of Alcides' Foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope,
Your apprehensive Judgments will conceive
Out of the Shadow we can only shew,

How

The Prophetess.

*How fair the Body was: and will be pleased,
 Out of your wonted Goodness, to behold,
 As in a silent Mirror, what we cannot
 With fit conveniency of Time, allow'd
 For such Presentments, cloath in Vocal Sounds.
 Yet with such Art the Subject is convey'd,
 That every Scene and Passage shall be clear
 Ev'n to the grossest Understander here.*

[Loud Musick.

Dumb Shew.

Enter (at one Door) Delphia, Ambassadors, they whisper together; they take an Oath upon her Hand; She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick Rod; They rise and draw their Swords. Enter (at the other Door) Dioclesian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger, Aurelia, Cassana, Guard; Charinus and Niger perswading Aurelia; She offers to imbrace Maximinian, Diocles draws his Sword, keeps off Maximinian, turns to Aurelia, kneels to her, lays his Sword at her Feet, she scornfully turns away: Delphia gives a sign; the Ambassadors and Soldiers rush upon them, seize on Aurelia, Cassana, Charinus, and Maximinian; Dioclesian and others offer to rescue them, Delphia raises a Mist: Exeunt Ambassadors and Prisoners, and the rest discontented.

*The skilful Delphia finding by sure Proof
 The Presence of Aurelia dim'd the Beauty
 Of her Drusilla; and in spight of Charms,
 The Emperor her Brother, Great Charinus,
 Still urg'd her to the Love of Dioclesian,
 Deals with the Persian Legats, that were bound
 For th' Ransom of Cassana, to remove
 Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus
 Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their Oaths
 (In lieu of her Assistance) that they shall not,
 On any terms, when they were in their Power,
 Presume to touch their Lives: This yielded to,
 They lie in Ambush for 'em. Dioclesian*

Still

Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doated
As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
But that her Frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all Humility, but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The Sign given by Delphia,
The Persians break th'row, and seize upon
Charinus and his Sister, with Maximinian,
And free Cassana. For their speedy Rescue,
Enraged Dioclesian draws his Sword,
And bids his Guard assist him: Then too weak
Had been all Opposition and Resistance,
The Persians could have made against their Fury,
If Delphia by her Cunning had not rais'd
A foggy Mist, which as a Cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your Imaginations may help you
To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
For this Disaster circled round with Sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future Fortunes
We will present in Action; and are bold
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.
[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.

Dio. Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,
And the Gods fight against me: And proud Man,
However magnified, is but as Dust
Before the raging Whirlwind of their Justice.
What is it to be great? Ador'd on Earth?
When the immortal Powers that are above us
Turn all our Blessings into horrid Curses,
And laugh at our Resistance, or Prevention
Of what they purpose? O the Furies that
I feel within me! Whip'd on, by their Angers,
For my Tormentors. Could it else have been
In Nature, that a few poor fugitive Persians,
Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have rob'd me

(In

(In *Rome*, the World's *Metropolis*, and her Glory;
 In *Rome*, where I command, environ'd round
 With fuch invincible Troops that know no fear,
 But want of noble Enemies) of thofe Jewels
 I priz'd above my Life, and I want Power
 To free them, if thofe Gods I have provok'd
 Had not giv'n fpirit to the Undertakers,
 And in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Cæfar*,
 Your Safety does confirm you are their care,
 And that, howe'er their practices reach others,
 You ftand above their Malice.

1 *Sen.* *Rome* in us
 Offers (as means to further your Revenge)
 The Lives of her beft Citizens, and all
 They ftand poffefs'd of. 1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
 With that invincible and undaunted Courage
 Which waited bravely on you, when y' appear'd
 The Minion of Conqueft, married rather
 To glorious Victory, and we will drag
 (Though all the Enemies of Life confpire
 Againft our Undertakings) the proud *Persian*
 Out of his ftrongeft hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but yourfelf,
 And do not talk but do.

3 *Guard.* You've Hands and Swords,
 Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
 That only want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The Gods reward your Goodnefs; and believe,
 Howe'er (for fome great Sin) I am mark'd out
 The object of their Hate, though *Jove* ftood ready
 To dart his three-fold Thunder on this Head,
 It could not fright me from a fierce Purfuit
 Of my Revenge: I will redeem my Friends,
 And with my Friends mine Honour; at leaft fall
 Like to myfelf, a Soldier.

Nig. Now we hear
 Great *Diocleſian* ſpeak.

Dio. Draw up our Legions.
 And let it be your care, my much lov'd *Niger*,

To hasten the remove: And Fellow-soldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious Marches.

I *Guard*. Die he accurs'd
That thinks of Rest or Sleep, before he sets
His Foot on *Persian* Earth.

Nig. We know our Glory,
The Dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd, the Quiet of your Mind,
Depends upon our haste.

Dio. Remove to Night;
Five days shall bring me to you.

All. Happiness
To *Casar*, and glorious Victory.

[*Exeunt*.]

Dio. The chearfulness of my Soldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad; if first I make
My Peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of Faith
To *Delphia* and *Drusilla*, is the ground
Of my Misfortunes: And I must remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia's* Grace,
She was as my good Angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my Designs; I must appease her:
Let others pay their Knees, their Vows, their Prayers
To weak imagin'd Powers; she's my All,
And thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*, [Kneels.
Thou more than Woman, and though thou vouchsafest
To grace the Earth with thy celestial Steps,
And taste this grosser Air, thy heav'nly Spirit
Hath free access to all the secret Counsels
Which a full Senate of the Gods determine
When they consider Man: The Brass-leav'd Book
Of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the Destinies of Men
At thy wish'd pleasure: Look upon thy Creature,
And as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my Falshood, now vouchsafe
To see my low Submission. [*Delphia and Drusilla appear*.]

Del. What's thy Will?
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving

All

All human Sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me
Relief or Comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appease
Th' incens'd Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
Their heavy Angers; thus I tender both:
The Master of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
Of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for Mercy: Be but as thou wert,
The Pilot to the Bark of my good Fortunes,
And once more steer my Actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my Faith to this sweet Virgin,
Join with those Powers that punish Perjury,
To make me an Example, to deter
Others from being false.

Dru. Upon my Soul
You may believe him; nor did he e'er purpose
To me but nobly; he made Tryal how
I could endure Unkindness; I see Truth
Triumphant in his Sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him; and on assurance
That what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing Kiss
I seal his Pardon.

Dio. O that I e'er look'd
Beyond this Abstract of all Womans goodness.

Del. I'm thine again; thus I confirm our League;
I know thy Wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In Honour for thy Friends; thou shalt repair all,
For to thy Fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the *Persian* Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy Soldiers in their March
That pass by Land; and Destiny is false,
If thou prove not Victorious; Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
Of human Happiness: such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't,
And use those Blessings that the Gods pour on you
With moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle

I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.

Del. You will not repent it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, Soldiers, and Ensigns.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
When the whole Body of the Army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?

Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
But eating and drinking I think are forbid in't,
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry Boys that haste to School; or as
We carried Fish to th' City, dare stay no where,
For fear our Ware should stink.

Guard. That's the necessity
Of our speedy March.

Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
I mean i' th' City, for conveniency,
I still will be a Justice in the War,
And ride upon my Foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
(And a Gown'd Captain too) may be dispens'd with.
I tell you, and don't mock me, when I was poor,
I could endure like others, Cold and Hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my Finger ake,
Or feel but the least Pain in my great Toe,
Unless I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,
That may assure me: I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.

Guard. We will make you fight
As you were mad.

Geta. Not too much fighting, Friend;
It is thy Trade, that art a common Soldier;
We Officers, by our place, may share the Spoil,
And never sweat for't.

Guard. You shall kill for practice
But your dozen or two a Day.

Geta.

Geta. Thou talk'st as if
 Thou wert lousing thy self; but yet I will make danger,
 If I prove one o'th' Worthies, so: However,
 I'll have the fear of the Gods before my Eyes,
 And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on,
 And humour him for our Mirth.

1 Guard. 'Tis a fine Pea-goose*.

Nig. But one that fools to the Emperor, and in that,
 A wise Man, and a Soldier.

1 Guard. True Morality.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cosroe, Cassana, Persians; and Charinus, Maximian, Aurelia, (bound) with Soldiers.

Cos. Now, by the *Persian* Gods, most truly welcome,
 Encompass'd thus with Tributary Kings,
 I entertain you. Lend your helping Hands
 To seat her by me; and thus rais'd, bow all,
 To do her Honour: O, my best *Cassana*,
 Sister, and Partner of my Life and Empire,
 We'll teach thee to forget with present Pleasures
 Thy late Captivity; and this proud *Roman*,
 That us'd thee as a Slave, and did disdain
 A Princely Ransom, shall, if she repine,
 Be forc'd by various Tortures to adore
 What she of late contemn'd.

Cas. All Greatness ever
 Attend *Cosroe*: Though *Persia* be stil'd
 The Nurse of Pomp and Pride; we'll leave to *Rome*
 Her Native Cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
 A *Roman* Princess, and a *Cæsar's* Sister,
 Though now, (24) like me captiv'd, I can forget,
 Thy barb'rous Usage: and though thou to me,
 When I was in thy Power, didst shew thy self

* *i. e.* a silly Creature.

(24) *like thee captiv'd.*] So run the other Copies; But the considerate and attentive Reader will easily see that the present Text, from Mr. *Seward's* and my Conjecture, must have been the original one.

A most insulting Tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle Mistress.

Aur. O my Stars!

A Mistress? (25) can I live, and owe that Name
To Flesh and Blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in Sovereignty; and I, in Death,
Can quit the Name of Slave: She that scorns Life,
May mock Captivity.

Cba. Rome will be Rome

When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the same
Which you once quak'd at.

Max. Dioclesian lives;

Hear it, and tremble: Lives, thou King of *Persia*,
The Master of his Fortune, and his Honour:
And though by devilish Arts we were surpriz'd,
And made the Prey of Magick and of Theft,
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a *Roman* War; and every Wrong
We suffer here, with interest be return'd
On the insulting Doer.

1 *Per.* Sure these *Romans*

Are more than Men.

2 *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield,

They cannot bend to any adverse Fate,
Such is their Confidence.

Cof. They then shall break!

Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you still
Contend, when the least breath, or nod of mine
(26) Marks you or for the fire? or to be made
The Prey of Wolves or Vultures? The vain Name
Of *Roman* Legions, I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted Bug-bear, *Dioclesian*,
Which you presume on, would he were the Master
But of the Spirit, to meet me in the Field,

(25) *can I love,*] The Correction of *live* for *love*, Mr. Theobald,
Mr. Seward and myself all severally hit upon, and the Sense of the
Context manifestly requires it.

(26) *Marks you out for*] The Reduplication of *or*, as I have alter'd
the Text, gives a Dignity to the Language, which the old Reading
wants.

Mr. Seward,

He soon shall find, that our (b) immortal Squadrons,
 That with full Numbers ever are supply'd,
 (Could it be possible they should decay)
 Dare front his boldest Troops, and scatter 'em,
 As an high-tow'ring Falcon on her Stretches,
 Severs the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,
 The Moon, the Winds, the nourishers of Life,
 And by this Sword, the instrument of Death,
 Since that you fly not humbly to our Mercy,
 But yet dare hope your liberty by Force;
 If *Dioclesian* dare not attempt
 To free you with his Sword, all Slavery
 That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
 Falls heavy on you.

Max. If th' Sun keeps his Course,
 And th' Earth can bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.

Aur. Or Liberty, or Revenge.

Cha. On that I build too. [A Trumpet.

Aur. A Roman Trumpet!

Max. 'Tis: Comes it not like
 A Pardon to a Man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Cof. Admit him:

The purpose of thy coming?

Nig. My great Master,

The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all Power is spoken)
 Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemy,
 And (in thy bold Resistance) worth his Conquest,
 Defies thee, *Cosroe*.

Max. There is fire in this.

Nig. And to encourage thy laborious Powers
 To tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
 With this assurance, if thy Sword can win him,
 Or force his Legions with thy barbed Horse,
 But to forsake their Ground, that not alone
 Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy Tent,
 But all the Provinces and Kingdoms held

(b) These were a Body of *Persian* Soldiers, whose Number, *Herodotus* says, was never more or less than ten thousand. The Reason of the Name our Authors give themselves.

That with full Numbers ever are supply'd.

By

By th' *Roman* Garrisons in this Eastern World,
 Shall be delivered up, and he himself
 Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
 Of this large Offer, he asks only this,
 That 'till the doubtful Dye of War determine
 Who has most Power, and should command the other,
 Thou wouldst entreat thy Prisoners like their Births,
 And not their present Fortune; and to bring 'em
 Guarded, into thy Tent, with thy best Strengths,
 Thy ablest Men of War, and thou thy self
 Sworn to make good the Place. And if he fail
 (Maugre all Opposition can be made)
 In his own Person to compel his Way,
 And fetch them safely off, the Day is thine,
 And he, like these, thy Prisoner.

Cos. Though I receive this
 But as a *Roman* Brave, I do embrace it,
 And love the Sender. Tell him, I will bring
 My Pris'ners to the Field, and without odds,
 Against his single Force, alone defend 'em;
 Or else with equal Numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
 And let Posterity record, that we
 This memorable Day restor'd to *Persia*,
 That Empire of the World, great *Philip's* Son
 Ravish'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
 (27) 'Tis our strong Comfort, that we cannot fall
 Ingloriously, since we contend for all. [Exeunt.]

[Flourish, Alarms.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Geta, Guard and Soldiers.

Geta. I'll swear the Peace against 'em, I am hurt,
 Run for a Surgeon, or I faint.

Guard. Bear up Man,
 'Tis but a scratch.

Geta. Scoring a Man o'er the Coxcomb
 Is but a scratch with you: — o'your Occupation,
 Your scurvy scuffling Trade: I was told before

(27) *This our strong Comfort,*] This slight Alteration restores the
 Verb here, without which the Sentence would be harsh and elliptical.

My Face was bad enough ; but now I look
Like bloody Bone, and raw Head, to fright Children ;
I am for no use else.

2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright Men.

1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now ; but see your Face
I' th' Pummel of my Sword.

Geta. I die, I'm gone.

Oh my sweet Physiognomy.

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come ;
Now fight, or die indeed.

Geta. I will scape this way :
I cannot hold my Sword : What would you have
Of a maim'd Man ?

1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a Goad
To prick you forward, Ox.

2 *Guard.* Fight like a Man,
Or die like a Dog.

Geta. Shall I, like *Cæsar*, fall
Among my Friends ? No Mercy ? *Et tu Brute ?*
You shall not have the Honour of my Death,
I'll fall by th' En'my first.

1 *Guard.* O brave, brave *Geta* ; [*Persians driven off.*
He plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for Honour,
The *Persians* shrink ; The Passage is laid open ;
Great *Dioclesian* like a second *Mars*,
(His strong Arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,)
Performs more than a Man : His Shield struck full
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his Defence
Against the Enemies Swords, still leads the way.
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron,

[*Alarms continued.*

In which *Cosroe* in his own Person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted : Break through that,
The Day, and all is ours.

[*Retreat.*

All. Victory, Victory.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter (in Triumph with Roman Ensigns) Guard, Dioclesian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta; Cosroe, Cassana, Persians, as Prisoners; Delphia, Drusilla privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act: Your Freedom
To me's ten thousand Triumphs: You, Sir, share
In all my Glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
From being a Captive, still command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity; baser Minds
Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,
Virtue and Courage is admir'd and lov'd
In Enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your Valour; to your Swords I owe
This Wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor Bondman. *Geta*, I am glad
Thou'rt turn'd a Fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my Will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What Honours can be done to you beyond these,
Transcending all Example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Nig. We will have
His Statue of pure Gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a God,
Makes forfeit of his Head.

Max. I burst with Envy;
And yet these Honours, which conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on Air, seem not to move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a Man,
And all these Glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant Friends and faithful Guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking Fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted Dart of Death
To spare me one short Minute. Thus adorn'd

In these triumphant Robes, my Body yields not
 A greater Shadow than it did when I
 Liv'd both poor and obscure; a Sword's sharp Point
 Enters my Flesh as far; Dreams break my Sleep
 As when I was a private Man; my Passions
 Are stronger Tyrants on me; nor is Greatness
 (28) A saving Antidote to keep me from
 A Traitor's Poison. Shall I praise my Fortune,
 Or raise the building of my Happiness
 On her uncertain Favour? Or presume
 She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
 Constant to any? Should my Reason fail me
 (As flatt'ry oft corrupts it) here's an Example
 To speak, how far her Smiles are to be trusted;
 The rising Sun, this Morning, saw this Man
 The *Persian* Monarch, and those Subjects proud
 That had the Honour but to kiss his Feet;
 And yet e'er his diurnal Progress ends,
 He is the scorn of Fortune: But you'll say,
 That she forsook him for his want of Courage,
 But never leaves the Bold. Now by my hopes
 Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met
 A braver En'my: And to make it good,
Cosroe, *Cassana*, and the rest, be free,
 And Ransomeless return.

Cos. To see this Virtue
 Is more to me than Empire; and to be
 O'ercome by you, a glorious Victory.

Max. What a Devil means he next?

Dio. I know that Glory
 Is like *Alcides'* Shirt, if it stay on us
 Till Pride hath mix'd it with our Blood; nor can we
 Part with't at Pleasure; when we would uncase,
 It brings along with it both Flesh and Sinews,
 And leaves us living Monsters.

(28) *A saving Antidote to keep me, &c.* *A saving Antidote, to save or keep me, &c.* seems to be too inaccurate (nor to say tautological) an Expression, for such correct Authors as ours; I with Submission wou'd read thus

A Sovereign Antidote, &c.

Max.

Max. Would't were come

To my turn to put it on, I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the Ears
Out of this glorious Castle; uncompell'd

I will surrender rather: Let it suffice,

I've touch'd the height of human Happiness,

And here I fix *Nil ultra*. Hitherto

I've liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,

And fading Glories; what remains of Life,

I dedicate to Virtue; and to keep

My Faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp;

And circumstance of glorious Majesty,

Farewel for ever. Nephew, I have noted,

That you have long with fore Eyes look'd upon

My flourishing Fortune; you shall have possession

Of my Felicity: I deliver up

My Empire, and this Gem I priz'd above it,

And all things else that made me worth your Envy,

Freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your Suffrage,

To strengthen this; the Soldiers love I doubt not;

His Valour, Gentlemen, will deserve your Favours,

Which let my Prayers further. All is yours.

But I have been too lib'ral, and giv'n that

I must beg back again.

Max. What am I faln from?

Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor Grange,

The Patrimony which my Father left me,

I would be Tenant to.

Max. Sir, I am yours:

I will attend you there.

Dio. No, keep the Court,

Seek you in *Rome* for Honour: I will labour

To find content elsewhere. Disswade me not,

By——, I am resolv'd. And now, *Druzilla*,

Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee

My Wife, if thy Love since hath felt no change,

I'm ready to perform it.

Dru. I still lov'd

Your Person, not your Fortunes; in a Cottage,

Being yours, I am an Empress.

Del. And I'll make
The Change most happy.

Dio. Do me then the Honour,
To see my Vow perform'd. You but attend
My Glories to the Urn; where be it Ashes,
Welcome my mean Estate; and as a due,
Wish Rest to me, I Honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. **T**HE War with Glory ended, and Cosroe,
Acknowledging his Fealty to Charinus,
Dismiss'd in Peace, returns to Persia;
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with Triumphs: Maximinian,
By th' grace and intercession of his Uncle,
Saluted Cæsar: but (29) good Dioclesian,
Weary of Pomp and State, retires himself
With a small Train, to a most private Grange
(30) In Lombardy; where the glad Country strives

(29) I have a small quarrel against this Epithet, as thinking it far beyond the Desert of such a Wretch as he was. Though our divine Poet *Spenser*, if this be any Excuse to our *par Fratrum*, has applied the same Epithet to *Claudius Cæsar*, who as little deserv'd it, as *Dioclesian* here. B. 2. C. 10. Stan. 51.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperor,
An Army brought, and with him Battle fought,
In which the King was by a Treachetour
Disguised slain, e'er any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his Brother's Place supply'd
In Arms, and eke in Crown; and by that Draught
Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
That they to Peace agreed. So all was pacify'd.

(30) In Lombardy] *Dalmatia* was the real Country, to which *Dioclesian* retir'd: But *Lombardy* being a finer Climate for a Farmer, was, I suppose, the Reason why our Poets have chose to fix him there.

With

*With Rural Sports to give him Entertainment :
 With which delighted, he with ease forgets
 All specious Trifles, and securely tastes
 The certain Pleasures of a private Life.
 But oh Ambition, that eats into,
 With venom'd Teeth, true Thankfulness and Honour,
 And to support her Greatness, fashions Fears,
 Doubts, and Preventions to decline all dangers,
 Which in the place of Safety, prove her Ruin :
 All which he pleas'd to see in Maximinian,
 To whom, his confer'd Sov'reignty was like
 A large Sail fill'd full with a fore-right Wind,
 That drowns a smaller Bark : And he once fall'n
 Into Ingratitude, makes no stop in Mischief,
 But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
 Honour, and Empire, absolute Command;
 Yet being ill, long Great he cannot stand.* [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my
Caesar ?

How ill this dulness doth comport with Greatness?
 Does not, with open Arms, your Fortune court you?
 Rome know you for her Master? I myself
 Confess you for my Husband? love, and serve you?
 If you contemn not these, and think them Curies,
 I know no Blessings that ambitious Flesh
 Could wish to feel beyond 'em.

Max. Best *Aurelia*,
 The Parent and the Nurse to all my Glories,
 'Tis not that thus embracing you, I think
 There is a Heav'n beyond it, that begets
 These sad Retirements; but the fear to lose
 What it is Hell to part with: Better t' have liv'd
 Poor and obscure, and never scal'd the top
 Of hilly Empire, than to die with fear
 To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon

As we have reach'd it.

Aur. These are Panick Terrors
You fashion to yourself: Is not my Brother
(Your Equal and Co-partner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend? the Soldier constant?
Hath not your Uncle *Dioclesian* taken
His last farewell o'th' World? What then can shake ye?

Max. The Thought I may be shaken, and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has dependance on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my *Aurelia*,
Than Power that stands not on his proper Basis,
But borrows his Foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private Thoughts? Is not the Empire
My Uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my designs? And what is Majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not th' insolent Soldier
Call my Command his Donative? And what can take
More from our Honour? No, my wise *Aurelia*,
If I to you am more than all the World,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no Equal; when your Brother borrows
The little Splendor that he has from us,
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but 'till then, we but walk
With heavy burthens on a Sea of Glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the World an Emp'ror; you perswade
But what I would have counsel'd: Nearness of Blood,
Respect of Piety, and Thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous Fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition,
The maker of great Minds, and nurse of Honour,
Puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
Your simple Uncle; think he was the Master

(In

(In being once an Emp'ror) of a Jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not : For *Charinus*,
No more my Brother, if he be a stop
To what you purpose ; he to me's a Stranger,
And so to be remov'd.

Max. Thou more than Woman,
Thou masculine Greatness, to whose soaring Spirit
To touch the Stars seems but an easie flight,
O how I glory in thee ! those great Women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred : but persevere,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.

To all Posterity, like another *Phebe*,
And be ador'd as she is.

Aur. Here's *Charinus*,
His brow furrow'd with anger.

Max. Let him storm,
And you shall hear me Thunder.

Cha. He dispose of
My Provinces at's Pleasure ? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his Creatures ?

Nig. Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your Love and Favour,
And not to Pride or Malice.

Cha. No, good *Niger*,
Courtesie shall not fool me ; he shall know
I lent a Hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good ; but the same Strength,
If Pride make him usurp upon my Right,
Shall strike him to the Center. You're well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter : Sir, I hear,
That you repine, and hold yourself much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The *Gallian* Proconsulship upon
A Follower of mine.

Cha. 'Tis true, and wonder
You durst attempt it.

Max.

Max. Durst, *Charinus*?

Cha. Durst;

Again I speak it: Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such Dishonour? But, recall your Grant,
And speedily; or by the *Roman*——
Thou trip'st thine own Heels up, and hast no part
In *Rome*, or in the Empire.

Max. Thou hast none,
But by permission: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
Thou shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish Threats: The Gods appoint him
The absolute Disposer of the Earth,
That has the sharpest Sword. I'm sure, *Charinus*,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling Coward
More daring than *Alcides*,) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my Uncle,
For th' Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*,
Against the Traytor, and among his Guards
Punish'd the Treason: This bold daring act
Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cæsar*.
And howsoever his too gentle Nature
Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,
I challenge the Succession.

Cha. Thou art cozen'd.

When the Receiver of a courtesie
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
(31) 'Tis but a Tryal, not a present Act.
Thou hast in a few days of thy short Reign,
In over-weening Pride, Riot and Lusts,
Sham'd noble *Dioclesian*, and his Gift;
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the Empire groans

(31) 'Tis but a Tryal,] The Sense design'd is certainly, *not at present*, or *as yet an irrevocable Act or Deed*. If the Words do not seem to the Reader to convey this Sense, a slight Change will: He may read

—— *not a perfect Act*,

But I would not have the Text disturb'd.

Mr. Seward.
Under

Under thy Tyranny, but he will forsake
His private Life, and once again resume
His laid-by Majesty; or at least, make choice
Of such an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
Too heavy for thy Shoulders. To effect this,
Lend your assistance, Gentlemen, and then doubt not
But that this Mushroom, sprung up in a Night,
Shall as soon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
If you esteem your Honour more than Tribute
Paid to your loathsome Appetite, as a Fury
Fly from his loose Embraces; so farewell:
E'er long you shall hear more. [Exeunt.

Aur. Are you struck Dumb,
That you make no Reply?

Max. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their Plots,
And turn them on their own accursed Heads.
My Uncle? good, I must not know the Names
Of Piety or Pity. Steel my Heart,
Desire of Empire, and instruct me, that
The Prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no Let that stops him in his way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great Man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? h'as bought the
great Farm;

A great Man, with a great Inheritance,
And all the Ground about it, all the Woods too,
And stock'd it like an Emperor. Now, all our sports again,
And all our merry Gambols, our May-Ladies,
Our Evening Dances on the Green, our Songs,
Our Holiday good chear, our Bagpipes now, Boys,
Shall make the wanton Lasses skip again,
Our Sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark ye,
We must not call him Emp'ror.

1 *Countr.*

1 Countr. That's all one,
 He's the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason;
 And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
 I grant y', h'as giv'n his Honour to another Man,
 He cannot give his Humour; he's a brave Fellow,
 And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, Ladon,
 What new Songs, and what Geers?

3 Shep. Enough; I'll tell ye,
 He comes abroad anon to view his Grounds,
 And with the help of *Thirsis*, and old *Egon*,
 (If's whorson Cold be gone) and *Amaryllis*,
 And some few more o'th' Wenches, we will meet him,
 And strike him such new (c) Springs, and such free
 Welcomes,

Shall make him scorn an Empire, forget Majesty,
 And make him blest the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 Countr. And we will second ye, we honest Carters,
 We Lads o'th' lash, with some blunt Entertainment,
 Our Teams to two-pence, we'll give him some content,
 Or we'll bawl fearfully.

3 Shep. He can't expect now
 His courtly Entertainments, and his rare Musicks,
 And Ladies to delight him with their Voices;
 Honest and chearful Toys from honest Meanings,
 And the best Hearts they have. We must be neat all;
 On goes my Ruffet Jerkin with blue Buttons. [net,

1 Shep. And my green slops I was marry'd in; my Bon-
 With my Carnation Point with silver Tags, Boys;
 You know where I won it.

(c) Springs here means Tunes. So Bishop *Douglas* in his Transla-
 tion of *Virgil*. Book 6. Page 167.

*Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane I gesf'
 From Hell his Spouse's Goist, with his sueit Stringeis,
 Playand on his Harp of Trace sa pleasand Springis.*

So *Chaucer* in his *House of Fame*. Book 5. Line 143, &c.

*There saw I famous Old and Young
 Piperis of the Duche Tong,
 To lerning Love dauncis and Springis,
 Regis and the straunge thingis,*

1 Countr.

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, *Alexis*. [vours,

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some Toys that have been fa-
And Nose-gays, and such Knacks; for there be Wenches.

3 *Shep.* My Mantle goes on too I play'd young *Paris* in,
And the new Garters *Amaryllis* sent me. [our Faces :

1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash
Neighbour, I see a Remnant of *March* Dust

That's hatch'd into your Chaps: I pray you be careful,

Enter Geta.

And mundifie your Muzzel.

2 *Countr.* I'll to th' Barbers,
It shall cost me I know what. Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, Neighbours,
A great Man in our State; God bless your Worship.

2 *Countr.* Encrease your Mastership.

Geta. Thanks, my good People;
Stand off, and know your Duties: As I take it
You are the lab'ring People of this Village,
And you that keep the Sheep. Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my Authority,
I am too mighty for your Company. [ship

3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we desire your Wor-
To reckon us amongst your humble Servants,
And that our Country Sports, Sir, —

Geta. For your Sports, Sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When out of my Discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for Licence. Ye look on me,
And look upon me seriously, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I've been a Rascal, as you are,
A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another Piece of Durt, so fashion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of Merit,
Has set another Stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful: I take off my Austerity;
And know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this Man of Honour; know ye for my Vassals,
And at my Pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your Cattle out o'th' Country:

But

But fear me, and have Favour. Come, go along
with me,

And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.

Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible.

Perhaps I'll sing myself, the more to grace ye,

And if I like your Women.

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, Sir,
Handsome young Girls.

Geta. The handsomer, the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one Charge
to ye;

For I must know your Families.

Del. 'Tis well said,

'Tis well said, honest Friends; I know y'are hatching
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord;
Fill him with Joy, and win him a Friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large Empire,
Let out with home Contents: I'll work his Favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best Sports.

Del. Instruct 'em, *Geta*,
And be a merry Man again.

Geta. Will ye lend me a Devil,
That we may dance a while?

Del. I'll lend thee two.
And Bag-Pipes that shall blow alone.

Geta. I thank ye;
But I'll know your Devils of a cooler Complexion first.
Come, follow, follow; I'll go sit and see ye. [*Exeunt.*]

(32) *Enter Dioclesian and Drusilla.*

Del. Do; and be ready an Hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the Grove you'll find him.

(32) *Enter Diocles and Drusilla.*] Though the Emperor had quit-
ted his Imperial Dignity, and retired to his Farm, it does not appear
by any Accounts, that he ever reduc'd his Name, as our Editors
Dia.

Dio. Come *Drusilla*,
The Partner of my best Contents: I hope now
You dare believe me.

Dru. Yes, and dare say to ye,
I think ye now most happy.

Dio. You say true, Sweet,
For by my—— I find now by Experience,
Content was never Courtier.

Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir;
The cool Shades of the Grove invite ye.

Dio. O my dearest!
When Man has cast off his ambitious Greatness,
And sunk into the Sweetness of himself;
Built his Foundation upon honest Thoughts,
Not great, but good Desires his daily Servants;
How quietly he Sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his Possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with Pleasure?
Here hang no Comets in the shapes of Crowns,
To shake our sweet contents; nor here, *Drusilla*,
Cares, like Eclipses, darken our Endeavours:
We love here without Rivals, kiss with Innocence;
Our Thoughts as gentle as our Lips, our Children
The double Heirs both of our Forms and Faiths.

Dru. I'm glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet Retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, Love,
And every Circumstance about it, shews it.
How lib'ral is the Spring in every place here?
The artificial Court shews but a Shadow,
A painted imitation of this Glory:
Smell to this Flower, here Nature has her excellence:
Let all the Perfumes of the Empire pass this,
The carefull'st Lady's Cheek shew such a Colour;
They're gilded and adulterate Vanities.
And here in Poverty dwells noble Nature.

have done for him here, to pure plain *Diocles*. I say the Editors,
not the Poets, because in the Conclusion of this Act the Soldiers give
him his Imperial Addition,

Long live the good and gracious Dioclesian.

VOL. VI.

M

What

What pains we take to cool our Wines, t'allay us,
[Musick below.]
 And bury quick the fuming God to quench us,
 Methinks this Chrystal Well? Ha? What strange Musick?
 'Tis underneath, sure; how it stirs and joys me?
 How all the Birds set on? The Fields redouble
 Their odorif'rous sweets? Hark how the Echoes——

Enter a Spirit from the Well.

Dru. See, Sir, those Flowers
 From out the Well, spring to your Entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me.

Dru. Be not afraid, 'tis some good Angel
 That's come to welcome ye.

Del. Go near and hear, Son.

S O N G.

Dio. O Mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your
 Will.

Del. You shall not want delights to bless your Presence.
 Now ye are honest, all the Stars shall honour ye.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay, here are Country-shepherds, here's some sport too,
 And you must grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcome ye;
 A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down, Son.

*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Pan leading
 the Men, Ceres the Maids.*

Hold, hold, my Messenger appears; leave off, Friends,
 Leave off a while, and Breathe.

Dio. What News? Ye're pale, Mother.

Del. No, I am careful of thy safety, Son,
 Be not affrighted, but sit still; I'm with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.

And now dance out your Dance. D'you know that
 Person?

Be

Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dreadfullest.

Max. How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures,
And what a chearful colour shews in's Face,
And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.

Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)
And then you are an Emp'ror.

Max. I'll about it.

Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I joy to see ye,
You and your Royal Empress.

Max. You're too kind, Sir.

I come not to eat with ye, and to surfeit
On these poor Clownish Pleasures; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-sheet,
The Coffin of my Greatness, nay, my Grave:
For whilst you are alive——

Dio. Alive, my Cousin?

Max. I say, Alive. I am no Emperor;
I'm nothing but mine own disquiet.

Dio. Stay, Sir.

Max. I cannot stay. The Soldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain spare ye; but mine own Security
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*:
For whilst you are remembred, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make ye Emperor, dear Cousin,
The free gift from my special Grace?

Del. Fear nothing.

Dio. Did not I chuse this Poverty, to raise you?
That Royal Woman gave into your Arms too?
Bless'd ye with her bright Beauty? Gave the Soldier,
The Soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
Gave ye the World's command?

Max. This cannot help ye.

Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can ye be so base, Cousin,
So far from Nobleness, so far from Nature,
As to forget all this? To tread this Tie out?
Raise to yourself so foul a Monument
That every common Foot shall kick asunder?
Must my Blood glue ye to your Peace?

Max. It must, Uncle;

I stand too loose else, and my Foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their Love retir'd, I'm rooted.

Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor State obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambitiously
After your growing Fortunes. Take heed, my Kinsman,
Ungratefulness and Blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious Tides——

Max. I must Sail th'row 'em:
Let 'em be Tides of Death, Sir, I must stem up.

Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider:
Place round about my Grange a Garrison,
That if I offer to exceed my Limits,
Or ever in my common talk name Emperor,
Ever converse with any greedy Soldier,
Or look for Adoration, nay, for Courtesie
Above the days Salute.——Think who has fed ye,
Think, Cousin, who I am. D'ye slight my Misery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy Cruelty.

Max. This cannot serve, prepare: Now fall on,
Soldiers,
And all the Treasure that I have——

[*Thunder and Lightning.*]

Sold. The Earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, Sir;
Methinks the Mountains tremble too.

2 Sold. The flashes
How thick and hot they come? We shall be burn'd all.

Del. Fall on, Soldiers:
You that sell innocent Blood, fall on full bravely.

Sold. We cannot stir.

Del. You have your liberty,
So have you, Lady. One of you come do it.

[*A Hand with a Bolt appears above.*]

D' you stand amaz'd? Look o'er thy Head, *Maximinian*,
Look, to thy Terror, what hangs over thee:
Nay, it will nail thee Dead; look how it threatens thee:
The Bolt for Vengeance on ungrateful Wretches;
The Bolt of innocent Blood; read those hot Characters,
And spell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely Lady,
You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.

Are ye humble? Now speak, my part is ended.
Does all your Glory shake?

Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us;
Below your Feet we lay our Lives, be merciful:
Begin you, Heav'n will follow.

Aur. Oh, it shakes still.

Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions. Stand between us;
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.
We're sorry for our Sins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us;
That mass of Majesty I labour'd under,
(Too heavy and too mighty for my Manage)
That my poor innocent Days may turn again,
And my Mind, pure, may purge me of these Curses;
By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.

[*The Hand taken in.*

Aur. By that Love once ye bare to me, by that, Sir,
That blessed Maid enjoys——

Dio. Rise up, dear Cousin,
And be your Words your Judges: I forgive ye,
Great as ye are, enjoy that Greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own Content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all; learn to deserve it,
And live to love your Good more than your Greatness.
Now shew your Loves to entertain this Emperor,
My honest Neighbours. *Geta*, see all handsome.
Your Grace must pardon us, our House is little;
But such an ample welcome as a poor Man
And his true Love can make you and your Empress——
Madam, we have no Dainties.

Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;
We shall enjoy the riches of your Goodness.

Sold. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian*.

Dio. I thank ye, Soldiers, I forgive your rashness.
And, Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.

[*Drums beat a March afar off.*

What Drums are those?

Del. Meet 'em, my honest Son,
They are thy Friends, *Charinus* and th' old Soldiers
That come to rescue thee from thy hot Cousin,
But all is well, and turn all into welcomes :
Two Emperors you must entertain now.

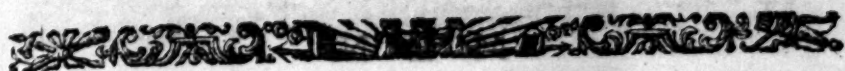
Dio. O dear Mother,
I've Will enough, but I want Room and Glory. [rily,

Del. That shall be my care. Sound your Pipes now mer-
And all your handsome Sports. Sing 'em full welcomes.

Dio. And let 'em know, our true Love breeds more
Stories
And perfect Joys, than Kings do, and their Glories.

[*Exeunt.*



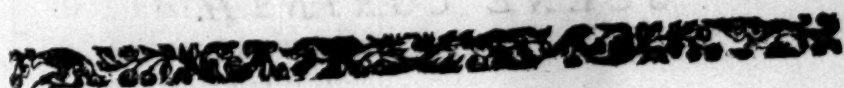


T H E

QUEEN of CORINTH,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Agenor, *Prince of Argos.*

Theanor, *Son to the Queen of Corinth, a vicious Prince.*

Leonidas, *the Corinthian General, Brother to Merione.*

Euphanes, *a noble young Gentleman, Favourite to the Queen.*

Crates, *Elder Brother to Euphanes, a malicious Beaufeu.*

Conon, *Euphanes's Confident, and Fellow-Traveller.*

Neanthes,

Soficles,

Eraton.

} *Courliers.*

Onos, or Lamprias, *a very foolish Traveller.*

Tutor and

Uncle

} *to Onos, two foolish Knaves.*

Gentlemen, Servants to Agenor.

A Page to Lord Euphanes.

Marshal, Vintner, Drawers.

W O M E N.

Queen of Corinth, A wise and virtuous Widow, Mother of Theanor.

Merione, A virtuous Lady, honourably solicited by Prince Agenor.

Beliza, A noble Lady, Mistress to Euphanes.

SCENE CORINTH.

THE



THE
QUEEN of CORINTH.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton.

ERATON.



HE General is returned then?

Nean. With much Honour.

Sof. And Peace concluded with the Prince
of *Argos*?

Nean. To the Queen's Wishes: The
Conditions sign'd

So far beyond her Hopes, to the Advantage
Of *Corinth*, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though *Leonidas*, our brave General,
Ever came home a fair and great Example,
He never yet return'd, or with less Loss
Or more deserved Honour.

Era. Have you not heard
The Motives to this general good?

Nean. The main one
Was Admiration first in young *Agenor*,
(For by that Name we know the Prince of *Argos*)
Of our *Leonidas*' Wisdom and his Valour;
Which though an En'my, first in him bred Wonder,
That Liking, Love succeeded that, which was
Followed by a Desire to be a Friend,

Upon

Upon what Terms soever, to such Goodness.
 They had an Interview; and that their Friendship
 Might with our Peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yielding up all such strong Places
 As he held in our Territories, should receive
 (With a sufficient Dower, paid by the Queen)
 The fair *Merione* for his Wife.

Era. But how

Approves the Queen of this? since we well know,
 Nor was her Highness ignorant, that her Son
 The Prince *Theanor* made Love to this Lady,
 And in the noblest way.

Nean. Which she allowed of,

And I have heard from some familiar with
 Her nearest Secrets, she so deeply priz'd her,
 Being from an Infant train'd up in her Service,
 (Or to speak better, rather her own Creature)
 She once did say, That if the Prince should steal
 A Marriage without her Leave, or Knowledge,
 With this *Merione*, with a little Suit
 She should grant both their Pardons; whereas now
 To shew herself forsooth a *Spartan* Lady,
 And that 'tis in her Power, now it concerns
 The common good, not alone to subdue
 Her own Affections, but command her Son's;
 She has not only forc'd him with rough Threats
 To leave his Mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his Entrance into *Corinth*,
 To wait upon his Rival.

Sof. Can it be

The Prince should sit down with this Wrong?

Nean. I know not,

I am sure I should not.

Era. Trust me, nor I,

A Mother is a Name, but put in Ballance [him?]
 With a young Wench 'tis nothing; where did you leave

Nean. Near *Vesta's* Temple, for there he dismiss'd me,
 And full of troubled Thoughts, calling for *Crates*:
 He went with him, but whither, or to what Purpose,
 I am a Stranger,

Enter

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Era. They're come back, *Neantes*.

The. I like the Place well.

Cra. Well, Sir? it is built

As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this Night's Action;
The Vaults so hollow, and the Walls so strong,
As *Dian* there might suffer Violence,
And with loud Shrieks in vain call *Jove* to help her;
Or should he hear, his Thunder could not find
An Entrance to it.

The. I give up my self
Wholly to thy Direction, worthiest *Crates*;
And yet the desp'rate Cure that we must practise
Is in it self so foul, and full of Danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking Help, or that Help being
So deadly, to pursue it.

Cra. To those Reasons

I have already urg'd, I will add these.

For but consider, Sir ———

Era. It is of weight
What-e'er it be, that with such vehement Action,
Of Eye, Hand, Foot, nay all his Body's Motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.

Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of Passions he
Receives his Reasons; now he's pale, and shakes
For Fear or Anger; now his natural Red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing Smile
He seems to entertain it; 'tis resolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill; to his Ends may it prosper,
Though the State sink for't.

Cra. Now you are a Prince
Fit to rule others, and in shaking off
The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you,
Discharge your Debt to Nature, she's your Guide,
Follow her boldly, Sir.

The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.

Cra.

Cra. Yet still disguise your Malice
In your Humility.

The. I am instructed.

Cra. Though in your Heart there rage a thousand Tem.
All Calmness in your Looks.

The. I shall remember.

Cra. And at no hand, tho' these are us'd as Agents,
Acquaint them with your Purpose, 'till the Instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider; when 'tis done, Reward
Or Fear will keep them silent; yet you may
Grace them as you pass by, 'twill make them surer,
And greedier (1) to serve you.

The. I'll move only
As you would have me: Good-day, Gentlemen;
Nay, spare this ceremonious Form of Duty
To him that brings Love to you, equal Love,
And is in nothing happier, than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.

Sof. I am o'er-joy'd, I know not
How to reply; but——

Era. Hang all butts; my Lord,
For this your bounteous Favour——

Nean. Let me speak,
If to feed Vultures here, after the Halter
Has done his Part, or if there be a Hell
To take a Swinge or two there, may deserve this——

Sof. We're ready.

Era. Try us any way.

Nean. Put's to it.

The. What Jewels I have in you?

Cra. Have these Souls,
That for a good Look, and a few kind Words,
Part with their Essence?

The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the Tryal which I doubt not,

(1) —— *to deserve you.*] What I have inserted in the Text, seems to be more natural and easy than the old Reading: Neither is the Quantity of the Line at all hurt, by the cropping of a Syllable, for *Greedier* is three Syllables as well as two, according as the Quantity of the Verse requires. Mr. Seward propos'd too this very Alteration.

Crates, may be, suddenly will instruct you
How, and in what to shew your Loves; obey him
As you will bind me to you.

Cra. 'Tis well ground'd;
Leave me to rear the Building. *Nean.* We will do.

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, and Servants.

Leo. Sister, I reap the Harvest of my Labours
In your Preferment, be you worthy of it,
And with an open Bosom entertain
A greater Fortune than my Love durst hope for;
Be wise, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And foolish Wanton, with the offer'd Bounties
Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, *Merione*; then if you dare
Believe the Object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my Judgment, in me think you were
Court'd, su'd to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble Brother,
I have and still esteem you as a Father,
And will as far obey you; my Heart speaks it:
And yet without your Anger, give me leave
To say, That in the Choice of that on which
All my Life's Joys or Sorrows have dependance,
It had been fit, e'er you had made a full
And absolute Grant of me to any other,
I should have us'd mine own Eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my Power to make a second Gift
Of my poor self.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanor's* Love; let not that cheat you;
His Vows were but meer Courtship; all his Service
But Practice how t' entrap a cred'lous Lady:
Or grant it serious, yet you must remember
He's not to love, but where the Queen his Mother
Must

Must give Allowance, which to you is barr'd up,
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish'd such a Hope.

Mer. I would I could.

Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in Person
To celebrate this Marriage, for your Love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand Lives,
That must have fall'n under the Sword of War
Had not this Peace been made; which general good
Both Countries owe to his Affection to you:
O happy Sister, ask this noble Lady,

Your bosom Friend (since I fail in my Credit)
What Palm *Agenor's* Name, above all Princes
That Greece is proud of, carries, and with Lustre.

Bel. Indeed Fame gives him out for excellent;
And Friend, I doubt not but when you shall see him,

(2) *Enter a Servant, who whispers Beliza.*

He'll so appear to you. Art sure 'tis he?

Ser. As I live Madam —

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my Joy.

'Tis my *Euphanes*.

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in Health?

Ser. Most certainly Madam.

Bel. I'll see him instantly.

So prethee tell him.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Mer. I yield my self too weak

In Argument t' oppose you; you may lead me
Whither you please.

Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my Sister;
And if in him you find not ample cause
To pray for me, and daily on your Knees,
Conclude I have no Judgment.

Mer. May it prove so:

Friend, shall we have your Company?

Bel. Two hours hence

(2) *Enter a Servant.*] Without the Addition I have made to this
Direction, every Reader perhaps wou'd not take the abrupt Question,
Art sure 'tis he? in a proper Light.

I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleasure, Madam. [*Ex. Leo. and Mer.*]

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em: Fie, my Hand,
We stand at no such distance, by my Life
The parting kifs you took before your Travel
Is yet a Virgin on my Lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my Fame
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best Lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever Man did Virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that Reverence
As holy Men behold the Sun, the Stars,
The Temples, and their Gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this Duty from me,
The Life, and means of Life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my Fortune
Affords (3) no other Payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling Courtesies, as I call them,
(Though you give them another Name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did presume you had brought home,
Some other Language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields Words sufficient to express your Goodness;
Nor can I ever chuse another Theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That Charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it: 'Tis your Pleasure,
And not my Boldness, Madam.

(3) — *no other Payment.*

Beliz. Good Euphanes where Benefits are ill conferr'd] Thus runs the Edition of 1647, but by mistake, for here 'tis not Sense, tho' quite right about six or seven Speeches lower, as the Reader will very easily see and perceive.

Bel.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
 Believe I am not one of those weak Ladies,
 That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
 Of what they cannot truly call their own,
 Their Birth or Fortune, which are things without them;
 Nor in this will I imitate the World,
 Whose greater part of Men think when they give
 They purchase Bondmen, not make worthy Friends:
 By all that's good I swear, I never thought
 My great Estate was an Addition to me,
 Or that your Wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
 So truly understanding or themselves or what
 They do possess. *Bel.* Good *Euphanes*, where Benefits
 Are ill conferr'd, (4) as on unworthy Men,
 That turn them to bad uses, the Bestower,
 For wanting judgment how, and on whom to place them,
 Is partly guilty: But when we do Favours
 To such as make them Grounds on which they build
 Their noble Actions, there w' improve our Fortunes
 To the most fair advantage. If I speak
 Too much, though I confess (5) I speak well,
 Prethee remember 'tis a Woman's weakness,
 And then thou wilt forgive it.

(4) — *as to unworthy Men,*] I have ventur'd at my own peril to substitute *on* for *to*, as being the more common and usual way of Expression.

(5) — *I speak well,*] The Verse is deficient both as to Sense and Quantity, and there are two ways of filling it up. Mr. Seward is for reading thus.

— *I now speak well*, as designing a Compliment both to him and herself. *She spoke well*, because she gave sufficient Reasons for having supplied his Wants.

I am for supplying the Sense and Measure another way and reading thus;

I speak not well.

For this seems to be what the Lady wou'd have him think, *viz.* that she spoke not well, tho' the Subject she spoke of had abundant Matter to supply a Speaker with. Add to this what she says herself to *Merione*, Act 3, near the End,

how rais'd 'tis better

That all do know and speak it than my self.

This to me appears a presumptive Proof that *not* bids fairest for the right Reading in this Place.

Euph.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest Man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your Word, for I arrest it: And will now
Express my self a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess your self my Debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your Ladyship then must use
Some Sophistry I ne'er heard of.

Bel. By plain Reasons;
For look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your Wants, or if those Wants had found supply
From *Crates*, your unkind and covetous Brother,
Or any other Man, I then had mis'd,
A Subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my Bounty: Whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your Travels,
With all Conveniencies that you thought useful,
That Gold which would have rusted in my Coffers
Being thus imploy'd, has render'd me a Partner
In all your glorious Actions. And whereas
Had you not been, I should have dy'd a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten: There's no Trophy
In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from *Beliza*.

Euph. That was but Thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an Honour,
And such a large Return for the poor Trash
I ventur'd with you, that if I should part
With all that I possess, and my self too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You o'er-prize them, Madam.

Bel. The Queen her self hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf, for she hath heard, *Euphanes*,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her Honour

In all the Courts of *Greece*: And rest assur'd
(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this Evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest Lady,
Since all you labour for is the Advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor Servant,
He must not contradict it,

Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You're welcome home, Sir,
(Your Pardon, Madam) I had thought my House,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first Visit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders Men forgotten,
Should make my Presence wish'd for.

Bel. That's not it,
Your too kind Brother understanding that
You stand in no need of him, 's bold to offer
His Entertainment.

Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your Assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.

Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.

Cra. You would not find your self, Sir,
Or in your self, what was due to me from you,
The privilege my Birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.

Euph. You'd all the Land, Sir,
What else did you expect? And I am certain
You kept such strong Guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.

Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?

Euph.

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open Mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them;
May be you look'd, I should petition to you
As you went to your Horse; flatter your Servants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,
Sooth your worst Humours, act the Parasite
On all Occasions, write my Name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from Slaves; [you,
Be drunk when you would have me, then Wench with
Or play the Pander; enter into Quarrels
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them
'Cause they were yours; these are the Tyrannies
Most younger Brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting Heir, selling their Freedoms
At a less rate than what the State allows
The Salary of base and common Strumpets:
For my part, e'er on such low terms I feed
Upon a Brother's Trencher, let me die
The Beggars Death, and starve.

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, Lady,
Since you rise up his Advocate, and boldly.
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose Favour
My Love and Service to you was neglected)
For all your Wealth, nay, add to that your Beauty,
And put your Virtues in, if you have any,
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine Courtier, the Woman's Man,
That tells my Lady Stories, dissolves Riddles,
Ushers her to her Coach, lyes at her Feet
At solemn Masks, applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep anights, and takes his Oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all Excellence
In other Madams does but zany hers:
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your Birth and Freedom.

Euph. Should another

Say this, my Deeds, not Looks should shew——

Bel. Contemn it:

His Envy fains this, and he's but Reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry Fancies.

Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City speaks it with me,
And though (6) it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the Scene, and with him censur'd;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurnish'd for her Pleasures
(As without them to what vain use is Greatness)
Have made choice of an able Man, a young Man;
Of an *Herculean* Back to do you Service,
And one you may command too, that is Active,
And does what you would have him.

Bel. You are foul-mouth'd. [ones,

Cra. That can speak well, write Verses too, and good
Sharp and conceited, whose Wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you,
And by the Gods you well reward him for it.
No Night (in which while you lye sick and panting)
He watches by you, but is worth a Talent:
No Conf'rence in your Coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet Suit; this the (7) poor People mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A Lady of your Youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact Lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous Love, the last bought Vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.

Euph. Not a word beyond this.

The Reverence I owe to that one Womb
In which we both were Embrions, makes me suffer
What's past; but if continu'd ——

Bel. Stay your Hand,

The Queen shall right my Honour.

Cra. Let him do it,

(6) — *in my distaste,*] The Nonsense of this Reading is evident; what I have inserted in the Text was from Conjecture, and is confirm'd by the Folio of 1647.

(7) — *poor People*] I have a strong Suspicion that *most* is the Reading we ought to follow, but I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text.

It is but marrying him ; and for your Anger,
Know that I slight it: When your Goddess here
Is weary of your Sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my House, and there amongst my Servants
Perhaps you'll find a Liv'ry (a). [Exit.

Bel. Be not mov'd,
I know the rancor of his Disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it,
And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Neanthes, Sofines, and Eraton severally.

Nean. You're met unto my wishes, if you ever
Desir'd true Mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of Laughter,
I come before the Object that will do it ;
Or let me live your Fool.

Sof. Who is't, *Neanthes* ?

Nean. *Lamprias* the Usurer's Son.

Era. *Lamprias* ? the Youth
Of six and fifty ?

Sof. That was sent to Travel
By rich *Beliza*, 'till he came to Age
And was fit for a Wife ?

Nean. The very same,
This Gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
(And of the three, who is most Fool I know not)
Are newly come to *Corinth*, I'll not stale them
(8) By giving their Characters, but leave you
To make your own discoveries ; here they are, Sir.

Enter Onos, Uncle and Tutor.

Tutor. That Leg a little higher ; very well.

(a) *i. e.* An Allowance of Meat, &c.

(8) *By giving up their*—] The Particle *up* I have left out of the present Text, tho' it stands in all the other Copies, because it confounds the Sense: *Giving up a Character* is a Phrase of a quite different Import to what he wou'd say here, as the least Attention will make evident enough.

Now put your Face into the Traveller's posture ;
Exceeding good.

Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?

Tut. They will be all my Scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.

Era. *Phæbus* guard me
From this new *Python*.

Sof. How they have trim'd him up
Like an old Reveller?

Nean. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,
But that was done with Judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually ; trust me,
That Witches Face of his is painted too,
And every Ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten Bawds, and all their Tenants.

Sof. See how it moves towards us.

Nean. There's a Salutation :
'Troth, Gentlemen, you have bestowed much Travel
In training up your Pupil.

Tut. Sir, great Buildings
Require great Labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Country's good we have brought home
An absolute Man.

Unc. As any of his Years,
Corinth can shew you.

Era. He's exceeding meagre.

Tut. His Contemplation —

Unc. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.

Nean. You all contemplate ;
For three such wretched Pictures of lean Famine
I never saw together.

Unc. We have fat Minds, Sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful Gentleman
Should be brought up a Glutton ? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the Bag
Any superfluous waste.

Era. Pray you can it speak ?

Tut. He knows all Languages, but will use none,
They're

They're all too big for's Mouth, or else too little
T'express his great Conceits : and yet of late
With some impulsion he hath set down
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly (9) too, all business whatsoever,
That may concern a Gentleman.

Nean. Good Sir, let's hear him.

Tut. Come on, Sir.

Nean. They have taught him like an Ape,
To do his Tricks by signs: now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?

Tut. That's the first.

Onos. Where shall we whore to Night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nean. With me at no hand, Sir.

Onos. Then let's protest.

Era. Is this all?

Tut. These are, Sir, the four new Virtues
That are in fashion; many a Mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive (10) to this knowledge.

Nean. You might have spar'd that labour, for at home
here

There's little else in practice. Ha? the Queen?
Good Friends, for half an hour remove your (b) Motion,
To-morrow willingly when we've more leisure
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tut. He shall have six Plumbs for it.

[Exeunt.]

(9) *And briefly to all*] *Brevis esse laboro, &c.* was never more applicable than here, was the Passage to stand: But 'tis certainly corrupted, and ought to be wrote as I have reform'd the Text. Unless we read *too* for *to*, the Place is not only dark, but absolute Nonsense.

(10) *unto*] So the Edition of 1647, the others have *to*.

(b) *i. e.* Puppet.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, *Queen*, Merione,
Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, *Ladies and Attendants*
with Lights.

Queen. How much my Court is honour'd, Princely
Brother,

In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for Presence,
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the Gods,
That look into Kings Actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their Justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One Article.

Age. Great Miracle of Queens,
How happy I esteem myself, in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your Confed'rates, my love and best service
Shall teach the World hereafter; but this Gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must die oblig'd
To your unanswer'd Bounty.

The. The sweet Lady
In Blushes gives your Highness thanks.

Queen. Believe it
On the Queen's Word, she is a worthy one,
And I am so acquainted with her Goodness,
That but for this Peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
And to her more Advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.

The. Though I am depriv'd of
A blessing, 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To shew myself a Subject as a Son,
Here I give up my Claim, and willingly
With mine own Hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above myself; and from this hour,
(For my Affection yields now to my Duty)
Vow never to solicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd;
Neantes, and the rest.

[*Exe. Cra. Nean. Sof. Era.*
Queen.

Queen. Nay, for this Night
You must, for 'tis our Country fashion, Sir,
Leave her to her Devotions, in the Morning
We'll bring you to the Temple.

Leo. How in this
Your Highness honours me.

Mer. Sweet Rest to all.

Age. This Kiss, and I obey you.

Bel. Please it your Highness,
This is the Gentleman.

Queen. You're welcome home, Sir;
Now as I live, one of a promising Presence;
I've heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better; find out something that
May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
Were you at *Sparta* lately?

Euph. Three days since, Madam,
I came from thence.

Queen. 'Tis very late,
Good night, my Lord; do you, Sir, follow me,
I must talk further with you.

Age. All rest with you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton and Soficles, disguis'd.

Cra. She must pass through this Cloyster, suddenly
And boldly seize upon her.

Nean. Where's the Prince?

Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I hear ones footing, peace, 'tis she.

Mer. Now leave me,

I know the way, though *Vesta* witness with me

I never trod it with such fear: Help, help!

Cra. Stop her Mouth close, out with the Light, I'll
guide you. [Exeunt.]

A C T.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Merione as newly ravish'd.

Mer. **T**O whom now shall I cry? What Pow'r thus
kneel to?

And beg my ravish'd Honour back upon me.
Deaf, deaf, you Gods of Goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf Hope, deaf Justice:
I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smil'd upon the Villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him Strength: Why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the World's Eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
Why have I then pour'd out my Tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the Altar of a pure Heart sent ye
Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, Vows purer
And of a sweeter (11) flame than all the Earth's Odours?
Why have I sung your Praises, strew'd your Temples,
And crown'd your Holy Priests with Virgin Roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These Tears of Anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst Virgins suffer,
These stick like Comets, blaze eternally,
'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your Justice,
And forc'd ye fear our Curses, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, and Crates, with Vizards:

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me;
He turns away in scorn, I am contemn'd too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away? Whate'er you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously rob'd this fair Temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,

(11) — *sweeter flame*] Though I have not disturb'd the Text,
I suspect we should read *fume*.

But one kind loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done, persuade him,
Persuade him like a Friend, knock at his Conscience
'Till fair Repentance follow; yet be worthy of me,
And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided ye;
You've had your foul Will, make't yet fair with Marriage;
Open yourself and take me, wed me now:

[Draws his Dagger.

More fruits of Villany? your Dagger? come
Ye're merciful, I thank you for your Medicine;
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the rest disguis'd.

Devil, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd t' his Lust, will not that stir thee?
Do you work by Tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties, Knaves. I will sit patiently:
But as ye are true Villains, the Devil's own Servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An Act, of such true horror, Heav'n would shake at,
'Twill shew the braver; Goodness hold my hope fast,
And in thy Mercies look upon my ruins,
And then I'm right: My Eyes grow dead and heavy.

*Enter six disguis'd, singing and dancing to a horrid Musick,
and sprinkling water on her Face.*

Wrong me no more, as ye are Men.

The. She's fast.

Cra. Away with her.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Agenor, and Gentlemen.

Age. Now, Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
That fruitful Happiness my Heart has long'd for:
This Day be happy call'd, and when old Time
Brings it about each Year, crown'd with that sweetness

It

It gives me now, see every Man observe it,
And laying all aside bears shew of business,
Give this to Joy and Triumph : How fits my Cloaths ?

1 Gent. Handsome, and wondrous well, Sir.

Age. Do they shew richly ?

For to those curious Eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low fashion'd;
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my Blood I feel now,
That if there may be a perpetual Youth
Bestowed on Man, I am that Soul shall win it:
Does my Hair stand well, Lord how ill-favour'dly
You have dress'd me to day ? how baldly ? why this
Cloak ?

2 Gent. Why 'tis the richest, Sir.

Age. And here you have put me on
A pair of Breeches look like a pair of Bagpipes.

1 Gent. Believe, Sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these Stockins ?

2 Gent. Your Leg appears——

Age. Peuh, I would have had 'em Peach-colour,
All young and new about me : And this Scarf here,
A goodly thing : you have trick'd me like a Puppet.

1 Gent. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole Navy,
And with less labour, than one Man in Love :
They're never pleas'd.

2 Gent. Methinks he looks well.

1 Gent. Well,

As Man can look, as handsome : Now do I wonder
He found not fault his Nose was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes look'd too gray, and rail at us :
They are the wayward'st things, these Lovers.

2 Gent. All will be right
When once it comes to th' push.

1 Gent. I would they were at it,
For our own quiet sake.

Age. Come, wait upon me,
And bear yourselves like mine, my Friends, and nobly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Theanor, Crates, and Erates, bringing Merione.

Erat. This is her Brother's Door.

Cra. There lay her down then.

Lay her along; she's fast still.

Ser. As forgetfulness.

Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your Mother,
Give all Attendance, let no Stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your Face; carry yourself confidently.

The. But whither runs your Drift now?

Cra. When she wakes,

Either what's done will shew a mere Dream to her,
And carry no more Credit; or say she find it,
Say she remember all the Circumstances,
Twenty to one the Shapes in which they were acted,
The Horrors, and the still Affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder Figures to her Memory
Will run her mad, and no Man guesses the Reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any Power to guess; the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her Honour
If it be known, and to the World's Eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it, nay forget it;
The Woman is no *Lucrece*: get you gone, Sir,
And as you would have more of this Sport, fear not.

The. I am confirm'd, farewell.

Cra. Farewel, away, Sir:

Disperse yourselves, and as you love his Favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no Tongues amongst ye;
You know your Charge, this way (12) goes no Suspicion.

[*Exeunt.*

(12) — *goes no Suspicion*] Though this may be understood, it is such a low and stiff Expression, that I can scarce think it genuine. The Word *gives*, instead of *goes*, makes clearer *English*, but I believe the Original might be

— *this way go* — *no Suspicion.* i. e. Be sure ye take care, not to give the least Suspicion by your Conduct.

Mr. Seward.

VOL. VI.

Enter

Enter Agenor, and Leonidas, with two Gentlemen.

Age. You are stirring early, Sir.

Leo. It was my Duty

To wait upon your Grace.

Age. How fares your Sister,

My beauteous Mistress, what, 's she ready yet?

Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, Sir; young Maids
in her way

Tread upon Thorns, and think an Hour an Age
Till the Priest has done his Part, that theirs may follow;
I saw her not since Yesterday i' th' Evening:

But, Sir, I am sure she is not slack; believe me,
Your Grace will find a loving Soul.

Age. A sweet one,

And so much Joy I carry in the thought of it.

So great a Happiness to know she is mine;

Believe me, noble Brother, that to express it

Methinks (13) a Tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing;
Imagination less: Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, Sir?

Age. Before the Door, it looks like a Woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing,
One of the Maids o'erwatch'd belike.

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit Place to sleep in.

1 Gent. 'Tis sure a Woman, Sir, she has Jewels on too:
She fears no foul Play sure.

Leo. Bring a Torch hither,

Yet 'tis not perfect Day: I should know those Garments.

(13) — a Tongue — can do nothing;

Imagination less:] The Copies in general exhibit the Text thus,
tho' it carries, in the Front of it, plain Marks of Corruption. Mr. Se-
ward proposes, — can do nothing;

Imagination scarce. i. e. little more.

He too, with me, has another Reading, thus,

— do nothing;

Imaginationless: —

But this he by no means thinks comparable with the former. For my
part I like neither the one nor the other, since the Sense of the place,
by either or both of these Conjectures, is not entirely disengag'd from
the Difficulties that attend it, and it seems to me, at present, that no-
thing but the Author's Manuscript can ever set us right.

Age.

Age. How sound she sleeps?

Leo. I am sorry to see this.

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now I am sure, Sir.

Age. My Mistress! how comes this?

Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes,
and Attendants.

Leo. The Queen and her Train?

Queen. You know my Pleasure.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Queen. Be not long absent, the Suit you preferr'd

Is granted.

Nean. This Fellow mounts apace, and will
Tow'r o'er us like a Falcon.

Queen. Good morrow to ye all, why stand ye wondring?

Enter the House Sir, and bring out your Mistress,

You must observe our Ceremonies: What's the matter?

What's that ye stand at? How! *Merione*?

Asleep i'th' Street? Belike some sudden Palsie

As she slept out last Night upon Devotion,

To take her farewell of her Virgin State,

The Air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly:

See if she Breath.

Leo. A little.

Queen. Wake her then,

'Tis sure a Fit.

Age. She wakes herself,

Give room to her.

Queen. See how the Spirits struggle to recover,

And strongly reinforce their Strength; for certain

This was no nat'ral Sleep.

The. I'm of your mind, Madam.

Queen. No Son, it cannot be.

The. Pray Heav'n no trick in't;

Good Soul, she little merits such a Mischief.

Queen. She's broad awake now, and her Sense clears up,

'Twas sure a Fit; stand off.

Mer. The Queen, my Love here,

And all my Noble Friends? Why where am I? [me,

How am I tranc'd, and moap'd, i'th' Street? Heav'n bless

Shame

208 *The Queen of Corinth.*

Shame to my Sex ; o'th' Ground too? O I remember—

Leo. How wild she looks?

Age. Oh my cold Heart, how she trembles?

Mer. Oh I remember, I remember.

Queen. What's that? [member,

Mer. My Shame, my Shame, my Shame: Oh I remember
My never-dying Shame.

The. Here has been Villany.

Queen. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no Furies, are ye?
No horrid Shapes sent to afright me?

Age. No, Sweet,

We are your Friends: Look up, I am *Agenor*,
O my *Merione*, that loves you dearly:
And come to marry ye.

Leo. Sister, what ail ye?
Speak out your Grievs, and boldly—

Age. Something sticks there
Will choak ye else.

Mer. I hope it will.

Queen. Be free, Lady,
You have your loving Friends about ye.

Age. Dear *Merione*,
By the unspotted Love I ever bore ye,
By thine own Goodness—

Mer. Oh 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir,
I am now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No Name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded—

Age. Speak it,
And how; Diseases of most Danger,
Their Causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd;
My fair *Merione*.

Mer. I thank your Love, Sir;
When I was fair *Merione*, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the Bud (14) you honour'd me,

(14) —you honour'd] This is a very stiff, not to say odd Expression, and cannot stand here: The Sense of my Reading is this, *When I was fair, &c. You honour'd me, by making me your Choice, yet even then I was unworthy of your Love.* Thus all seems clear, as well as consistent.

Mr. Seward.

White

White as the Heart of Truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your Favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of Pity :
Let no good thing come near me, Virtue fly me ;
You that have honest noble Names despise me,
For I am nothing now but a main Pestilence
Able to poison all. Send those unto me
That have forgot their Names, ruin'd their Fortunes,
Despis'd their Honours ; those that have been Virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.

The. Now it appears too plain.

Mer. Send those sad People
That hate the Light, and curse Society ; [tinually
Whose Thoughts are Graves, and from whose Eyes con-
Their melting Souls drop out, send those to me ;
And when their Sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one Grief more cannot be added,
My Story like a Torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark, it must out ; but pray stand close together,
And let not all the World hear.

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And Royal Lady think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.

Queen. Prithee speak it.

Mer. Is there no Stranger here ? Send off your Servants,
And yet it must be known : I shake.

Age. Sweet Mistress.

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd ; do you guess yet ?
Come close, I'll tell ye plainer ; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of Honour.

Leo. Oh the Devil.

Age. What hellish Slave was this ?

The. A Wretch, a Wretch,
A damn'd Wretch : Do you know the Villain, Lady ?

Mer. No.

The. Not by guess ?

Mer. Oh no.

The. It must be known.

Queen. Where was the Place ?

Mer. I know not neither.

Age. O Heav'n,
Is this the happy time? My Hope to this come?

Leo. Neither the Man nor Circumstances?

The. His Tongue,
Did not you hear his Tongue, no Voice?

Mer. None, none, Sir:

All I know of him was his Violence.

Age. How came ye hither, Sweet?

Mer. I know not neither.

The. A cunning Piece of Villany.

Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to *Vesta's* Temple,
To give the Goddess my last Virgin Prayers,
Near to that Place I was suddenly surpriz'd,
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my Dishonour hall'd: That Act perform'd,
Brought back, but how, or whither, 'till I wak'd
here——

The. This is so monstrous, the Gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read in all the Villanies
Committed by the most obdurate Rascals,
An Act so truly impious.

Leo. Would I knew him.

The. He must be known, the Devil cannot hide him.

Queen. If all the Art I have, or Power can do it,
He shall be found, and such a way of Justice
Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd? *The.* Be contented,
Madam, if he be above Ground I'll have him.

Age. Fair virtuous Maid, take Comfort yet and flourish,
In my Love flourish; the Stain was forc'd upon ye,
None of your Will's, nor yours; rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair Soul, I lov'd ye,
Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank ye, Sir,
And I must say ye are truly honourable,
And dare confess my Will yet still a Virgin;
But so unfit and weak a Cabinet
To keep your Love and Virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre,

I mean this Body, so corrupt a Volume
For you to study Goodness in, and Honour,
I shall intreat your Grace, confer that Happiness
Upon a Beauty Sorrow never saw yet;
And when this Grief shall kill me, as it must do;
Only remember (15) that y' had such a Mistress;
And if ye then dare shed a Tear, ye honour me:
Good Gentlemen, express your Pities to me,
In seeking out this Villany, and my last Suit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your Favour
To live a poor recluse Nun with this Lady,
From Court and Company, 'till Heav'n shall hear me,
And send me Comfort, or Death end my Misery.

Queen. Take your own Will, my very Heart bleeds
for thee.

Age. Farewel *Merione*, since I've not thee,
I'll wed thy Goodness, and thy Memory.

Leo. And I her fair Revenge.

The. Away; let's follow it,
For he is so rank i'th' Wind we cannot miss him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Crates and Conon.

Cra. *Conon*, you're welcome home, ye're wondrous
welcome.

Is this your first Arrival?

Con. Sir, but now
I reacht the Town.

Cra. Y'are once more welcome then.

Con. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Cra. Pray ye do me the Honour
To make my poor House first——

Con. Pray Sir excuse me,

(15) ——— yet ye had such a Mistress;

——— yet honour me:] The Mistake in putting *yet* for
that, as I read in the first Line, is very easy to be accounted for. The
Abbreviation of *that* and *yet* might very possibly be the same in our
Author's MS. and wrote, as all know very well, in this Manner, *ye*.
The *yet* for *ye*, in the second Line, might possibly be only an Error
of the Press.

I have not seen mine own yet ; nor made happy
These longing Eyes with those I love there. What's
this, a Tavern ?

Cra. It seems so by the Outside.

Con. Step in here then,
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A Place made only for liberal Entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And after the *Greek* Fashion, to our Friends
Crown a round Cup or two.

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, Sir.
Drawers, who waits within ?

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. Look into the *Lilly-pot* : Why *Mark* there ;
You are welcome, Gentlemen ; heartily welcome
My noble Friend.

Cra. Let's have good Wine, mine Host,
And a fine private Room.

Vint. Will ye be there, Sir ?
What is't you'll drink ? I'll draw your Wine myself :
Cushions, ye Knaves : Why when ?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.

Vint. *Cbios*, or *Lesbos*, *Greek* ?

Cra. Your best and neatest.

Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.

Cra. Away, be quick then. *[Exit Vintner.]*

Con. How does your Brother, Sir, my noble Friend,
The good *Euphanes* ? In all my Course of Travel
I met not with a Gentleman so furnish'd
In Gentleness and Courtesie ; believe, Sir,
So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his Company
In such an open and a liberal Sweetness,
That when I dare forget him——

Cra. He's in good Health, Sir ;
But you will find him a much alter'd Man,
Grown a great Courtier, Sir.

Con.

Con. He's worthy of it.

Cra. A Man drawn up that leaves no Print behind him
Of what he was. Those Goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call Freedoms,
Societies, and Sweetness, look for now, Sir,
You'll find no Shadows of them left, no Sound;
The very Air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon ye,
And cry for Place; I am the Queen's, give room there.
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the Bonnet,
Or fling a forced Smile at ye for a Favour.

Con. He is your Brother, Sir.

Cra. These forms put off,
Which Travel, and Court Holy-water sprinkle on him,
I dare accept, and know him; you'll think it strange, Sir,
That even to me, to me his natural Brother,
And one by Birth he owes a little Honour too——

Enter Vintner with Wine.

(But that's all one) come, give me some Wine, mine Host,
Here's to your fair Return.

Con. I wonder at it,
But sure h^eas found a Nature not worth owning
(16) In this way; else I know he is tender carried.
I thank ye, Sir; and now durst I presume
For all you tell me of these Alterations,
And stops in his sweet Nature, which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so thro' him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless.
I say for all these, if you please to venture
I'll lay the Wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I that am the poorest of his Fellowship)
But by a Boy o'th' House too, let him have Business,
Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his Mistress
Hold him betwixt her Arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily,

(16) *In this way;*] This Word *way* seems to convey so little Sense,
that if it be the Author's, the Sentence had better have concluded at
not worth owning. But I turn up the *w*, and read *Man*; which cer-
tainly much improves the Sense.

Mr. Seward.

Like a true honest Man, bid me welcome home.
I'm confident.

Cra. You'll lose.

Con. You'll stand to th' Wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, Boy, and tell *Euphanes*.

Boy. He's now gone up the Street, Sir,
With a great Train of Gallants.

Cra. What think you now, Sir?

Con. Go, and overtake him,
Commend my Love unto him. My Name's *Conon*,
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently.

Ye see I use old dudgen Phrase to draw him.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.

Con. Away, Boy.

Boy. I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Con. Here's to you now,
And you shall find his Travel has not stopt him,
As you suppose, nor alter'd any Freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the Grossness off the Understanding,
And renders active and industrious Spirits.
He that knows most Mens Manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by Example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a Mill-horse,
Still in the Place he was born in, lam'd and blinded.
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong Spirits,
That, like the Fire, still covet to fly upward, [here,
And to give Fire, as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd
I mean at home, like lusty mettled Horses,
Only ty'd (17) up in Stalls to please their Masters,
Beat out their fiery Lives in their own Litters.
Why don't you travel, Sir?

Cra. I've no Belief in't,
I see so many strange things half unhatch'd, to
Return, those that went out Men, and good Men,

(17) — up in Stables] Mr. Seward join'd with me in reading
Stalls for Stables, which, tho' no great Improvement to the Sense, is
to that of the Measure.

They look like poach'd Eggs, with the Souls suck'd out,
Empty and full of Wind: All their Affections
Are bak'd in Rye-crust, to hold Carriage [open'd,
From this good Town to t'other; and when they are
They're so ill cook'd and mouldy——

Con. Ye are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew y' a Pack of these: I have 'em for ye,
That have been long in Travel too.

Con. Please you, Sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants Walk, Boy?

2 Boy. Very well.

Cra. And you remember those Gentlemen were here
The other Day with me?

2 Boy. Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am sure they are, pray 'em come hither,
(And use my Name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter first Boy.

1 Boy. Your Brother's coming in, Sir.

Vint. Odds my Passion;

Out with the Plate, ye Knaves; bring the new Cushions,
And wash those Glasses I set by for high Days,
Perfume the Rooms-along, why Sirrah.

1 Boy. Here, Sir.

Vint. Bid my Wife make herself ready handsomely,
And put on her best Apron, it may be
The noble Gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes, and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, Boy?

Vint. Your Worship's heartily welcome,
It joys my very Heart to see ye here, Sir.
The Gentleman that sent for your Honour——

Euph. O good mine Host. [nour.

Vint. To my poor homely House, and't like your Ho-

Euph. I thank thine Honour good mine Host, where is he?

Con. What think ye now? My best *Euphanes.* *Euph.*

Conon,

Welcome my Friend, my noble Friend how is it?
Are you in safety come, in Health?

Con. All Health, all Safety,
Riches, and all that makes Content and Happiness
Now I am here I have: How have you far'd, Sir?

Euph. Well, I thank Heav'n, and never nearer, Friend
To catch at great Occasion.

Con. Indeed I joy in't.

Euph. Nor am I for my self born in these Fortunes.
In truth I love my Friends.

Con. You were noble ever.

Cra. I thought you had not known me.

Euph. Yes, ye are my Brother, [*Euph. salutes Cra.*
My elder Brother too, would your Affections
Were able but to ask that Love I owe to ye,
And as I give, preserve it; here Friend *Conon*,
To your fair welcome home.

Con. Dear Sir, I thank ye,
Fill it to th' brim, Boy: *Crates.*

Cra. I will pledge you,
But for that glorious Comet lately fired.

Con. Fie, fie, Sir, fie.

Euph. Nay, let him take his Freedoms,
He stirs not me, I vow to ye; much less stains me.

Cra. Sir, I can't talk with that neat trav'ling Tongue.

Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in Men abroad.

Enter second Boy.

I'm glad I am come home.

2 Boy. Here are the Gentlemen.

Cra. O let 'em enter: Now you that trust in Travel,
And make sharp Beards, and little Breeches Deities,
You that inhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,
And hold there is no homebred Happiness,
Behold a Model of your Minds and Actions. [*Mirth,*

Euph. Though this be envious, yet done i'th' way of
I am content to thank ye for't.

Con. 'Tis well yet.

Cra. Let the Mask enter.

Enter Onos, his Uncle, and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty Tavern 'faith, of a fine Structure.

Uncle.

Uncle. Bear your self like a Gentleman, here's six pence,
And be sure you break no Glasses.

Tut. Hark ye Pupil,
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your Hams,
And put your Knees out bent; there, yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling Pace, 'tis a main Posture,
And to all unair'd Gentlemen (18) will betray you:
Play with your *Pisa* Beard; why, where's your Brush, Pupil?
He must have a Brush, Sir.

Uncle. More Charge yet?

Tutor. Here, take mine,
These Elements of Travel he must not want, Sir.

Uncle. Ma'foy, he has had some nineteen Pence in Ele-
What would you more? [ments,

Tutor. *Durus mebercle pater.* [Travel?

Con. What Monsieur Onos, the very (19) pump of
Sir, as I live you've done me th' greatest kindness;
O my fair Sir, *Lampree*, the careful Uncle
To this young hopeful Issue; Monsieur Tutor too,
The Father to his Mind; Come, come, let's hug Boys,
Why what a Bunch of Travel do I embrace now,
Methinks I put a Girdle about *Europe*;
How has the Boy profited?

Uncle. He has enough, Sir,
If his too fiery Mettle do not mar it.

Con. Is he not thrifty yet?

Tutor. That's all his Fault,
Too bounteous minded being under Age too,
A great Consumer of his Stock in Pippins,
H'ad ever a hot Stomach.

(18) — *will betray you:*] Mr. Seward is for reading *bewray*,
thinking *betray* is very improper, as meaning a Discovery of some-
thing, that one wou'd have kept a Secret. I must own was this the
only Sense of *betray*, Mr. Seward's Reading, which is ingenious, might
be allow'd. But he has gone upon a wrong Foundation, *prodo* in
Latin, and *betray* in *English* having that very Sense which *bewray*
has, *i. e.* to discover, without any Supposition, that the thing disco-
ver'd shou'd be kept a Secret.

(19) — *pump of Travel?*] I suspect that for *pump* here we shou'd
read *pink*. The *pink of Courtesy* is a well known Phrase.

Con.

Con. Come hither Onos,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?

Onos. Ouy.

Con. And will you be rul'd by me sometimes?

Onos. 'Faith I will.

Con. That's a good Boy.

Uncle. Pray give not the Child so much Fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion.

Euph. You Monsieur hard (20) Egg,
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your Consort travell'd through Hungary?

Con. He's in that Circuit still.

Euph. Do you remember
The cantel of immortal Cheese ye carried with ye,
The half cold Cabbage in a Leather Sachel,
And those invincible Eggs that would lye in your Bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to Bedstaves;
Your sower Milk that would choak an *Irish*-man,
And Bread was bak'd in *Cæsar's* time for th' Army?

Con. Providence, Providence.

Tutor. The Soul of Travel.

Euph. Can the Boy speak yet?

Tutor. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thank my able Knowledge, h'as arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his Language,
Which every Man of Observation —

Uncle. And of as many Tongues.

Tutor. Pray be content, Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purse,
I for the Magazine, the Mind.

Euph. Come hither Springal.

Onos. That in the *Almain* Tongue signifies a Gentleman,

Euph. What think you of the Forms of *Italy* or *Spain*?

Onos. I love mine own Country Pippin.

(20) — *Edge.*] This Expression appear'd to me too gross to come from our Authors Pen. *Euphanes* bantering him (*Onos*) in the next Speech upon these invincible Eggs that wou'd lye a Fortnight together in his Bowels, inclin'd me to correct the Text as I have done. I found too upon comparing the Copies, that I had the Edition of 1647 of my Side.

Tutor.

Tutor. Nobly answer'd,
Born for his Country first.

Euph. A great Philosopher:
What Horses do you prefer?

Onos. The white Horse, Sir,
There where I lye; honest and a just Beast.

Tutor. *O caput lepidum:* A Child to say this,
Are these (21) fit Figures for the Mouths of Infants?

Con. *Onos*, what Wenches?
Come, tell me true.

Onos. I cannot speak without Book.

Con. When shall we have one, ha?

Onos. Steal me from mine Uncle,
For look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshly Physick; they say I am too young,
And that 'twill spoil my growth; but could you help me?

Con. Meet me to morrow Man, no more.

Euph. You think now
Ye've open'd such a shame to me of travel,
By shewing these thin Cubs: Ye've honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent;
Three Frails of Sprats carried from Mart to Mart,
Are as much Meat as these, to more use travel'd;
A bunch of bloated Fools! methinks your Judgment
Should look abroad sometimes without your Envy.

Cra. Such are most of you; so I take my leave,
And when you find your Womens favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know your self, and seek me
Upon a better Muster of your Manners.

Con. This is not handsome, Sir.

Euph. Pray take your Pleasure,
You wound the Wind as much ———

Cra. Come you with me,
I have Business for you presently: There's for your Wine,
I must confes I lost it.

Onos. Shall I steal to ye,
And shall we see the Wench?

(21) *Are these Figures—*] I have inserted *fit* into the present Text
as requisite to the Measure, tho' perhaps not so much wanting to com-
plete the Sense.

Con.

Con. A dainty one.

Onos. And have a dish of Pippins?

Con. What? a peck Man.

Tutor. Will you wait, Sir?

Con. Pray let's meet oftner, Gentlemen,
I would not lose ye.

Tutor. O sweet Sir.

Con. Do you think I would,
Such noted Men as you?

Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your Servants. [*Exeunt.*

Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting
Nonage,

My Brother for his own Ends has thrust on

Upon my Mistress; 'tis true he shall be rich

If ever he can get that Rogue his Uncle

To let him be of Years to come t' inherit it,

Now what the main Drift is ———

Con. Say ye so? no more Words,

I'll keep him Company 'till he be of Years,

Though't be a hundred Years, but I'll discover it,

And ten to one I'll cross it too.

Euph. You are honest,

And I shall study still your Love; farewell, Sir,

For these few Hours I must desire your Pardon,

I have Business of importance: Once a Day

At least I hope you'll see me, I must see you else:

So, once more ye are welcome.

Con. All my Thanks, Sir,

And when I leave to love you, Life go from me.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Cra. **W**H Y Sir, the Kingdom's his; and no Man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* go,
Without his Licence; he puts up the Tithes
Of every Office through *Achaia*;

From

From Courtier to the Carter hold of him.
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very Lives
Are shut up in his Closet, and let loose
But at his Pleasure; Books, and all Discourse
Have now no Patron, nor Direction,
But glorified *Euphanes*: Our Cups are guilty
That quench our Thirsts, if not unto his Health;
Oh, I could eat my Heart, and sling away
My very Soul for Anguish: Gods, nor Men
Should tolerate such Disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd; whether't be Virtue,
Or seeming Virtue, which he makes the Cloak
To his Ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,
Your Highness is too tame, your Eyes too film'd
To see this, and sit still: The Lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the Bull;
Nature excuse me, (22) though he be my Brother,
You are my Country's Father, therefore mine:
One parallel Line of Love I bend on him,
All Lines of Love and Duty meet in you,
As in their Center; therefore hear, and weigh
What I shall speak: You know the Queen your Mother
Did, from a private State, your Father raise,
So all your Royalty you hold from her;
She is older than she was, therefore more doating,
And what know we but Blindness of her Love,
(That hath from underneath the Foot of Fortune
Set even *Euphanes* Foot, on Fortune's Head)
Will take him by the Hand, and cry, Leap now
Into my Bed; 'tis but a Trick of Age;
Nothing impossible.

The. What d'ye infer on this?

Cra. Your Pardon, Sir,
With Reverence to the Queen; yet why should I
Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your Good?
A good old Widow is a hungry thing;
(I speak of other Widows, not of Queens.)

(22) So 1647 Edition. The others then he be my Brother.

The. Speak to thy Purpose.

Cra. I approach it: Sir,
Should young *Euphanes* clasp the Kingdom thus,
And please the good old Lady some one Night;
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your Birth? neither is she
Past Children, as I take it.

The. *Crates*, thou shak'st me;
Thou, that dost hate thy Brother for my Love,
In my Love find one; henceforth be my Brother:
This Giant I will fell beneath the Earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful Wings:
Euphanes, from my Mother's Sea of Favours
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my Storms; like a young Pine
He grows up planted under a fair Oak,
Whose strong large Branches yet do shelter him,
And every Traveller admires his Beauty;
But like a Wind, I'll work into his Cranks,
Trouble his Stream, and drown all Vessels that
Ride on his Greatness: Under my Mother's Arms,
Like to a stealing Tempest will I search,
And rend his Root from her Protection.

Cra. Ay, now *Theanor* speaks like Prince *Theanor*.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our Snares?
He has a Temper, Malice cannot move
T' exceed the Bounds of Judgment; he's so wise,
That we can pick no Cause t' affront him.

Cra. No?
What better than his crossing your Intent?
The Suit I'd to ye? *Conon's* forfeit state
(Before he travell'd) for a Riot, he
Hath from your Mother got restored to him.

The. Durst he? What is this *Conon*?

Cra. One that hath,
As People say, in foreign Countries pleasur'd him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton.
But now no more;
They have brought the Travellers I told you of,

That's

That's the sweet Youth, that is my Brother's Rival,
That curls his Head, for he has little Hair,
And paints his Vizor, for it is no Face,
That so desires to follow you, my Lord;
Shew 'em some Countenance, and 'twill beget [Legs
Our Sport at least. *The.* What villainous (23) Crab-Tree
He makes? His Shins are full of True-Love Knots.

Cra. His Legs were ever villainous, since I knew him.

Era. Faith his Uncle's Shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is't possible he should believe he is not of
Age?

Why he's fifty, Man, in's Jubile I warrant
S'light, he looks older than a Groat; the very Stamp
On's Face is worn out with handling. [him speak,

Sof. Why I tell you all Men believe it when they hear
He utters such single Matter in so infantly a Voice.

Nean. He looks as like a Fellow that I have seen accom-
modate Gentlemen with Tobacco at our Theaters.

Onos. Most illustrious Prince.

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt, how he trebles?

Onos. I am a Gentleman a' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so't please your Highness) both by
Father and Mother.

Sof. Thou a Gentleman? Thou an Ass. [assure you.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a Gentleman, I

Tutor. May it please your Grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another Ass he says, I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, Heroical Prince.

Nean. Nay then we must have the Picture of 'em,
and the Word *Nos sumus*. [gether

Tutor. That have travell'd all Parts of the Globe to-

(23) — Crab-Tree Legs

He makes? —] As *Onos* does not appear to have made, either
Bows, Scrapes, or Congees yet, I am not satisfy'd with this Expres-
sion. Besides, what has *Shins full of True-Love Knots* in the next
Line to do with making Crab-Tree Legs here? To take away all Diffi-
culties and Objections to the old I wou'd offer a new Reading, which
is this,

— Crab-Tree Legs

He has.

Then *Crates'* Reply is agreeable enough.

His (*Onos's*) Legs were ever villainous.

Era. His Uncle's Shanks are somewhat better.

Uncle.

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the Vicissitude of Fortune before. [than I.]

Onos. Peace Uncle, for though you speak a little better

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in Truth.

Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they say,
To the best Speaker, the Tutor:

Tutor. Yet since it hath pleased your Radiance to decline so low, as on us poor and unworthy Dunghills —

Nean. What a stinking Knave's this?

Tutor. Our Peregrination was ne'er so (24) felicitated, as since we enter'd the Line of your gracious Favour, under whose Beamy Aspect, and by which infallible Mathematical Compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our Industries have reach'd their desir'd Termination and Period; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our Lives to your resplendent Eyes, both the Altars and Fires of our devoted Offerings.

Onos. Oh divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold, Sir?

[in *Corinth.*

Era. He has spoken this very Speech to some Whore

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian Dictionary; on my Conscience this is the *Ulysssean* Traveller that sent home his Image riding upon Elephants to the great *Mogol*.

Sof. The same; his Wit is so huge, nought but an Elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy you mean.

Nean. These three, are ev'n the fin'st one Fool tripartite, that was e'er discover'd.

Sof. Or a Treatise of Famine divided into three Branches.

Era. The Prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your Loves; but as I told you, I have so little Means to do for those

Few Followers I have already, that

I would have none Shipwrack themselves, and Fortune,
Upon my barren Shelf: Sue to *Euphanes*,

(24) ——— ne'er so facilitated,] The Sense required here is, *was never made so happy*. But the old Reading signifies no such thing. The small Change of *felicitated*, for *facilitated*, supplies the Sense wanted, and was not only mine but Mr. Seward's Conjecture too, and is confirm'd by the Edition of 1647.

For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no Man
Curse me in his old Age.

Gra. Alas, Sir, they desire to follow you
But afar off; the farther off the better.

Tutor. I Sir, and't be seven Mile off, so we may but
follow you, only to countenance us in the Confronts and
Affronts, which (according to your Highness Will) we
mean on all Occasions to put upon the Lord *Euphanes*.

Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant
him, if he do, I'll forswear Wit.

Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear, it is the ancient
Enemy to thy House.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye; for my Fol-
lowers a great way off.

Nean. Seven Miles, my Lord, no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this Measure) may I
come to follow him in his Chamber? [long.]

Nean. Why, when his Chamber, Sir, is seven Miles

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my Lord *Euphanes*.

Gra. Look Sir, *Jove* appears,
The Peacock of our State, that spreads a Train
Brighter than *Iris* Blushes after Rain.

Euph. You need not thank me *Conon*, in your Love
You antidated what I can do for you,
And I in Gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and what e'er he be
Can with Unthankfulness affoil me, let him
Dig out mine Eyes, and sing my Name in Verse,
In Ballad Verse at every drinking House,
And no Man be so charitable to lend me
A Dog to guide my steps.

Nean. Hail to *Euphanes*.

Sof. Mighty *Euphanes*.

Era. The great Prince *Euphanes*.

Tutor. Key of the Court, and Jewel of the Queen.

Uncle. *Sol* in our Firmament.

Onos. Pearl in the States Eye.

Nean. Being a black Man.

Era. Mistress of the Land.

Nean. Our humble, humble poor Petitions are,
That we may hold our Places. *All.* May we? *Euph.* Yes;
Be you malicious Knaves still; and you Fools.

Con. This is the Prince's, and your Brother's Spight.

Euph. I know't, but will not know it.

Con. Yonder they are.

Who's fine Child's this?

Uncle. Sir.

Onos. Uncle, le'be,

Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.

Euph. I ask your Highness Pardon: I protest
By *Jupiter* I saw you not.

The. Humph, it may be so.

You've rais'd such Mountains 'twixt your Eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite: What do ye mean, Sir?
You much forget yourself.

Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due Duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My Service to your Highness, to deserve
This Rigour and Contempt, not from you only,
But from your Followers, with the best of whom
I was an Equal in my lowest ebb;
Beseech you, Sir, respect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in Heart to you:
Five fair descents I can derive myself,
From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Arms.
I know your Goodness companies your Greatness
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humblest Subject, use your pleasure,
But do not give Protection to the Wrongs
Of these subordinate Slaves, whom I could crush
By that great destin'd Favour, which my Mistress
And your Majestick Mother (25) deigns to me,

(25) — *Mother designs me.*] What pretty Work this Reading makes? *Euphanes* says, I cou'd crush your (Prince's) Slaves, by that great destin'd Favour your Mother designs me, *i. e.* by the *design'd Favour* your Mother designs me. Thus much for the Sense, but the Measure too reclaims against this very Reading, as the Reader's Ear But

But in respect of you: I know lean Envy
 Waits ever on the steps of Virtue advanc'd;
 But why your Mother's Grace gets me Disgrace,
 Or renders me a Slave to bear these wrongs,
 I do not know. Oh Mediocrity,
 Thou prizeless Jewel, only Mean Men have,
 But cannot value; like the precious Gem
 Found in the Muckhill by the ignorant Cock.

The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durst you
 Intercept me so lately to my Mother?

And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
 Unto the (26) forfeiter again. *Cra.* Your answer
 To that my Lord, my Brother. *Euph.* May I perish
 If e'er I heard y' intended such a suit,

Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
 Upon your Highness, to have given your Servant
 A Gentleman's whole State of Worth and Quality,
 Confiscate only for a youthful Brawl.

The. Your Rudiments are too sawcy, teach your Page.

Con. Ay, so are all things but your Flatterers.

Onos. Hold you your prating.

[Yet,

Con. You know where you are, you fleeten Face. *Euph.*

Sir, to appease and satisfie your Anger.

Take what you please from me, and give it him

In lieu of this; you shall not take it neither,

I freely will impart it, half my State,

Which, Brother, if you please —

Cra. I'll starve in Chains first,

Eat my own Arms.

Euph. Oh that you saw yourself;

You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness,

And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,

You thus maligne me; yet your Nature must not

Corrupt mine, nor your rude Examples lead me:

If mine can mend you, I shall joy; you know

will tell him, by having a Syllable too much. The present Text is
 from my Conjecture, tho' I afterward found Mr. *Theobald* had reco-
 ver'd this very Reading from the Folio of 1647.

(26) — *Forfeiter again.*] So 1647 Edition. The others,

Unto the Forfeiture again.

I fear you not; you've seen me prov'd a Man
In every way of Fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more such Brothers in the World
As *Crates* is.

Con. Nor I such as *Euphanes*:

The temper of an Angel reigns in thee.

Euph. Your Royal Mother, Sir, I had forgot,
Entreats your Presence.

The. You have done her Errand,
I may do yours.

[*Exit.*

Euph. Let it be Truth, my Lord.

Con. *Crates*, I'll question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst.

[*Exit.*

Con. Away you Hounds after your scent.

[gone,

Onos. Come, we'll scorn to (27) talk to 'em: now they're
We'll away too.

[*Exeunt.*

Con. Why bear you this, my Lord?

Euph. To shew the passive Fortitude the best;
Virtue's a solid Rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble Heroes stand, built of such Bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the Shooters Faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queen.

Queen. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How dost thou, honest Lord? oh how I joy
To see what I have made, like a choice Workman,
That having fram'd a Master-piece, doth reap
An universal Commendation;
Princes are Gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good Foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let Dogs bark,
They are Fools that hold them dignified by Blood,
They should be only made Great that are Good.

Euph. Oraculous Madam.

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I should marry thee, what merry Tales

(27) — *to walk to'm:]* Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in the
Correction of the present Text; and 'tis too plain and obvious to need
any Corroboration.

Our

Our (28) Neighbour Islands would make of us;
But let that pass, you have a Mistress
That would forbid our Banes; troth I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a Man,
Then I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talk,

But as I am I must not; there's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your Majesty,

Conon, the Friend (29) I su'd for.

Queen. 'Tis dispatch'd.

Con. Gracious Madam,

I owe the Gods and you my Life.

Queen. I thank you,

I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest Man, he says you are;
But now I'll chide thee; what's the cause, my Son,
(For my Eye's every where, and I have heard,)

So insolently does thee Contumelies
Past suff'rance (I am told) yet you complain not,
As if my Justice were so partial

As not to right the meanest: Credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his Example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just: I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majesty, not to give
His Highness any check, for worthless me;
They are Court Cankers, and not Counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the Prince,
And would subvert me: I should curse my fortune
Even at the highest, to be made the (c) Gin

(28) *Neighbour Islands*] The Sense here is good and Sterling; though,
from deficiency of Measure, I suspect we should read

Neighbour Islanders.

or

Neighbouring Islands.

(29) *Conon, the Friend sued for.*] Mr. Theobald received the Pro-
noun *I* in the Text, from the Copy of 1647.

(c) *Gin*] Here only means *Instrument*, or *Means*, &c. not as we
take it now, for a Trap or Snare.

T' unscrew a Mother's Love unto her Son :
 Better had my pale flame in humble Shades
 Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus high,
 Now to be thought a Meteor to the State,
 Portending Ruin and Contagion :
 Beseech you then rest satisfy'd, the Prince
 Is a most noble natur'd Gentleman,
 And never did to me but what I took
 As favours from him, my blown Billows must not
 Strive 'gainst my Shore, that should confine me, nor
 Juttle with Rocks to break themselves to pieces.

Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a God :
 My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
 Whose Soul runs clearer than *Diana's* Fount,
 Nature pick'd several Flowers from her choice banks,
 And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
 A Posie for the Bosom of a Queen.

Lady. The Prince attends you.

Queen. Farewel, my good Lord :
 My honest Man ; stay, hast no other Suit ?
 I prithee tell me ; Sirrah, thine Eye speaks
 As if thou hadst ; out with it, modest Fool.

Euph. With favour, Madam, I would crave your leave
 To marry, where I'm bound in gratitude,
 Th' immediate means she was to all my Being :
 Nor do I think your Wisdom, sacred Queen,
 Fetters in Favours, taking from me so
 The liberty that meanest Men enjoy.

Queen. To marry ? you're a Fool : thou'lt anger'd me :
 Leave me, I'll think on't : [Exit. *Euph. and Con.*
 Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,

Enter Theanor,

I can subdue myself : but she that can
 Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a Man.
 Nay rise without a Blessing, or kneel still :
 What's Sir the reason you oppose me thus,
 And seek to darken what I would have shine ?
 Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
 Making your Mother not a competent Judge

Of her own Actions?

The. Gracious Madam, I
Have done no more than what in Royalty,
And to preserve your Fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the Peoples talk of you, and him
You favour so, his Greatness, and your Love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me,
They prate as if he did dishonour you;
And what know I, but his own lavish Tongue
Has uttered some such Speeches; he is call'd
The King of *Corinth*.

Queen. They are Traitors all:
I wear a Christal Casement 'fore my Heart,
Through which each honest Eye may look into't;
Let it be Prospect unto all the World,
I care not this.

The. This must not be my way.
Your Pardon, gracious Madam; these Incitements
Made me not shew so clear a Countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would;
Which since your Majesty affects so grievously
I'll clear the black Cloud of it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all Love and Grace to him.

Queen. Rise with my Blessing, and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this Cabinet of Jewels
In your own Person; tell him, for his marrying
He may dispose him how, and when he please.

[Exit Queen and Crates:

The. I shall discharge my Duty and your Will.

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my Lord, how luckily
Fate pops her very Spindle in our Hands:
This Marriage with *Beliza* you shall cross,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this *Phaeton*: Where's *Merione's* Ring,
That in the Rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and affect our purpose; you, my Lord,
Shall disobey your Mother's charge, and send

This Cabinet by some Servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no Reference
Unto your Highness.

The. On, my Engine, on.

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heav'n's own Hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his Ruins stand. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

A sad SONG.

WEEP no more, nor Sigh nor Groan,
(30) Sorrow recalls no Time that's gone :
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest Rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy Locks, look chearfully
Fates bidd'n ends, Eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged Dreams fly fast,
Why should Sadness longer last.
Grief is but a Wound to Woe
Gentlest Fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

Age. These heavy Airs feed Sorrow in her, Lady,
And nourish it too strongly ; like a Mother
That spoils her Child with giving on't the Will.

(31) *Bel.* Some lighter Note.

A lighter SONG.

Court Ladies laugh, and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her Maiden-head is gone,
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you Company ;

(30) *Sorrow calls]* This is not true in fact ; but I think the Place may easily be restored, by reading *recalls*. Neither will the Measure be hurt by this Change : For the striking out the first Syllable in *Sorrow*, and pronouncing it *S'row*, is common, not only in our, but in other Poets.

(31) *Some lighter]* The Absurdity of putting this Passage after the lighter Song, in all the other Editions, was observ'd by Mr. Theobald, and Mr. Spward, as well as myself.

*Too well you know, Maids are like Towns on Fire,
Wasting themselves, if no Man quench Desire.
Weep then no more, Fool: A new Maiden-head
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste Tear shed.*

Leo. How like a hill of Snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fire of others Lust?
What Heart can see her Passion and not break?

Age. Take comfort, gentle Madam; you know well
Even actual Sins committed without Will,
Are neither Sins nor Shame, much more compell'd;
Your Honour's no whit less, your Chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet than all her Sex. [now?

Mer. (32) Alas 'tis done. *Age.* Why burn these Tapers
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in Night.

Leo. Imagine fair *Merione* had Dream'd
She had been Ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate? *Mer.* Oh.

Bel. Fie, fie, how fond is this?
What reason for this surfeit of Remorse?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take Degrees in Wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of Lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?

Mer. Pish.

Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap, even I
Do bear an equal part of Misery;
That Love, belov'd, a Man the Crown of Men,
(33) How I've friended, and how rais'd 'tis better
That all do know and speak it than myself:
When he sail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full Gale, it is questionable
If ever I o'er-take him.

(32) *Alas 'tis done.*] *Mr. Seward* concurr'd with me in taking
this Passage out of the Mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of
Merione, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For she breaks out into
this passionate Sentence, and interrupts the Prince, before he could
conclude his consolatory Address.

(33) *Whom I have friended,*] This is not Sense, and consequently
cannot be the genuine Text of our pair of Authors. What I have
chang'd it for bids fairest for being right, if not the very Original
Reading.

Age.

Age. Wherefore sits
 My *Phebe* shadow'd in a sable Cloud?
 Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like Beads,
 Numb'ring on them thy vestal Orisons
 Alas are spent in vain: I love thee still,
 In midst of all these Showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
 Like a green Meadow on an *April* Day,
 In which the Sun and West-wind play together,
 Striving to catch and drink the balmy Drops.

Enter Euphanes, and Servant.

Ser. The Lord *Euphanes*, Madam. [*Exit Mer.*

Age. Poor *Merione*,
 She loaths the Light, and Men. [*Exit.*

Euph. The virtuous Gods preserve my Mistress.

Bel. O my most honour'd Lord, those times are chang'd.

Euph. Let times and Men change, could Heav'n change,
Euphanes

Should never change, to be devoted ever
 To fair *Beliza*, should my load of Honours,
 Or any Grace which you were Author of
 Detract mine Honour, and diminish Grace?
 The Gods forbid; you here behold your Servant,
 Your Creature, gentle Lady, whose sound Sleeps
 You purchas'd for him, whose Food you paid for,
 Whose Garments were your charge, whose first Pre-
 ferment

You founded; then, what since the gracious Queen
 Hath, or can rear, is upon your free Land,
 And you are Mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not, gentle Lord,
 You shine now in too high a Sphere for me,
 We are Planets now disjoin'd for ever, yet
 Poor superstitious Innocent that I am,
 Give leave that I may lift my Hands, and Love,
 Not in Idolatry, but perfect Zeal:
 For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
 But were it to begin would do the same.

Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
 And but there, not two such i'th' spacious Universe;

I came to tender you the Man yo've made,
And like a thankful Stream to retribute
All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play,
You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win, [*Queen.*
May slight mean Hearts, whose Hand commands the

Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
When I do slight my Mistress; you know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,
Who sent me leave this Morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,

And a great gift of Jewels: Three days hence
The general Sacrifice is done to *Vesta*,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your Servant shall wait on you to the Temple.

Bel. Till now
I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I seal my Duty, here my Love,
Till which vouchsafe to wear this Ring, dear Mistress;
'Twas the Queen's Token, and shall celebrate
Our Nuptials.

Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd Lord, as he preserves all Honour.

[*Ex. Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, and Merione.

Age. Why shift you Places thus, *Merione*,
And will not lend a Word? Could'st thou so soon
Leave Sorrow as the Place, how blest were I,
But 'twill not be; Grief is an impudent Guest,
A Follower every where, a hanger on,
That Words nor Blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear Sister.

Bel. Who can be sad? Out with these Tragick Lights,
And let day repossess her natural Hours:
Tear down these blacks, cast ope' the Casements wide,
That we may jocondly behold the Sun.
I did partake with sad *Merione*
In all her Mourning; let her now rejoyce

With

With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of Love, full of Humility,
As when he wanted.

Mer. Oh ——— that.

Leo. Help, she faints:
Her Grief has broke her Heart.

Mer. No ——— that ——— that.

Age. Mistress, what point you at?
Her Lamps are out, yet still she extends her Hand
As if she saw something Antipathous
Unto her virtuous Life.

Leo. Still, still she points,
And her Lips move, but no Articulate sound
Breaths from 'em: Sister, speak, what moves you thus?

Bel. Her Spirits return.

Mer. Oh, hide that fatal Ring;
Where had it you, *Beliza*?

Bel. What hid Fate
Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Marriage.

Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foul Ravisher:
Let me speak this and Die. That dismal Night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that Ring
The Partner of my rob'd Virginity.

Leo. *Euphanes*?

Age. Strange.

Bel. Impossible.

Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief Servant to the Queen — ha? I have read
Somewhere I am sure, of such an Injury
Done to a Lady: And how she durst Die. [Exit.

Age. Oh follow her, *Beliza*.

Bel. To assure her,
The unlikelihood of this. [Exit.

Age. Love hides all Sins.
What's to be done, *Leonidas*?

Leo. Why this:
Amazement takes up all my Faculties;
The plagues of Gods and Men will muster all
To avenge this Tyranny. Oh frontless Man,

To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus :
First let's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can trust
The gentle Looks and Words of two-fac'd Man ?
Like *Corinth's* double Torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the Land ; nor shall the Queen
Defend this Villain in his Villany :
Lust's violent Flames can never be withstood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.

Onos. **T**Hinks he to carry her, and live ?

Cra. It seems so,

And she will carry him, the Story says.

Onos. Well, hum ———

Have I for this, thou fair but falsest fair
Stretch'd this same simple Leg over the Sea ?
What though my bashfulness, and tender Years,
Durst ne'er reveal my Affection to thy Teeth ?
Deep Love ne'er rattles, and, say they, loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the sweeter still is it.

Tutor. Oh, see the power of Love, he speaks in Rhime.

Cra. Oh, Love would make a Dog to howle in Rhime :
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the strangest ; but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor should inform him better,
Thinks he, that Love is answer'd by instinct ?

Tutor. He should make means,
For certain, Sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his Cradle, he'ad a shameful Face.
Thus walks he Night and Day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humerous,
Drinks Ale, and takes Tobacco as you see,
Wears a Steeletto at his Codpiece close,

Stabs

Stabs on the least occasion: Stroaks his Beard,
Which now he puts i'th' posture of a T.
The *Roman T.* your T. beard is the fashion,
And twifold doth expresse th' enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your (34) fork-carving Traveller.

Onos. Oh, black clouds of discontent invellop me;
Garters fly off; go Hatband, bind the Brows
Of some dull Citizen that fears to ake;
And Leg appear now in simplicity
Without the Trappings of a Courtier:
Burst Buttons burst, your Batchelor is worm'd.

Cra. A Worm-eaten Batchelor thou'rt indeed.

Onos. And Devil Melancholy possesses me now.

Uncle. Cross him not in this fit I advise you, Sir.

Onos. Die crimson Rose, that didst adorn these Cheeks,
For itch of Love is now broke forth on me. [scabby.

Uncle. Poor Boy, 'tis true; his Wrists and Hands are

Onos. Burn Eyes out in your Sockets, sink and stink:
Teeth I will pick you to the very Bones,
Hang Hair like Hemp, or like the *Issing* Curs,
For never Powder, nor the Crisping-Iron
Shall touch these dangling locks—oh—Ruby Lips,
Love hath to you been like Wine Vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, Lips, Ghosts ye are,
And my disgrace sharper than Mustard-feed.

(34) —*fork-carving Traveller.*] As every new Custom is a good Fund for Satire, to your Wits of all sorts; So I imagine here, could we know the precise Time when this Play was wrote, we might fix the *Ara* of the Introduction of Forks, the Use of which it so agreeably banter'd. Nor are our Authors the only Satirists upon this Occasion. *Ben Johnson* has join'd the Laugh with 'em against this Custom, in his *Devil's an Ass*, Act 5. Scene 4.

Meercraft says to *Gilt-head* and *Sledge*.

*Have I deserw'd this from you two? for all
My pains at Court, to get you each a Patent.*

Gilt. For what?

Meer. Upo' my Project o' the Forks.

Sle. Forks? what be they?

[The Project of Forks.

Meer. The laudable Use of Forks,
Brought into Custom here, as they are in Italy,
To th' sparing o' Napkins.—

Cra.

Cra. How like a Chandler he does vent his Passions,
Risum teneatis?

Onos. Well sung the Poet,
Love is a Golden *bubo*, full of Dreams;
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Tutor. A Golden bubble, Pupil, Oh gross *solæcisme*
To chaster Ears that understand the Latin.

Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in Love, Revenge is now the Cud
That I do chaw: I'll challenge him.

Cra. I marry Sir.

Uncle. Your Honour bids you, Nephew, on and prosper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me, times are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it yourself, Man.

Onos. Tutor, your counsel: I'll do nothing, Sir,
Without him.

Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant Cuz,
Whom I have kept this forty Year my Ward;
Fain would I have his State, and now of late
He did inquire at *Ephesus* (35) for's Age,
But the Church Book being burnt with *Dian's* Temple
He lost his aim: I have try'd to famish him,
Marry he'll live o'th' Stones; and then for Poisons,
He is an Antidote 'gainst all of 'em;
He sprung from *Mithridates*; he's so dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faster than a Monkey:
His Maw, unhurt, keeps Quicksilver like a Bladder,
The largest dose of *Camphire*, *Opium*,
Harms not his Brain; I think his Skull's as empty
As a suck'd Egg; *Vitriol* and Oil of *Tartar*
He will eat Tosts of: *Henbane* I am sure
And *Hemlock* I have made his Pot-herbs often.

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the Honour;
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to chuse the Weapon, Time, and Place,
Which may be ten Years hence, and *Calicut*,
Or underneath the Line to avoid advantage.

(35) ——— for his Age,] 'Tis to be wish'd our Authors had not
been guilty of this and the like Anachronisms.

Onos. I am resolv'd.

Tutor. By your favour, Pupil,
Whence shall this Challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental Base, or Matter,
As now the Gentry set their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at some Ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him; hath he call'd your Whore,
Whore; though she be, beside yours, twenty Mens?
Your Honour, Reputation is touched then,
And you must challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to accommodate Mony,
Though (36) you have broke threescore before to him;
Here you must challenge him: Durst he ever shun
To drink two Pots of Ale wi'ye? or to Wench
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,
And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Dislik'd your (37) yellow Starch, or said your Doublet
Was not exactly frenchify'd? or that, that Report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In Circle, or Oblique, or Semi-circle,
Or direct Parallel? you must challenge him.

Onos. He never gave (38) me th' direct Parallel lye
in's life.

(36) *Though he——to you;]* The Alteration in the Text is so easy and obvious, and withal so necessary, that 'tis sufficient only to point it out. Mr. *Seward* too agreed in this Correction, and remarks farther, that this is a fine Burlesque of the Folly of that Age in regard to duelling. The Banter was begun by *Shakespeare*, in *As you like it*. and once before finely imitated by our Authors, in the Character of the two Swordsmen, in *King and no King*; which Mr. *Theobald* unaccountably mistook for a Burlesque upon the fine Quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, in *Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar*.

(37) *——yellow Starch,]* In explaining this place, I beg leave to quote what the Great and Ingenious Mr. *Warburton* has said upon a parallel Passage in *Shakespeare's All's well that Ends well*, viz. 'That this is an Allusion to a Fashion then in vogue, of using yellow Starch in their Ruffs and Bands.

(38) *——my direct Apparel]* As big a Fool as *Onos* appears to be through the Play, yet I can't help thinking that our Authors design'd him not to be so flagrant an one as this Passage makes him. Beside the

Tutor:

Tutor. But for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your Mistress Health though he were sick ?

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And crav'd your pardon ? you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding ; one or both must drop.

Onos. Exquisite Tutor.

[here

Nean. *Crates*, I have sought you long, what make you
Fooling with these three Farthings, while the Town
Is all in uproar, and the Prince our Master,
Seiz'd by *Leonidas* and *Agenor*, carried,
And Prisoner kept i'the Castle, flanks
The West part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, 'till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*,
Be render'd to 'em, with his Life to satisfy
The Rape, by him suspected to *Merione* ?
The Queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his Innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on Prince *Theanor* ;
The whole State's in combustion.

Cra. Fatal Ring.

Uncle. What will become of us ?

Nean. And she hath given Commission to *Euphanes*
And *Conon*, who have levied Men already,
With violence to surprize the Tower, and take 'em.
What will you do ?

Cra. Along wi'ye, and prevent
A farther mischief : Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer ; You are the Princes followers.

Nean. Will ye walk with us ?

Uncle. You shall pardon us.

Blunder here, had he made it, should have been animadverted upon
by the Tutor, as he has done in some of his Speeches before ; which
however we don't find to be the Case here. I therefore imagine the
Poets made him speak according to my Reformation of the Text. I
would remark too farther, that our Authors have improv'd upon
Shakespear in his Divisions and Subdivisions of the Lye ; for he only
comes to the *Lye circumstantial*, and *Lye direct* ; whereas we find
here four Distinctions of Lyes more than *Shakespear* had remark'd :
Nor can I think the Satire in this Place, at all Inferior to that in
As You like it.

Tutor. We are his Followers afar off, you know.
And are contented to continue so. [*Exe. Cra. and Near.*]

Onos. Sir Boy.

Page. Sir Fool? a Challenge to my Lord?
How dar'st thou, or thy Ambs-ace here think of him,
Ye Crow-pick'd Heads, which your thin Shoulders bear
As does the Poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
Why you three Nine-pins you talk of my Lord,
And Challenges? you shall not need; Come draw,
His Page is able to swinge three such Whelps;
Uncle, why stand ye off? Long-Man, advance.

Onos. S'light, what have we done, Tutor?

Tutor. He is a Boy,
And we may run away with Honour.

Page. That ye shall not,
And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
A Child in Law as you are, under twenty:
Thou Sot, thou three-score Sot, and that's a Child
Again I grant you.

Uncle. Nephew, here's an Age:
Boys are turn'd Men, and Men are Children.

Page. Away you Peasants with your bought Gentry;
Are not you he, who when your Fellow Passengers,
Your last Transportment being assail'd by a Galley
Hid yourself i'the Cabbin; and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en? Come, I do want a Slipper,
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen Brother Pages,
They're not far off I'm sure, and we will blanket you
Until you piss again.

All. Nay, we will swear, Sir.

Page. 'Tis your best course:
First, you shall swear never to name my Lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, To begin his Health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the Death. Lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest Page in Reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman,

Than

Than you three stamp'd together ; and to give him
Wine and Tobacco wherefoe'er you meet,
And the best Meat if he can stay.

All. We swear it loyally.

Page. Then I dismiss you
True Liegemen to the Pantoffle ;
I had more Articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now ; so adieu dear Monsieur,
Tres noble & tres puissant.

Uncle. Adieu, Monsieur.

Onos. *A vostre service & commandement.*

Tutor. I told you, Pupil, you'd repent this foolery.

Onos. Who, I repent ? you are mistaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now : Come, let's be melancholy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, and Lords.

Lords. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no Treaties
With a League-breaker and a Rebel ; shall I
Article with a Traitor ? be compell'd
To yield an Innocent unto their fury
Whom I have prov'd so to you ?

Euph. Gracious Queen,
Though your own God-like disposition
Would succour Virtue, and protect the right ;
Yet for the publick good, for the dear safety
Of your most Royal only Son, consent
To give me up the Sacrifice to their malice :
My Life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our Seas, than that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said, honest Fool,
Were their demand but one Hair from thy Head,
By all the Gods I'd scorn 'em : Were they here,

The Majesty that dwells upon this Brow
Should strike 'em on their Knees : As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer, I
An equal Mother to my Country am,
And every virtuous Son of it is Son
Unto my Bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heav'nly Madam, and the Gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you :
The Life that *Conon* promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Fare ye well both,
Success attend you ; you have Soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if you bring not Peace,
Bring me their Heads.

Con. I will put fair for one. [*Exe. Queen and Lords.*]

Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highness Person.

Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your Servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, and Leonidas above.

Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keep still upon the Battlements ; Royal Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus ;
Nor shall this upstart *Mushroom* bred i'th' Night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mother's Wings
His damn'd Impieties.

Age. For yourself, brave Prince,
Fear nothing that this face of Arms presents ;
We ask the Ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent Mother
But by this Practice.

The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your Wrongs cry so loud,
That who so would condemn you is not heard,
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durst
Make Stories like to this ? My Wrong's as strong,

Ask

Ask my revengful Arm to strengthen yours ;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,

Enter Euphanes, and Conon.

Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a Word.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your Life.

Euph. Conon, no more.

Do thus as thou would'st save it. [*Sound Trumpet within.*]

Age. What Trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive

Two armed Men single, that give us Summons
As they would treat.

Age. Let us descend.

Con. My Lord,

I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the Queen's directions.

Euph. Friend,

As thou wouldst wear that Title after Death,

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, and Soldiers.

Perform my Charge ; no Soldier on his Life
Approach us nearer.

Con. Safety to both the Princes, Loyalty
To you Lord General ; the Queen, your Mistress
As well as ours, (39) though not through fear, to cut
Civil dissention from her Land, and save
Much guiltless Blood, that Uproar ever thirsts,
And for the Safeguard of her Son, by me
(As you demand) hath sent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his own Cause, or to suffer Death
As you shall find him worthy ; so delivering
The Prince back, I shall leave him to your Guard.

Leo. The Queen is good and gracious : Kiss her Hand.

(39) — *though not to fear,*] What a Description is here of the Queen of Corinth ? *Mistress of you and us, though not to fear.* I should wonder much how she or any one else could ever be so : The small Addition made to the old Text clears up all Inconsistency, and the Queen appears in a Light equally glorious with the Heroines of Antiquity.

Age. And seal our Duties: Sir, depart in Peace.

The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the Scales
Nature and fond Affection weigh together,
One poizes like a Feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.

Euph. Your Highness is unarm'd,
Please you to use mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.

Con. I will my Lord: But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful Hand? be not so wise
To stop your Rage, look how unmov'dly, here
I give myself my Country's Sacrifice,
An innocent Sacrifice: Truth laughs at Death,
And terrifies the Killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless seeks her Foes,
And never needs the Target nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd Shafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your Eloquence, but Impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him, who knows not
The Iron Forehead that bold Mischief wears.

Leo. Forbear a while *Agenor*, I do tremble,
And something sits like Virtue in his Face,
Which the Gods keep.

Euph. *Agenor* strike, *Leonidas*,
You that have purchas'd Fame on certain Grounds,
Lose it on Supposition: Smear your Hands
In guiltless Blood, laugh at my Martyrdom:
But yet remember, when Posterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with virtuous Acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody Leaf,
Noting your foolish Barbarisms, and my Wrong,
(As time shall make it plain) what follows this
Decyphering any noble Deed of yours
Shall be quite lost, for Men will read no more.

Leo. Why? Dare you say you're innocent?

Euph. By all the Gods, as they of this foul Crime:

Why

Why Gentlemen, pry clean thorow my Life,
Then weigh these Circumstances ; think you that he
Which made Day Night, and Men to Furies turn'd,
Durst not trust Silence, Vizors, nor her Sense
That suffer'd ; but with Charms and Potions
Cast her asleep, (for all this I've enquir'd)
Acted the Fable of *Proserpine's* Rape,
The place (by all Description) like to Hell :
And all to perpetrate unknown his Lust,
Would fondly in his Person bring a Ring,
And give it a Betrothed Wife, i'th' same House
Where the poor injur'd Lady liv'd and groan'd.

Age. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of Sin,
But leaves us wretched Fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it giv'n me that Art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the Lions Jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The Prince's safety, or the Common-weals ;
You know the Queen deny'd me, and sent us
Commanders to surprize you, and to raze
This Tower down, w' had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My Person to your Wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my Heart as pure as Infants sleep. [weep.

Leo. What think you, Sir? *Age.* No harm I'm sure, I

Euph. The Gods are just, and mighty : But to give you
Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and Witnesses of my Innocence
Let me demand this Question, On what Night
Was this foul Deed committed? *Age.* On the Eve
Before our Marriage meant. *Euph.* *Leonidas,*
(Your Rage being off, that still drowns Memory)
Where was yourself and I that very Night,
And what our Conference ?

Leo. By the Gods 'tis true :
Both in her Highness's Chamber, conferring
Even of this Match until an hour of Day,
And then came I to call you ; we are sham'd.

Age. Utterly lost, and sham'd.

Euph. Neither, be chear'd,

He that could find this out, can pardon it;
 And know this Ring was sent me from the Queen,
 How she came by it, yet is not enquir'd:
 Deeper Occurrents hang on't, and pray Heav'n
 That my Suspicions prove as false as yours,
 Which for the World till I have greater Proof
 I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
 Only this build upon, with all my Nerves
 I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.

Age. There are our Swords, Sir, turn the points on us.

Leo. Punish Rebellion, and revenge your Wrong.

Euph. Sir, my Revenge shall be to make your Peace.
 Neither was this Rebellion, but rash Love.

Enter Conon.

Con. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly
 Arm'd?

And those, that would have slain him, at his Feet?
 Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conqueress:
 The Queen, my Lord, perplex'd in care of you,
 That, cross to her Command, hazard yourself,
 In Person here is come into the Field,
 And like a Leader, marches in the Head
 Of all her Troops, vows that she will demolish
 Each Stone of this proud Tower be you not safe:
 She chafes like storms in Groves, now sighs, now weeps,
 And both sometimes, like Rain and Wind commixt,
 Abjures her Son for ever, less himself
 Do fetch you off in Person, that did give
 Yourself to save him of your own free Will,
 And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh she's a Mistress for the Gods. *Age.* And thou
 A Godlike Servant fit for her. *Leo.* Wide Greece
 May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highness.

Con. My joy flies.

[gentle Peace.

Euph. Let's toward her March: Stern Drum speak

Leo. We are your Pris'ners, lead us: Ne'er was known
 A precedent like this; one unarm'd Man,
 Suspected, to captive with golden Words
 (Truth being his Shield) so many arm'd with Swords. [Ex.

Enter

Enter (at one Door) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, Lords, and Soldiers; (at another) Euphanes (with two Swords) Agenor, Leonidas, and Soldiers: Euphanes presents Leonidas on his knees to the Queen: Agenor bare-headed, makes shew of sorrow to the Queen, she stamps, and seems to be angry at the first. Euphanes perswades her, lays their Swords at her Feet, she gives them their Swords again, they kiss her Hand and embrace, the Soldiers lift up Euphanes, and shout: Theanor and Crates discovered, Conon whispers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas observes it, who seem to promise something, Euphanes directs his Page somewhat.

[Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates.]

The. We are not lucky Crates, this great Torrent Bears all before him.

Cra. Such an Age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again; Virtue grows fat,
And Villany pines; the Furies are asleep,
Mischief 'gainst Goodness aim'd, is like a Stone,
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent Hill
Whose weight falls on our Heads and buries us,
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own Bogs.

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish,

'Tis not the fashion, Fool, 'till we grow Old:
The Peoples love to him now scares me more
Than my fond Mother's, both which, like two Floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy, would he were in Heav'n,
But that hereafter: *Crates* help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your Will, my Lord?

The. *Belixa* is to marry him forthwith,
I long to have the first touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fie, Sir,
You'll be the Tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to persever

Beastly,

Beastly, and desp'rate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the Means, the Place, the Instruments
The very same? I must expect you suddenly. [Exit.

Cra. I must obey you.
Who is in evil once Companion
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his Sword; he promis'd to come single,

Enter Conon and Page.

T'avoid Prevention; he's a Man on's Word.

Con. You're well met, *Crates*.

Cra. If we part so, *Conon*.

Con. Come, we must do these mutual Offices;
We must be our own Seconds, our own Surgeons,
And fairly fight, like Men, not on Advantage.

Cra. You have an honest Bosom.

Con. Yours seems so.

Cra. Let's pair our Swords: You are a just Gentleman.

Con. You might be so: Now shake Hands if you
please,

Though't be the Cudgel Fashion, 'tis a friendly one.

Cra. So, stand off.

Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [Exit.

Con. *Crates*, to expostulate your Wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your Excuse
In Words, and so return like maiden Knights:
Yet freely thus much I profess, your Spleen
And rugged Carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine own Cause,
For I did ne'er affect these bloody Men,
But hold 'em fitter be made publick Hangmen,
Or Butchers call'd, than valiant Gentlemen:
'Tis true, stamp'd (40) Valour does upon just Grounds;
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my Life
Than him, unto whose Virtue I owe all.

(40) — *Valour does*] I once thought that *does* was a Corruption of *goes*, i. e. proceeds upon just Grounds; but *does*, i. e. *acts*, I believe is the Poets Text.

Cra. Conon, you think by this great Deed of yours
T' insinuate yourself a Lodging nearer
Unto my Brother's Heart: Such Men as you
Live on their Undertakings for their Lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em,
Than if they sate still, make 'em but their Whores,
For which end Gallants now-a-days do fight:
But here we come not to upbraid; what Men
Seem, the rash World will judge; but what they are
Heav'n knows: and this --- (41) *Horses*, we are descry'd,
One Stroke for fear of Laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Page.

Con. Half a score.

Euph. Hold, hold; on your Allegiance hold.

Age. He that strikes next ———

Leon. Falls like a Traitor on our Swords.

Euph. Oh Heav'n, my Brother bleeds: *Conon*, thou art
A Villain, an unthankful Man, and shalt
Pay me thy Blood for his, for his is mine.
Thou wert my Friend, but he is still my Brother;
And though a Friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some Gradation, it can never be,
Where that same Brother can be made a Friend,
Which, dearest *Crates*, thus low I implore;
What in my Poverty I would not seek,
Because I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of Bliss I beg of you,
Your Friendship; my Advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it strange, pray use it so:
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful Faculties of Man,

(41) — *Horses, we are descry'd,*] Were they then to make their
Escape? Nothing less. To set all right I wou'd read,

Curse on't, we are descry'd.

Thus to express himself, wou'd be natural and in Character for the
enraged *Crates*, as being balk'd in his design'd Revenge upon *Conon*
his Antagonist, and the Abettor of his Brother *Euphanes*. Upon this
Foundation, and the Nearness of the Trace of the Letters, I have
made bold to offer this Reading, tho' I have not ventur'd to disturb
the Text.

To

To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:
 Two Eyes, two Ears, two Arms, two Legs and Feet.
 That where one fail'd, the other might supply;
 And I, your other Eye, Ear, Arm and Leg,
 Tender my Service, Help and Succour to ye.

Age. Leon. A most divine Example.

Euph. For dear Brother,
 You have been blind, and lame, and deaf to me,
 Now be no more so: In humility
 I give ye the Duty of a younger Brother,
 Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
 And then you'll pay a Duty back to me.

Cra. 'Till now I have not wept these thirty Years.

Euph. Discording Brothers, are like mutual Legs
 Supplanting one another: He that seeks
 Aid from a Stranger, and forsakes his Brother,
 Does but like him that madly lops his Arm,
 And to his Body joins a wooden one;
 Cuts off his natural Leg, and trusts a Crutch;
 Plucks out his Eye to see with Spectacles.

Cra. Most dear *Euphanes*, in this Crimson Flood
 Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
 Taught me Humanity and Brotherhood;
 Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
 To be a Ruler o'er me than a Brother,
 Which henceforth be: *Jove* surely did descend,
 When thou wert gotten, in some heav'nly Shape,
 And greet my Mother, as the Poets tell
 Of other Women.

Age. Be this Holy-day.

Leon. And noted ever with the whitest Stone.

Con. And pardon me, my Lord, look you, I bleed
 Faster than *Crates*; what I've done I did
 To reconcile your Loves, to both a Friend,
 Which my Blood cement, never to part or end.

Age. Most worthy *Conon*.

Leon. Happy rise, this Day
 Contracts more good than a whole Age hath done.

Euph. Royal *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
 You are main Causes, and must share the Fame.

Cra.

Cra. Which in some part this Hour shall requite,
For I have aim'd my black Shafts at white Marks,
And now I'll put the Clew into your Hands,
Shall guide ye most perspicuously to th' depth
Of this dark Labyrinth, where so long you were lost
Touching this old Rape, and a new Intent,
Wherein your Counsel, and your active Wit,
My dearest Brother, will be necessary.

Euph. My Prophecy is come, prove my Hopes true,
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong,
Time now will pluck her Daughter from her Cave:
Let's hence to prevent Rumour; my dear Brother,
Nature's divided Streams the highest Shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soficles, Eraton.

Euph. I'VE won the Lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your Faith only
And Secresie must make perfect; think not, Sir,
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My Soul upon the Tryal. *Cra.* You may safely,
But are *Agenor* and *Leonidas* ready
To rush upon (42) him in the Act, and seize him
I' th' Height of his Security? *Euph.* At all Parts
As you could wish them.

Cra. Where's the Lady?

Euph. There

Where you appointed her to stay.

Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.

[way,

Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this
For as by Accident here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you, 'twill strike greater Terror to him,

(42) — him the Act, —] The Particle *In* is from the Edition
of 1647.

To be ta'en unprovided of Excuse, [Neambes,
And make more for our Purpose. [Exit.] Cra. Come
Our Fames and all are at the stake. Nean. 'Tis fit,
That since relying on your Skill, we venture
So much upon one Game, you play with Cunning,

Enter Theanor.

Or we shall rise such Losers as ———

Sof. The Prince.

Cra. The Plot is laid, Sir, howsoe'er I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better Judgment
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last Service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so, Sir.

The. And I will so reward it ———

Nean. You are bound to that; in every Family
That does write lustful, your fine Bawd gains more
(For like your (43) Broker, he takes Fees on both sides)
Than all the Officers of the House.

Sof. For us then
To be a great Man's Panders, and live poor,
That were a double Fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time, Sir,
We will be with you instantly: The Deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not. *The.* Thou
Art ever careful; for *Jove's Mercury*
I would not change thee. [Exit.]

Era. There's an Honour for you.

Nean. To be compar'd with the celestial Pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn Squire, Don Hermes.

Cra. I'll deserve it;
And Gentlemen be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* look like Treason
And base Disloyalty; yet th' End shall prove,
When he's first taught to know himself, then you,
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true. [Exeunt.]

(43) — *like your Brother,*] The Text is from Mr. *Seward's* and
my Conjecture; Mr. *Theobald* had in his Margin remark'd that the
Folio too of 1647 gave this very Reading.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Conon.

Euph. Only make haste, my Lords, in all things else
You are instructed: you may draw your Swords
For shew, if you think good, but on my Life
You will find no Resistance in his Servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.

Age. I would he were not,
My just Rage should not then be lost.

Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no Injury be done
Unto the Person of the Prince; but *Conon*,
Have you an Eye on both, it is your Trust
That I rely on. *Con.* Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.

Euph. For th' Lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting;
Then to avoid Suspicion and Discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the Place,
And fit herself for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour. *Leo.* If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My Service and my Life.

Euph. Your Love I aim at.

Leo. (44) Where shall I find you?

Euph. With the Queen.

Con. Enough, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you my Lord, I've met
A dozen Messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for, as I wish'd
She's come herself in Person.

(44) *Where shall I find you?*] So 1647 Edition. The others,
Here I shall find you.

Queen.

Queen. Are you found, Sir?
 I wonder where you spend your Hours, methinks
 Since I so love your Company, and profess
 'Tis the best comfort this Life yields me, mine
 Should not be tedious to you.

Euph. Gracious Madam,
 To have the Happiness to see and hear you,
 Which by your Bounty is conferr'd upon me,
 I hold so great a Blessing, that my Honours
 And Wealth compar'd to that, are but as Cyphers
 To make that Number greater; yet your Pardon
 For borrowing from my Duty so much time,
 As the Provision for my sudden Marriage
 Exacted from me.

Queen. I perceive this Marriage
 Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
 She's a good Lady, and a fair, *Euphanes*,
 Yet by her leave I will share with her in you;
 I am pleas'd that in the Night she shall enjoy you,
 And that's sufficient for a Wife; the Day-time [you,
 I will divorce you from her. *Leo. within.* We will force
 If you resist.

Queen. What Noise is that?

The. within. Base Traytors.

Euph. It moves this way.

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Merione like
 Beliza. Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Soscicles, Eraton,
 and Guard.*

Queen. Whate'er it be I'll meet it,
 I was not born to fear: Who's that, *Beliza*?

Euph. My worthiest, noblest Mistress. [Exit Mer.

Queen. Stay her, ha?

All of you look as you were rooted here,
 And wanted motion; what new *Gorgon's Head*
 Have you beheld, that you're all turn'd Statues?
 This is prodigious, has none a Tongue
 To speak the Cause?

Leo. Could every Hair, great Queen,
 Upon my Head yield an articulate sound,

And

And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the Villany we have discover'd ;
And yet, when with a few unwilling Words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too Eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a Tongue.

Queen. Speak boldly,
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the Ravisher
Of my poor Sister, and the place, and means
By which th'unfortunate, though fair *Beliza*
Hath met a second Violence. *Euph.* This confirms
What but before I doubted to my Ruin.
My Lady Ravish'd.

Queen. Point me out the Villain ;
That guilty wretched Monster that hath done this,
That I may look on him, and in mine Eye
He reads his Sentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard,
You have it all.

Queen. Wonder not that I shake,
The Miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the Thunder that thy Words
Have thrown upon me : Dar'st thou kneel, with hope
[*Theanor kneels:*

Of any favour, but a speedy Death,
And that too in the dreadful'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous Soul,
If thou hast any ? No, libidinous Beast,
Thy Lust hath alter'd so thy former Being,
Be Heav'n I know thee not.

The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your Son.

Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely,
My whole Life never knew but one chaste Bed,
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful Fires ;
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whose Lust is more insatiate than the Grave,
And like infectious Air ingenders Plagues,

To murder all that's chaste or good in Woman?
 The Gods I from my Youth have serv'd and fear'd,
 Whose holy Temples thou hast made thy Brothels;
 Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
 So damn'd an Atheist? Read but o'er my Life,
 My Actions, Manners, and made perfect in them
 But look into the Story of thy self
 As thou art now, not as thou wert, *Theanor*,
 And Reason will compel thee to confess,
 Thou art a Stranger to me.

(45) *Euph.* Note but how heavy
 The weight of guilt is; it so low hath sunk him,
 That he wants power to rise up in defence
 Of this bad Cause.

Queen. Perswade me not *Euphanes*,
 This is no Prince, nor can claim part in me
 My Son was born a Free-man, this a Slave
 To beastly Passions, a Fugitive,
 (46) And run-away from Virtue: Bring Bonds for him.
 By all the honour that I owe to Justice,
 He loses me for ever that seeks to save him;
 Bind him I say, and like a Wretch that knows
 He stands Condemn'd before he hears the Sentence,
 With his base Agents, from my sight remove him,
 And lodge them in the Dungeon; as a Queen
 And Patroness to Justice I command it:
 Thy Tears are like unseasonable Showers,
 And in my Heart now steel'd can make no entrance;
 Thou'rt cruel to thyself, Fool, 'tis not want
 In me of soft Compassion; when thou left'st
 To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
 Away with them: The Children I will leave

(45) *Agén. Note but--*] The giving this Speech to *Agénor*, as all the Copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the *Queen*. For she bids *Euphanes* persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old Edition, not he but *Agénor* had been pleading for the Prince? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agénor*, as I have done, the Business is concluded, and all is right.

(46) *And run away from Virtue:*] The Change of the Verb into a Substantive, by the help of a poor Hyphen, gives a different and elegant Sense to this Passage, which was not one of the clearest before.

To keep my Name, to all Posterities,
Shall be the great Examples of my Justice,
The Government of my Country, which shall witness
How well I rul'd myself; bid the wrong'd Ladies
Appear in Court to morrow, we will hear them;
And by one Act of our Severity,
For fear of Punishment, or love to Virtue,
Teach others to be honest: All will shun
To tempt her Laws, that would not spare her Son. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, Nephew. *Tutor.* Pupil, hear but Reason.

Onos. No

I have none, and will hear none; oh my Honour,
My Honour blasted in the Bud, my Youth,
My hopeful Youth, and all my Expectation
Ever to be a Man, are lost for ever.

Uncle. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd
Knights o'th' Pantofle.

Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at by each Page and Groom,
Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it; but were you,
As I, a tender Gristle, apt to bow,
You would like me, with Cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad
I hope, and then all's mine.

Tutor. Why look you Pupil,
There are for the recovery of your Honour
Degrees of Medicines; for a tweak by the Nose
A Man's to travel but six Months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the Bastinado
Requires a longer time, a Year or two,
And then 'tis buried: I grant you have been baff'd,
'Tis but a Journey of some thirty Years,
And it will be forgotten.

R 2

Onos.

Onos. Think you so?

Tutor. Assur'dly.

Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous Tools
For Youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My Tutor's Counsel.

Tutor. Do so.

Onos. And put in
For my Security, that I'll not return
In thirty Years, my whole 'state to my Uncle.

Uncle. That I like well of.

Onos. Still provided Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of Age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.

Uncle. 'Tis a match.

Onos. Then *Corinth*, thus the bashful *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty Years, will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a Man. [Ex.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Euphanes and Marshal.

Euph. Are your Prisoners ready?

Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth, my Lord.

Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have born themselves this Night
Of their imprisonment?

Mar. Gladly, Sir; your Brother
With th' other Courtiers willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wondred at it. But the Prince,
That, as born highest, should have grac'd his fall

With

With greatest Courage, is so sunk with Sorrow,
That to a common judgment he would seem
To suffer like a Woman: but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past, more frights him
Than any other Punishment.

Euph. That's indeed
True Magnanimity; the other but
A desp'rate bastard Valour.

Mar. I press'd to him,
And notwithstanding the Queen's strict Command,
Having your Lordship's promise to secure me,
Offer'd to free him from his Bonds, which he
Refus'd, with such a Sorrow, mix'd with Scorn
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highness
To give one Reason for't: He briefly answer'd,
That he had sat in Judgment on himself,
And found that he deserv'd them; that he was
A Ravisher, and so to suffer like one,
Which is the reason of my Tears: he addeth,
For wer't not I again should break the Laws,
By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
I should die smiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov'd that saw this: I am struck
With the relation so. 'Tis very well,
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him;

[*Bar brought in.*]

'Tis in the Queen's Breast only, which for us
To search into were sauciness, to determine
What she thinks fit.

*Enter Leonidas, with Merione in white; Euphanes, with
Beliza in black; Queen, Agenor, Conon, Marshal,
with Theanor, Crates, Soficles, Eraton, Lords, Ladies,
and Guard.*

Lord. Make way there for the Queen.

Queen. Read first the Law, and what our Ancestors

262 *The Queen of Corinth.*

Have in this case provided, to deter
Such like Offenders: To you, gentle Ladies,
This only, Would I could as well giue Comfort,
As bid you be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure, be as confident
As if your Plea were 'gainst a common Man,
To have all Right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my Pity: Read the Law.

Clerk Reads.

(47) *Lycurgus the nineteenth against Rapes: It is provided, and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any Man of what degree soever, offering Violence to the Chastity of a Virgin, shall, ipso facto, be liable to her Accusation, and according to the said Law be censur'd; ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said Virgin so abused, either to compel the Offender to marry her without a Dowry, if so she will be satisfied, or demanding his Head for the Offence, to have that accordingly performed.*

Queen. You hear this: what do you demand?

Mer. The benefit

The Law allows me.

Bel. For the injury

Done to mine Honour, I require his Head.

Mer. I likewise have an Eye upon mine Honour,
But knowing that his Death cannot restore it,
I ask him for my Husband.

Bel. I was ravish'd,
And will have Justice.

Mer. I was ravish'd too,
I kneel for Mercy.

Bel. I demand but what
The Law allows me.

Mer. That which I desire
Is by the same Law warranted

(47) *Lycurgus the nineteenth*] What Business had *Lycurgus*' Laws at *Corinth*? This is an odd Proceeding, to commit a Rape in one Country, and be try'd and condemn'd for it by the Laws of another.

Bel.

Bel. The Rape

On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

Mer. The Rape on me gives me the privilege
To be his Wife, and that is all I sue for.

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet
I never saw nor read of.

Euph. May the Queen
Favour your sweet plea, Madam.

Bel. Is that justice?

Shall one that is to suffer for a Rape
Be by a Rape defended? Look upon
The publick Enemy of Chastity,

This lustful Satyr, whose enrag'd desires
The ruin of one wretched Virgin's Honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wrack of two

Be his Protection? May be I was ravish'd
For his Lust only, thou for his Defence;
O fine evasion! shall with such a slight

Your Justice be deluded? your Laws cheated?
And he that for one Fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often, find Impunity?

But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
A false Impostor, and suborn'd to this;
And it may be thou art, *Merione*:

For had'st thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for Vengeance,
And our wrongs being equal, I alone

Should not desire Revenge: But be it so,
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish Mercy shew'd to him undo thee.

Consider, Fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a Husband,
To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd Embraces,

Which Men say heighten pleasure, were distastful.
Mer. 'Twas in respect, that then they were unlawful,
Unblest'd by *Hymen*, and left stings behind them,

Which from the Marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
Let this Court be then th' Image of *Jove's* Throne,
R 4 Upon

Upon which Grace and Mercy still attend,
 To intercede between him and his Justice;
 And since the Law allows as much to me
 As she can challenge, let the milder Sentence,
 Which best becomes a Mother, and a Queen,
 Now overcome, nor let your Wisdom suffer:
 In doing right to her, I in my wrong
 Indure a second Ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
 Only from that which does concern yourself,
 Not from the Punishment that's due to me;
 Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
 I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
 Where that which you desire robs me of Justice?
 'Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody Woman,
 Dost thou desire his Punishment? Let him live then;
 For any Man to marry where he likes not
 Is still a lingring Torment.

Bel. For one Rape
 One Death's sufficient, that way cannot catch me.

Mer. To you I fly then, to your Mercy, Madam,
 Exempting not your Justice, be but equal;
 And since in no regard I come behind her,
 Let me not so be undervalu'd in
 Your Highness favour, that the World take notice
 You so prefer'd her, that in her behalf
 You kill'd that Son, you would not save for me;
 Mercy, O Mercy, Madam.

Bel. Great Queen, Justice.

Age. With what a Masculine Constancy the grave Lady
 Hath heard them both?

Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits
 In that which most concerns her?

Con. Now she rises;
 And having well weigh'd both their Arguments,
 Resolves to speak.

Euph. And yet again she pauses;
 O Conon, such a Resolution once
 A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
 Before he kill'd himself.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.

Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,
To give you Satisfaction; no Mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part,
Even with my Being, both might have their Wishes;
But since that is impossible, in few Words
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on;
The End for which all profitable Laws
Were made, looks two ways only, the Reward
Of innocent good Men, and th' Punishment
Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
Provided (48) that same latter Clause of Marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A Path so horrid. The great Law-Giver
Draco, that for his strange Severity
Was said to write his stern Decrees in Blood,
Made none for Parricides, presuming that
No Man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus's Answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my Son, which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it;
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full Revenge: You see, *Beliza*,
You have your Wish; with you, *Merione*,
I'll spend a Tear or two, so Heav'n forgive thee.

The. Upon my Knees I do approve your Judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made Peace with myself,
Part so with all the World: Princely *Agenor*
I ask your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
And *Crates* with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me: Yours, gracious Mother,
I dare not ask, and yet if that my Death
Be like a Son of yours, though my Life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it: Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd, may with my Ashes

(48) — *that same latter of Marriage*] The filling up the Sense
and Measure by the Word *Clause*, is from the Folio of 1647.

No heavy Burden, e'er I suffer Death,
For the restoring of *Merione's* Honour,
Let me be married to her, and then die
For you *Beliza*.

Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the World,
Thy Suit is granted; call a *Flamyn* forth
To do this holy Work, with him a Headsman.

Enter Flamyn and Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping Eyes, *Merione*,
With this Hand I confirm thy Marriage,
Wishing that now the Gods would shew some Miracle,
That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpose
I am their Minister; stand not amaz'd,
To all your Comforts I will do this Wonder.
Your Majesty (with your Pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a Contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*;
The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determin'd, by an Oath
Bound me and these his Followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her; we swore to it,
And easily perswaded, being assur'd
She was his Wife before the Face of Heav'n,
Although some ceremonious Forms were wanting,
Committed the first Rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuse our ready Service
In the same kind, upon the chaste *Beliza*,
Holding ourselves less ty'd to him than Goodness,
I made Discovery of it to my Brother,
Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Queen. I would it were.

Euph. In every Circumstance
It is, upon my Soul: For this known to me,
I wan *Merione* in my Lady's Habit,

To be again (but willingly,) surpriz'd ;
 But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
 With my approv'd Friend *Conon*, with such speed
 She was pursu'd, that the lewd Act scarce ended,
 The Prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
 For all the time *Merione's* Face was cover'd)
 Was apprehended and brought to your Presence,
 But not 'till now discover'd, in respect
 I hop'd the imminent Danger of the Prince,
 To which his loose unquenched Heats had brought him,
 Being pursu'd unto the latest Tryal,
 Would work in him Compunction, which it has done ;
 And these two Ladies in their feign'd Contentions,
 To your Delight I hope have serv'd as Maskers
 To their own Nuptials.

Queen. My choice was worthy
 When first I look'd on thee ; as thou hast order'd
 All shall be done, and not the meanest that
 Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
 But shall partake our Bounty : And my Lord,
 That with the rest you may seem satisfy'd,
 If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
 So far in Debt to Years, but that she may
 Bring you a lusty Boy, I offer up
 Myself and Kingdom, during my Life, to you.

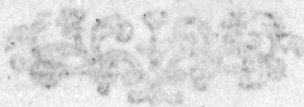
Age. It is a Blessing which I durst not hope for,
 But with all Joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the Temple, where the Rites
 Of Marriage ended, we'll find new Delights. [Exeunt.]

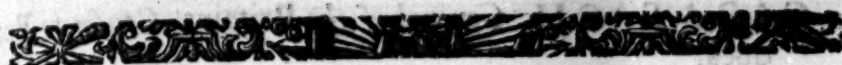


To be again (but willingly) torpid;
 But with Agave, and her noble Brother,
 With my approv'd Friend Cymon, with his friend
 She was pleas'd, that the Jew Ad'lar, who
 The Prince (should he had enjoy'd his
 For all the time Ad'lar's lack was cover'd)
 Was apprehended and brought to your Presence,
 But not till now discover'd, in respect
 To keep the instant Danger of the Prince,
 To which his look unpunctured He has brought him
 Being sent into the last Trial
 Would work a new Conversion, which was done,
 And then I add in their friend's Company
 To your Delight I hope have lov'd as much
 To their own Nuptials
 But my choice was worthy
 I think I look'd on thee as thou art
 All shall be done, and not the least that
 I bid in this unexpected Comedy
 I shall partake our Bounty, and my Love
 I bid with the rest you may soon satisfy
 I shall return on a Queen, not yet
 So far from Debt to Years, but that the day
 I shall give a jolly Boy, I offer up
 Which and Kingdon, during my life, to you
 And it is a Blessing which I don't not hope for
 But with all Joy receive
 All we all applaud it
 Then on unto the Temple, where the Prince
 Marriage ended, we'll find new Delights [Exeunt]



DRAMATIS PERSONA

M. H. N.



BONDUCA

A

TRAGEDY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CARATACH, *General of the Britains, Cousin to Bonduca.*

Nennius, *a great Soldier, a Britain Commander.*

Hengo, *a brave Boy, Nephew to Caratach.*

Suetonius, *General to the Roman Army in Britain.*

Penius, *a brave Roman Commander, but stubborn to the General.*

Junius, *a Roman Captain, in love with Bonduca's Daughter.*

Petilus, *a merry Captain, but somewhat wanton.*

Demetrius, } *Two Roman Commanders.*

Decius,

Regulus,

Drusus,

Macer,

Curius,

Judas, *a Corporal, a merry hungry Knave.*

Herald.

Druids.

Soldiers.

W O M E N.

Bonduca, *Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago.*
Her two Daughters, by Protusagus.

SCENE BRITAIN.

Bonduca, Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Protusagus.
Her two Daughters.] Thus runs the Folio of 1679, from which the Editor of the Octavo inconsiderately copied. The Reader will see by the Course of the Play, that the Alteration made here is undoubtedly what the Drawer up of the *Dramatis Personæ* intended.

BON-



BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.

BONDUCA.



THE hardy *Romans*? O ye Gods of *Britain*,
The rust of Arms, the blushing shame of
Soldiers;
Are these the Men that conquer by Inheri-
tance?

The Fortune-makers? These the *Julians*,

Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one *Rome*, and one *Cæsar*?
Shame, how they flee! *Cæsar*'s soft Soul dwells in 'em;
Their Mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurst 'em,
Their Bodies sweat with sweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not lusty Arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These *Roman* Girls? Is *Britain* grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius*, scatter'd 'em;
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whose Pikes
The honour of their Actions fits in Triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to shame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat these *Romans*.

Car.

Car. So it seems,
A Man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who's that? *Car.* I.

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my Fortunes?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

If I grieve, 'tis at th' bearing of your Fortunes;
You put too much Wind to your Sail: Discretion
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
Divided, but a Talker. 'Tis a Truth,
That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A Truth we ought to crown the Gods for, Lady,
And not our Tongues. A Truth is none of ours,
Nor in our Ends, more than the noble bearing,
For then it leaves to be a Virtue, Lady;
And we that have been Victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our Honours Subject.

Bon. My valiant Cousin, is it foul to say
What Liberty and Honour bid us do,
And what the Gods allow us?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the lees of tainted Pleasures:
Does this become a doer? Are they such?

Bon. They are no more.

Car. Where is your Conquest then?

Why are your Altars crown'd with Wreaths of Flowers,
The Beasts with gilt Horns waiting fore the Fire?
The holy *Druides* composing Songs
Of everlasting Life to Victory?
Why are these Triumphs, Lady? For a *May-game*?
For hunting a poor Herd of wretched *Romans*?
Is it no more? Shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his Heifers;
Put out our holy Fires, no Timbrel ring;
Let's home, and sleep; for such great Overthrows,
A Candle burns too bright a Sacrifice,
A Glow-worm's Tail too full of Flame. O *Nennius*,
Thou hadst a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,

And

And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his Fortunes.

Bon. By —— I think
Ye doat upon these *Romans*, *Caratach*.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly
giv'n,

I love an En'my, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his Sword,
I make a Mistress. Yellow-tressed *Hymen*
Ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that Man that wounds me:
And are not all these *Romans*? Ten struck Battels
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all *Roman*:
Ten Years of bitter Nights and heavy Marches,
(When many a frozen Storm fung through my Curafs,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn Metal,) have I wrought through,
And all to try these *Romans*. Ten times a Night
I've swum the Rivers, (1) when the Stars of *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated, and the Billows
Tumbled their watry Ruins on my Shoulders,
Charging my batter'd Sides with Troops of Agues;
And still to try these *Romans*, whom I found
(And if I live, my Wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, Gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the *Britains*,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca*.
And grow to no belief, to taint these *Romans*.
Have not I seen the *Britains*——

(1) ——when the Stars of Rome] Mr. Theobald in his Margin
gives us *Shafts* or *Darts*, as thinking the Place corrupted. I have
not however ventur'd to disturb the Text; as thinking the Passage
right as it stands.

Bon. What? *Car.* Disheartned,
Run, run, *Bonduca*? not the quick rack swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
Not half so fearful? (a) not a Flight drawn home,
A round Stone from a sling, a Lovers wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By——
I've seen these *Britains*, that you magnifie,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring
Bafely for Mercy, roaring: the light Shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to 'em. *Bon.* O ye Powers,
What Scandals do I suffer? *Car.* Yes, *Bonduca*,
I've seen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penius*,
The *Roman* Girl, cut through your armed Carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the Hill;
Then when he hunted ye like *Britain* Foxes,
More by the scent than fight; then did I see
These valiant and approved Men of *Britain*,
Like Roading Owls, creep into tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*?

Car. I fled too,
But not so fast; your Jewel had been lost then,
Young *Hengo* there; he (2) trasht me, *Nennius*:
For when your Fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my Back
I buckled him; behind him, my sure Shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought

(a) —not a Flight] Here means Arrow. So *Shakespeare* in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 1. Sc. 1. makes *Beatrice* say,

He (Benedick) challeng'd Cupid at the Flight.

(2) —he trasht me *Nennius*] The more natural as well as usual word in this place, shou'd have been *trac'd*, i. e. follow'd, and probably the Line run so in the Authors MSS. for if I remember right *trasht* absolutely taken, is not to be met with in the sense here requir'd.

Five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
 I lie not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the Child more,
 But that the Son of Virtue, *Penius*,
 Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
 (3) My Helm still in my Hand, my Sword; my Prow
 Turn'd to my Foe, my Face; he cry'd out nobly,
 Go, *Britain*, bear thy Lion's Whelp off safely;
 Thy manly Sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
 Then if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine. I took his Offer,
 And here I am to Honour him.

Bon. O Cousin,
 From what a flight of Honour hast thou checkt me?
 What wouldst thou make me, *Caratach*?

Car. See, Lady,
 The noble use of others in our losses:
 Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this
 And, as we have done theirs, sung out these Fortunes,
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
 Made marks as far as th' Earth was ours, to shew us
 Nothing but Sea could stop our flights; despis'd us,
 And held it equal, whether banquetting
 Or beating of the *Britains* were more business,
 It would have gall'd ye.

Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think it, as we may be conquer'd;
 And where we have found Virtue, though in those
 That came to make us Slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave since *Julius* landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but like Records,
 They file to After-ages. Our Registers,
 The *Romans* are, for noble deeds of Honour;
 And shall we (4) burn their mentions with upbraidings?

(3) *My Helm still in my Hand, my Sword my Prow,
 Turn'd to my Foe my Face,*] The right Punctuation in the Text,
 is from Mr. Theobald.

(4) — *burn their mentions with upbraidings?*] This Place ap-
 pears to me far from genuine. For what can *burning of Mentions*,
 i. e. Histories, *with upbraidings*, possibly signify? I suspect that for
burn we shou'd read *brand*, which will answer the Phrase *Notam in-*

Bon. No more, I see myself; thou'lt made me, Cousin,
More than my Fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with Glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
And giv'n me Health again, nay more Discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans*.

Car. Thy Love and Hate are both unwise ones, Lady.

Bon. Your Reason?

Nen. Is not Peace the end of Arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general Conquest:
Had we a diff'rence with some petty Isle,
Or with our Neighbours, Lady, for our Land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
Or making Head against Commotions,
After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the Ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as Life,
The Gods we worship, and next those, our Honours,
And with those Swords that know no end of Battel;
Those Men, beside themselves, allow no Neighbour;
Those Minds that where the day is, claim Inheritance,
And where the Sun makes ripe the Fruits, their Harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more Ground
To add to *Rome*, and here i'th' Bowels on us;
It must not be; no, as they are our Foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;
Let's use the Peace of Honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our (5) Hands, our Swords. That *hardy Roman*,
That hopes to graft himself into my Stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,

serere, and the Sense then will run thus: They (*Romans*) have by their Annals recorded to our Honours ev'ry Stroke and Action of ours since *Julius (Cæsar)* first had Footing here: And shall we, by upbraiding them with a Defeat or two, make 'em insert our vile Treatment of 'em in their future Memoirs, and so disgrace all their former honourable, by this dishonourable Mention of us.

(5) ——— ends, our Swords.] The Sense seems to labour here; what I have offer'd is clear and absolute. Let us use the Peace of Honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it: No, let us seek it with our Swords in our Hands, as tho' we cou'd carve it out for ourselves, if the Conditions offer'd are not honourable.

And

And be ally'd in Affhes. *Bon. Caratach,*
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars.

Car. They shall.

And, little Sir, when your young Bones grow stiffer,
And when I see ye able in a Morning
To beat a dozen Boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tye ye to a Sword.

Hengo. And what then, Uncle?

Car. Then ye must kill, Sir, the next valiant *Roman*
That calls ye Knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, Boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble Boy. Come, worthy Lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an Enemy both weight and worth. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius and Petillius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. What ail'st thou, Man? dost thou want Meat?

Jun. No. *Pet.* Cloaths?

Jun. Neither. For Heav'ns love, leave me.

Pet. Drink? *Jun.* Ye tire me.

Pet. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say 'tis drink; for what Affliction
Can light so heavy on a Soldier,

To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?

Thou shalt have drink. *Jun.* Prithee *Petillius* —

Pet. And by mine Honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true Friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry Nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do ye (6) do this to me? *Pet.* For I see,

(6) —do] So the Edition of 1647. The others thus; *Why do ye this to me?*

Although your Modesty would fain conceal it,
Which fits as sweetly on a Soldier,
As an old Side-saddle. *Jun.* What do you see?

Pet. I see as (7) fair as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster
For a new Tide? thy very thoughts lye bare
Like a low Ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of Liquor? Do but see
Into thy self; for by—I do:

For all thy Body's chapt and crackt like Timber
For want of moisture, what is't thou want'st there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a Whore too; say it be: come, Meecher,
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant Fellow,
Die for a little Lap and Lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our Country,
Thou dy'dst o'th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble *Roman*,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said,
Lady, I take thy Son to my Companion,
Lady, I love thy Son, thy Son loves War,
The War loves Danger, Danger Drink, Drink Discipline,
Which is Society and Lechery;
These two beget Commanders: Fear not, Lady,
Thy Son shall lead.

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, *Petillius*,
That so ridiculous and loose a Mirth
Can master your Affections. *Pet.* Any Mirth,
And any way, of any Subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly mustiness;
What harm's in Drink, in a good wholesome Wench?
I do beseech ye, Sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my Head handsomely,
But thou would'st fain be drunk; come, no more fooling,
The General has new Wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new Acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.

(7) — *far as day,*] Mr. *Seward* saw the Fault here as well
as myself, and both hit upon the Reading in the Text.

Pet.

Pet. None, I thank ye?

A short and touchy answer. *None, I thank ye:*
Ye do not scorn it, do ye?

Jun. Gods defend, Sir;
I owe him still more honour.

Pet. None, I thank ye:

No Company, no Drink, no Wench, *I thank ye.*
Ye shall be worse intreated, Sir.

Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.

Pet. None, I thank ye:

A modest and a decent Resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius,*
And leave ye to the Boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute ye, by your new Surname
Of *Junius*, *None I thank ye.* I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, (b) deserve the forks, lye open
To all the dangerous passes of a Wench,
Bound to believe her Tears, and wed her Aches,
E'er I would own thy Follies. I have found ye,
Your lays, and out-leaps, *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I've view'd ye, and I've found ye by my skill
To be a Fool o'th' first Head, *Junius,*
And I will hunt ye; ye're in Love, I know it:
Ye are an Ass, and all the Camp shall know it;
A peevish idle Boy; your Dame shall know it.
(8) A wronger of my Care; yourself shall know it.

Enter Corporal Judas, and four Soldiers.

Jud. A Bean? a (9) Princely diet, a full Banquet,
To what we compass.

1 Sold. Fight like Hogs for Acorns?

(b) *i. e.* The Gallows.

(8) This Line is from the Edition of 1647; but how it came to be dropt upon us, the Reader must judge.

(9) — *Princely diet,*] My Copy of the 1647 Edition, which in this Place is not very fair, reads, I think, *Dier*. Though I have not disturb'd the Text, I can't yet help thinking but we may improve the Sense, by an easy and obvious Correction, thus,

— *A Princely Dinner, a full Banquet.*

I don't remember any where, that a *Diet* is us'd for Meal.

2 Sold. Venture our lives for Pig-nuts?

Pet. What ail these Rascals?

3 Sold. If this hold, we're starv'd.

Jud. For my part, Friends,
Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard World
For Officers, and Men of Action;
And those so clipt by master Mouse, and rotten;
For understand 'em *French Beans*, where the Fruits
Are ripen'd like the People in old Tubs.
For mine own part, I say, I'm starv'd already.
Not worth another Bean, consum'd to nothing,
Nothing but (10) Flesh and Bones left, miserable:
Now if this musty Provender can prick me
To honourable Matters of Atchievement, Gentlemen,
Why there's the Point.

4 Sold. I'll fight no more. Pet. You'll hang then,
A sovereign Help for Hunger. Y' eating Rascals,
Whose Gods are Beef and Brewis, whose brave Angers
Do execution upon these, and (c) Chibbals:
Ye Dog's Heads in the Porridge-Pot; you fight no more?
Does *Rome* depend upon your Resolution
For eating mouldy Pye-Crust?

(10) — *Flesh and Bones left,*] This is really a merry Description
of a Man hunger-starv'd; He was reduc'd to Flesh and Bones! Why
what would he be at? Wou'd he be more than so? Modes of Speech
are strangely alter'd, if we should read and the Poets wrote,
Skin and Bones.

(c) A sort of Onions.

So *Ben Johnson*, in his *Gypsies Metamorphos'd*, Vol. 5. p. 377.

2 Gypsie.

*Where the Cacklers, but no Grunters,
Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters:
Those we still must keep alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parks, and in the Chases,
And the finer Walled places;
As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals,
Where the Acorns plump as Chibbals,
Soon shall change both Kind and Name,
And proclaim 'em the King's Game.*

3 Sold.

3 Sold. Would we had it.

Jud. I may do Service, Captain.

Pet. In a Fish-market.

You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
Profit the Common-wealth? d' you hope to triumph,
Or dare your vamping Valour, Goodman Cobler,
Clap a new Sole to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye Dog-Whelps
You, fight, or not fight.

Jud. Captain. Pet. Out, ye Flesh-flies,
Nothing but Noise and Nastiness.

Jud. Good, Give us Meat,
Whereby we may do.

Pet. Whereby hangs your Valour?

Jud. Good Bits afford good Blows.

Pet. A good Position:

How long is't since thou eat'st last? wipe thy Mouth,
And then tell Truth.

Jud. I have not eat to th' purpose—— [Garlick?

Pet. To th' purpose? What's that? half a Cow and
Ye Rogues, my Company eat Turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old Matts, and Mud with Spoons, rare Meats. Your
Shoes, Slaves?

Dare ye cry out for Hunger, and those extant:
Suck your Sword-Hilts, ye Slaves, if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em March-pane; *To the Purpose?*
A grievous Penance. Dost thou see that Gentleman,
That melancholy Monsieur?

Jun. Pray ye, *Petillius*.

Pet. He has not eat these three Weeks.

2 Sold. 'Has drunk th' more then.

3 Sold. And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two Months.

Jud. Captain, we do beseech you as poor Soldiers,
Men that have seen good Days, whose mortal Stomachs
May sometime feel Afflictions.

Jun. This, *Petillius*,
Is not so nobly done.

Pet. 'Tis common Profit;
Urge him to th' Point, he'll find you out a Food

That

That needs no Teeth nor Stomach ; a strange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as Hens i'th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like *Ficbocks* ; to him.

Jud. Captain.

Jun. Do you long to have your Throats cut ?

Pet. See what Metal

It makes in him : Two Meals more of this Melancholy,
And there lyes *Caratach*.

Jud. We do beseech ye.

2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your Valour. *Jun.* Am I only
Become your Sport, *Petillius* ? *Jud.* But to render
In way of general good, in Preservation.

Jun. Out of my Thoughts, ye Slaves.

4 *Sold.* Or rather Pity.

3 *Sold.* Your warlike Remedy against the Maw-worms.

Jud. Or notable Receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your Table-books.

Jun. Is this true Friendship ?

And must my killing Grievs make others May-Games ?
Stand from my Sword's Point, Slaves, your poor starv'd
Spirits

Can make me no Oblations ; else, O Love,
Thou proudly blind Destruction, I would send thee
Whole *Hecatombs* of Hearts, to bleed my Sorrows.

Jud. Alas, he lives by Love, Sir. [*Exit Junius.*

Pet. So he does, Sir,

And cannot you do so too ? All my Company
Are now in love, ne'er think of Meat, nor talk
Of what Provant is : *Aymeas*, and *Hearty hey-boes*,
Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by Meat ;
By larding up your Bodies ? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like Camels, with Baskets at your Noses.
Get ye in love : Ye can whore well enough,
That all the World knows ; fast ye into Famine,
Yet ye can crawl like Crabs to Wenches ; handsomely
Fall but in love now, as ye see Example,
And follow't but with all your Thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much Charge sav'd, and your Hunger's ended.
[*Drum afar off.*
Away,

Away, I hear the General; get y' in love all,
Up to the Ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude Murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your Stomachs, or I prophesie
A pickel'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drum and Colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the Messenger dispatch'd
To *Penius*, to command him to bring up
The *Volans* Regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

[*Mona?*]

Suet. And are the Horse well view'd we brought from

Dec. The Troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good *Petillius*,

Look to those eating Rogues, that bawl for Victuals,
And stop their Throats a Day or two: Provision
Waits but the Wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampering with their Stomachs, which I find
As deaf as Adders to Delays: Your Clemency
Hath made their Murmurs, Mutinies; nay, Rebellions:
Now, an' they want but Mustard, they're in Uproars!
No Oil but *Candy*, *Lusitanian* Figs

And Wine from *Lesbos*, now can satisfie 'em:

The *British* Waters are grown dull and muddy,

The Fruit disgustful: (11) *Orontes* must be sought for,

And Apples from the happy Isles; the truth is,

They are more curious now in having nothing,

Than if the Sea and Land turn'd up their Treasures:

This lost the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*

(With Shame we must record it) time and strength

To look into our Fortunes; great Discretion

(11) *Orontes*] Our Poets are sadly out here in their Choice of pleasant Waters for drinking. Mr. *Maundrell* says, the Waters of this River are *thick and turbid*, as unfit to be drunk, as its Fish to be eaten. *Choaspes* was undoubtedly what they would have said, but trusting to Memory they made this Mistake. The Waters of this River were famous for their fineness, &c. and as *Ælian* tells us were drunk by the *Persian* Monarchs, let 'em be in what part of their Dominions they would.

To follow offer'd Vict'ry ; and last, full Pride
To brave us to our Teeth, and scorn our Ruins.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good *Petillius*, I confess
My Will to conquer *Mona*, and long stay
To execute that Will, let in these Losses :
All shall be right again, and as a Pine
Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping Tempest,
Jointed again, and made a Mast, defies
Those angry Winds that split him : So will I,
Piec'd to my never-failing Strength and Fortune,
Steer through these swelling Dangers ; plow their Prides
up,

And bear like Thunder through their loudest Tempests :
They keep the Field still.

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a Number, one would swear they grew,
The Hills are wooded with their Partizans,
And all the Valleys overgrown with Darts,
As Moors are with rank Rushes : No Ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike : Say Fortune
And our Endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so-ever springing,
We shall be kill'd with killing ; of desperate Women,
That neither Fear or Shame e'er found, the Devil
Has rank'd amongst 'em Multitudes : Say th' Men fail,
They'll poison us with their Petticoats ; say they fail,
They've Priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. These are Imaginations, Dreams of nothing,
The Man that doubts or fears ———

Dec. I'm free of both.

Dem. The self same I.

Pet. And I as free as any ;
As careless of my Flesh, of that we call Life,
So I may lose it nobly ; as indifferent
As if it were my Diet. Yet, noble General,
It was a Wisdom learn'd from you ; I learn'd it,
And worthy of a Soldier's Care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate Circumstance
The ends of Accidents, above their Offers ;

How

How to go on (12) and get, to save a *Roman*,
Whose one Life is more worth in way of doing,
Than Millions of these painted Wasps; how viewing
To find Advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With Counsel and Discretion, lest meer Fortune
Should claim the Victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, *Petillius*,
And worthily remembered: The Rule is certain,
Their Uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off Occasions, (13) Danger, Time and all
Tend to a present Peril, 'tis required
Our Swords and Manhoods be best Counsellors,
Our Expeditions, Precedents. To win, is nothing,
Where Reason, Time and Counsel are our Camp-Masters:
But there to bear the Field, then to be Conquerors,
Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In Wants and Mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,

(12) — go on and get,] *To go on and get* is a little favouring of
Tautology; for if a Man *goes on*, in the Sense of this Passage, he can-
not chuse but *get*. But *to go on, and yet not lose a Roman*, is an Ex-
pression which the Words immediately following would induce us to
believe the Poets wrote here. I have not however disturb'd the Text,
and only humbly offer this Innovation to the Judgment of the Reader.

(13) — Danger, Time and all

Tend to a present Peril,] i. e. *Danger* tends to a present
Danger. Our Poets might have been guilty of such Inaccuracy, and
they might not. *Evil* is very near in Letters to *Peril*, taking away
the *P*, and might probably have been the Word. Mr. *Seward*.

What Mr. *Seward* has advanc'd has probability: But as two of our
best Writers and Poets have been guilty of the same Inaccuracy, or
what else you please to call it, I have let the Passage stand.

Spenser, Book 6. Cant. 1. Stan. 25.

— yet Shame shall thee with Shame requite,

Milton, Christmas Hymn. Stanza 3d.

But he, her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She, crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning Sphear

His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,

She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

And

And to ourselves our own Fears, needs a new way,
 A sudden and a desperate Execution :
 Here, how to save, is loss ; to be wise, dang'rous ;
 Only a present well-united Strength,
 And Minds made up for all Attempts, dispatch it :
 Disputing and delay here, cools the Courage ;
 Necessity gives Time for Doubts ; (things infinite,
 According to the Spirit they are preach'd to :)
 Rewards like them, and Names for After-Ages,
 Must steel the Soldier ; his own Shame help to arm him :
 And having forc'd his Spirit, e'er he cools,
 Fling him upon his Enemies ; sudden and swift,
 Like Tigers amongst Foxes, we must fight for't :
 Fury must be our Fortune ; Shame we've lost,
 Spurs ever in our Sides to prick us forward :
 There is no other Wisdom nor Discretion
 Due to this Day of Ruin, but Destruction ;
 The Soldiers order first, and then his Anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then no doubt

The Day must needs be ours. That the proud Woman
 Is infinite in Number, better likes me,
 Than if we dealt with Squadrons ; half her Army
 Shall choak themselves, their own Swords dig their
 Graves.

I'll tell ye all my fears, one single Valour,
 The Virtues of the valiant *Caratach*
 More doubts me than all *Britain* : He's a Soldier
 So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great Fortunes,
 So much Man thrust into him, so old in Dangers,
 So fortunatè in all Attempts, that his mere Name
 Fights in a thousand Men, himself in millions,
 To make him *Roman*. But no more, *Petillius*,
 How stands your Charge ?

Pet. Ready for all Employments,
 To be commanded too, Sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd ;
 To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts :
 I'th' mean time, all apply their Offices.

Where's

Where's *Junius*? *Pet.* In's Cabin,
Sick o'th' Mumps, Sir. *Suet.* How?

Pet. In Love, indeed in Love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen *Dido*.

Dec. 'Las poor Gentleman. [Lady?

Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what
I'll be a Spokesman for him.

Pet. You'll scant speed, Sir.

Suet. Who is't?

Pet. The Devil's Dam, *Bonduca's* Daughter,
Her youngest, crackt i'th' Ring.

Suet. I'm sorry for him:

But sure his own Discretion will reclaim him,
He must deserve our anger else. Good Captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing Forms
Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their Spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this Action;
Mine own Provisions shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.

Their Shames forgot, their Honours infinite,
And Want for ever banisht. Two days hence,
Our Fortunes, and our Swords, and Gods be for us!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, and Drusius.

Pen. I Must come?

Macer. So the General commands, Sir.

Pen. I must bring up my Regiment? *Macer.* Believe, Sir,

I bring no Lye. *Pen.* But did he say, I must come?

Macer. So delivered.

Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, since I commanded
In *Britain* here?

Reg. About five years, great *Penius*.

Pen.

Pen. The General some five Months. Are all my Actions
So poor, and lost, my Services so barren,
That I'm remembred in no nobler Language
But must come up?

Macer. I do beseech ye, Sir,
Weigh but the times Estate.

Pen. Yes, good Lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. Must come up;
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Must, and shall,
Fit Embassies to court my Honour? *Macer.* Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my Men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous Slaves
That have marcht name by name with *Rome's* best doers?
Serve 'em up some other Meat; I'll bring no Food
To stop the Jaws of all those hungry Wolves.
My Regiment's mine own. I must, my Language.—

Enter Curius.

Cur. Penius, where lies the Host? *Pen.* Where Fate
may find 'em. [soon?

Cur. Are they ingirt? *Pen.* The Battel's lost. *Cur.* So

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won:
The *Britains* must be Victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody Vultures hovering
About a few corrupted Carcasses,
Let him behold the silly *Roman* Host,
Girded with millions of fierce *Britains* Swains,
With Deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame;
I scorn my Life, yet dare not lose my Name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous End,
When both our Names and Lives are Sacrific'd
For *Rome's* increase?

Pen. Yes, *Curius*, but mark this too;
What Glory is there, or what lasting Fame
Can be to *Rome* or us? What full Example,
When one is smother'd with a Multitude,
And crouded in amongst a nameless Press;
Honour got out of Flint, and on their Heads
Whose Virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all Valours,

Must

Must not be lost in mists and fogs of People,
 Noteless, and out of Name, (14) both rude and naked:
 Nor can *Rome* task us with impossibilities,
 Or bid us fight against a Flood; we serve her,
 That she may proudly say she has good Soldiers,
 Not Slaves to choak all hazards. Who but Fools,
 That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
 And dying well, would fling their Fames and Fortunes
 Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-sand Ruin,
 That sinking, swallows us? What noble Hand
 Can find a Subject fit for blood there? Or what Sword
 Room for his Execution? What Air to cool us,
 But poison'd with their blasting Breaths and Curses,
 Where we lye buried quick above the Ground,
 And are with labouring Sweat, and breathless Pain,
 Kill'd like to Slaves, and cannot kill again? [then

Dru. Penius, mark antient Wars, and know (15) that
 Ten Captains weigh'd an hundred thousand Men.

Pen. Drusus, mark antient Wisdom, and you'll find then,
 He gave the Overthrow that sav'd his Men.

I must not go.

Leg. The Soldiers are desirous,
 Their Eagles all drawn out, Sir.

Pen. Who drew up, *Regulus*?

Ha? Speak, did you? whose bold Will durst attempt this?
 Drawn out? Why, who commands, Sir? On whose

Warrant

Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own Obedience.

(14) — *but rude and naked:*] I have ventur'd to substitute *both*
 in the present Text, for the old *but*; it seems to me to heighten the
 Sense, and might have been the original Reading.

(15) — *that then*

Captains weigh'd] The Corruption here is very evident,
 but little trouble will set all right. We may read thus,

— *that then*

Ten Captains weigh'd.

Or thus,

— *that ten*

Captains out-weigh'd — The Number has either been dropt
 upon us, or the Verb suffer'd a Mutilation of its first Syllable: I am
 for the first, and have alter'd the Text accordingly.

Dru. 'Tis like the general Cause, their love of Honour,
Relieving of their wants,—

Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? My Place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By —— Sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers with Drum and Colours.*]

Pen. What, am I grown a Shadow? Hark, they march,
I'll know, and (will) be myself. Stand, Disobedience;
He that advances one Foot higher, dies for't.
Run through the Regiment upon your Duties,
And charge 'em on command, beat back again,
By —— I'll tithe 'em all else.

Reg. We'll do our best.

[*Exeunt Drufius and Regulus.*]

Pen. Back, cease your bawling Drums there,
I'll beat the Tubs about your Brains else. Back:
Do I speak with less fear than Thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home; ha?
D'ye stare upon me? Are those Minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant Tempers I was proud
To be a Fellow to, those great Discretions [fires?
Made your Names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to Wild-
O Gods, to Disobedience? Command, farewell:
And ye be witness with me, all things Sacred,
I have no share in these Mens Shames. March Soldiers,
And seek your own sad Ruins; your old *Penius*
Dares not behold your Murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain. 2 *Sold.* Captain.

3 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Captain.

Pen. Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,
Though in your Mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own Wills; 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your Lives and Credits,
To keep your Necks whole from the Ax hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye; go, seek the *Britains*,
And say ye come to glut their Sacrifices;

But

But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all Parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my Command, for Story;
What now ye are, for Pity. Fare ye well.

Enter Drusus and Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penius*; see the Soldier
In all points apt for Duty.

Reg. See his Sorrow
For's Disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See Captain,
The toughness of his Courage turn'd to Water;
See how his manly Heart melts.

Pen. Go, beat homeward,
There learn to eat your little with Obedience,
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

Macer. My Answer, Sir.

Pen. Tell the great General,
My Comp'nies are no Fagots to fill Breaches;
Myself no Man that must, or shall, can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the Captains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver.

Pen. Farewel, *Macer.*

[Exit Penius.]

Cur. Pray Gods this breed no Mischief.

Reg. It must needs,
If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his Anger,
Besides the Soldiers loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.

Dru. He's a brave Fellow;
And but a little hide his Haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some Causes)
He shews the worthiest *Roman* this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the General
Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour:
Pray for our Fortunes Gentlemen, if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a Funeral.

The Gods make sharp our Swords, and steel our Hearts;
We dare, alas, but cannot fight our Parts. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius, Petillius and a Herald observing Junius.

Pet. Let him go on, stay, now he Talks.

Jun. Why?

Why should I love mine Enemy? What's Beauty?
Of what strange Violence, that like the Plague,
It works upon our Spirits? Blind they feign him,
I'm sure, I find it so.

Pet. A Dog shall lead ye.

Jun. His fond Affections blinder.

Pet. Hold ye there still.

Jun. It takes away my Sleep.

Pet. Alas, poor Chicken.

Jun. My company, content; almost my fashion.

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis sure the Plague, for no Man dare come near me
Without an Antidote, 'tis far worse; Hell.

Pet. Thou'rt damn'd without Redemption then.

Jun. The way to't

Strew'd with fair Western Smiles, and *April* Blushes,
Led by the brightest Constellations; Eyes, [thence
And sweet (16) proportions, envying Heav'n; but from
No way to guide, no Path, no Wisdom bring us.

Pet. Yes, a smart Water, *Junius.* *Jun.* Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our Ends, we lose 'em,
And all our Appetites are but as Dreams
We laugh at in our Ages.

(16) — *envying Heav'n*;] As this is now pointed, 'tis Proportions which *Heaven envies*; but if this be the Design, the Sense and Expression are both equally stiff and bad. I believe the Comma after *proportions* should be out, and *envying* be understood as *envying with*, or *emulating Heaven*. It is an uncommon Use of the Word, but I believe fully justifiable from its Etymology. I take *Envy* to be no more originally, than *vye*, with the affirmative Particle added to it, as *Enfolded* from *folded*, *endure* from *dure*, &c. only this is chang'd into the Active Verb.

Mr. Seward.

Pet.

Pet. Sweet Philosopher!

[Gods,

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy,
Why am I thus Ridic'lous? *Pet.* Motley on thee,
Thou art an arrant Ass. *Jun.* Can red and white,
An Eye, a Nose, a Cheek. *Pet.* But one Cheek, *Junius*?
An half-fac'd Mistress?

Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton Fools call Fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my Reason? Why should not I
Doat on my Horse well trapt, my Sword well hatch'd?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my Youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine Honour dare not ask; she has been Ravish'd,
My Nature must not know; she hates our Nation.
Thus to dispose my Spirit!

Pet. Stay a little, he will declaim again.

Jun. I will not Love; I am a Man, have Reason,
And I will use it: I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a Wench, there are a thousand —

Pet. Hold thee there, Boy.

Jun. A thousand will intreat me.

Pet. Ten thousand, *Junius*.

Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion Valiant; can please Nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy Back's *probatum*, for I've known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong Stallion.

Jun. I will be Man again.

Pet. Now mark the working,
The Devil and the Spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the Devil's Head.

Jun. I must be wretched.

Pet. I knew I'd won.

Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my Fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy Fortune
With all the Shapes imagination breeds, [Musick.
But I will fright thy Devil: Stay, he sings now.

[Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him in Mockage.

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd ?

Pet. Yes marry must ye.

Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the General's Command that all sick Persons, old and unable, retire within the Trenches; he (17) that fears has Liberty to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, and Cowards must not come near the Regiments, for fear of their Infections; especially those Cowards they call Lovers.*

Jun. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald. *If any common Soldier love an Enemy, he's whip'd and made a Slave: If any Captain, (18) he's cast with loss of Honours, flung out o'th' Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Soldier.*

Jun. The——consume ye all, Rogues. [Exit Jun.

Pet. Let this work:

H'as something now to chew upon, he's gone,
Come, shake no more.

Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for *Europe*;
I would have given my Life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to Lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their Confines——

Pet. There's your Payment,
And keep this private.

Her. I am School'd for Talking. [Exit Herald.

(17) *that fears his Liberty—Fools, Boys and Lovers*] The bare Inspection of this Place evidently shews 'tis far from sound. *He that fears has Liberty*,——is Sense, not so the old Reading. So *Fools, Boys and Lovers*,——especially those *Cowards they call Lovers* can never be genuine. I hope my Correction bids fair for restoring the true Sense of this Place.

(18) *Captain, cast*] The restoring of the Verb here to its ancient undoubted Right, makes full and compleat Sense, which it could not be said to be before this Insertion.

Enter

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, *Demetrius*, are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing,

Your Company stands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius*?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That *Decius* leads.

Pet. Hunting for Victuals.

Upon my life free-booting Rogues, their Stomachs
Are like a Widow's Lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing th' Enemy
Master of all the Country.

Pet. Resolute Hungers

Know neither Fears nor Faiths; they tread on Ladders,
(19) Ropes, Gallows's, and overlook all Dangers.

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Pet. There's their joyful Supper,

And no doubt they are at it. *Dem.* But for Heav'n's sake,
How does young *Junius*? *Pet.* Drawing on, poor
Gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To th' end of all Flesh, Woman.

Dem. This Love has made him a stout Soldier.

Pet. O, a great one,

Fit to command young Gossings; but what News?

Dem. I think the Messenger's come back from
Penius

By this time, let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now

If he deny to come, and take Exceptions
At some half Syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill Accent, or some Stile left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak Treason,

Dare say what no Man dares believe, dares do —

(19) *Ropes, Gallows, and overdo all Dangers.*] The Verse and
the Sense here both seem to labour: I hope I have supplied the one,
and remedied the other. *To overdo a Danger* is an Expression I don't
remember, but *to overlook one* common.

But that's all one: I'll lay you my black Armour
To twenty Crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done. *Pet.* You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, *Penius*,
Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I'll thank thee.
Come let's go pray for six Hours; most of us
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more; two good Blows
Struck home at two Commanders of the *Britains*,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of Dying.

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
With what strange Legs, and Arms, and Eyes, and
Noses,

Let Carpenters and Copper-smiths consider.

If I can keep my Heart whole, and my Wind-pipe,
That I may drink yet like a Soldier——

Dem. Come let's have better Thoughts: mine's on
your Armour.

Pet. Mine's in your Purse, Sir let's go try the Wager.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Judas and his four Companions (Halters about
their Necks;) Bonduca, her Daughters, and Nen-
nius following.*

Bon. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for Victuals here? Are we your Friends;
Or do you come for Spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye
long for't?

Jud. What say ye? Shall we hang in this vein? Hang
we must,

And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an Arse like Dogs to't.

1 Sold. Any way, so it be handsome:

3 Sold. I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too: But all agree,
And

And (20) I'll not stick out, Boys.

4 Sold. Let us hang pleasantly.

Jud. Then pleasantly be't: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with Meat in our Mouths,
As ask your Pardon empty.

Bon. These are brave Hungers.

What say you to a Leg of Beef now, Sirrah?

Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bon. Torment 'em, Wenches, I must back; then
hang 'em. [Exit.

Jud. We humbly thank your Grace.

1 Daugh. The Rogues laugh at us.

2 Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a Wench now?

Jud. A Wench, Lady?

I do beseech your Ladiship, retire.

I'll tell ye presently, ye see the time's short;

One crash, even to the settling of my Conscience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, Boys?

Jud. Yes, ride too, Captain,

(21) Will you but see my Seat?

1 Daugh. Ye shall be set, Sir,
Upon a Jade shall shake ye.

Jud. Sheets, good Madam,
Will do it ten times better.

1 Daugh. Whips, good Soldier,
Which ye shall taste 'fore ye hang, to mortifie ye;
'Tis pity ye should die thus desperate. [caps.

2 Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave Mad-
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your Resolutions.

Bring out the Whips.

Jud. Would your good Ladiships
Would exercise 'em too.

(20) *I'll not out, Boys.*] Here seems to be a Deficiency in the Expression, which by the Insertion of a Monosyllable, I hope I have made up.

(21) *Will you but see my Seat?*

1 Daugh. *You shall be set.*] Tho' this is Sense, yet to make it more agreeable with what follows we perhaps shou'd read so,

Will you see me set?

1 Daugh. *You shall be set.*

4 Sold.

4 *Sold.* (22) Securely Ladies,
We'll shew you a strange Patience.

Nen. Hang 'em Rascals,
They'll talk thus on the Wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these Fellows? What's the crime committed,
That they wear Necklaces?

Nen. They're *Roman Rogues*,
Taken a Foraging.

Car. Is that all, *Nennius*?

Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the Devil,
The kill-cow, *Caratach*.

Car. And you would hang 'em.

Nen. Are they not Enemies?

1 *Sold.* My Breech makes Buttons.

1 *Daugh.* Are they not our Tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.
Pluck off your Halters, Fellows.

Nen. Take heed, *Caratach*,
Taint not your Wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, *Nennius*?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our Honours,
And give a glorious Day into our Hands,
If we dispatch our Foes thus? What's their Offence?
Stealing a Loaf or two to keep out Hunger,
A piece of greazie Bacon, or a Pudding?
Do these deserve the Gallows, they are hungry,
Poor hungry Knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:
Art thou not hungry?

Jud. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like Hunger's self; get 'em some Victuals,
And Wine to cheer their Hearts, quick: Hang up poor
Pilchers?

2 *Sold.* This is the bravest Captain——

Nen. *Caratach*,
I'll leave you to your Will.

(22) *Surely Ladies,*] The present Text is from Mr. *Seward's* Con-
jecture, which he thinks completes the Sense, and is a better Word.

Car.

Car. I'll answer all, Sir.

2 Daugh. Let's up and view his Entertainment of 'em,
I am glad they're shifted any way, their Tongues else
Would still have murdered us.

1 Daugh. Let's up and see it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor Knaves: Why where's this Wine
and Victuals?

Who waits there?

Serv. within. Sir, 'tis coming.

Hen. Who are these, Uncle?

Car. They are *Romans*, Boy.

Hen. Are these they

That vex mine Aunt so? Can these fight? They look
Like empty Scabbards all, no mettle in 'em,
Like Men of Clouts, set to keep Crows from Orchards;
Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good Chicken. And how do ye?
How do you feel your Stomachs?

Jud. Wondrous apt, Sir,
As shall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well, down with't,
A little Grace will serve your turns; eat softly,
You'll choak ye Knaves else: Give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,
We're even a little busie.

Hen. Can that Fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou Fellow.

Jud. Away Boy,
Away, this is no Boys Play.

Hen. By—— Uncle,
If his Valour lyes in's Teeth, he's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir.

Hen. Good Uncle, tell me,
What's the Price of a couple of cramm'd *Romans*?

Car. Some twenty *Britains* Boy; these are good Soldiers.

Hen. Do not the Cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, Boy.
Come, I'll sit with you too; sit down by me, Boy.

Jud.

- Jud.* Pray bring your Dish then.
Car. Hearty Knaves; More Meat there.
1 Sold. That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now and pledge me.
Jud. This little Piece, Sir.
Car. By——square Eaters,
 More Meat I say; upon my Conscience
 The poor Rogues have not eat this Month: How terribly
 They charge upon their Victuals; dare ye fight thus?
Jud. Believe it, Sir, like Devils.
Car. Well said, Famine,
 Here's to thy General.
Jud. Most excellent Captain, I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to morrow Night, say to him,
 His Head is mine.
Jud. I can assure ye, Captain,
 He will not give it for this washing.
Car. Well said. [*Daughters above.*]
1 Daugh. Here's a strange Entertainment: How the
 Thieves drink.
2 Daugh. Danger is dry, they look'd for colder Liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more Wine, give 'em full Bowls; which
 of you all now,
 In Recompence of this good, dare but give me
 A sound Knock in the Battel?
Jud. Delicate Captain,
 To do thee a sufficient Recompence,
 I'll knock thy Brains out. *Car.* Do it. [*Brains out.*]
Hen. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: Thou knock his
 Thou Skin of Man? Uncle, I will not hear this.
Jud. Tie up your Whelp.
Hen. Thou kill my Uncle?
 Would I had but a Sword for thy fake, thou dry'd Dog.
Car. What a Mettle
 This little Vermin carries.
Hen. Kill mine Uncle?
Car. He shall not, Child.
Hen. He cannot; he's a Rogue,
 An only eating Rogue. Kill my sweet Uncle?
 Oh that I were a Man. *Jud.* By this Wine, which I
 Will

Will drink to Captain *Junius*, who loves
The Queen's most excellent Majesty's little Daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.

Hen. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great Pin.

Car. No more, Boy.

I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good Fellows.

2 Daugh. In love with me? That Love shall cost your
Lives all:

Come Sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easie Conquest of 'em,
If Fortune favour me.

Car. Let's see ye sweat
To Morrow, Blood and Spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to stern Valour.

1 Sold. Hark ye, *Judas*,
If he should hang us after all this.

Jud. Let him:
I'll hang like a Gentleman, and a *Roman*.

Car. Take away there, they have enough.

Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good Cheer, and if we meet to Morrow,
One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em Guides, their Wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter and a Servant.

2 Daugh. That hungry Fellow.
With the red Beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.

Car. Farewel Knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your Words to Morrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your Meat. Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.

Jud. Meaning me, Sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest Daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your Pains.

Jud.

Jud. I rest her humble Servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, Boys.

Serv. I must instruct ye farther.

Jud. Keep your Files there.

Order, sweet Friends; Faces about now. *Guide.* Here, Sir,
Here lyes your way. *Jud.* Bless the Founders, I say:
Fairly, good Soldiers, fairly march now; close, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and
Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe; not come, because commanded;
Was it not thus?

Macer. It was, Sir.

Pet. What now think ye?

Suet. *Must come*, so heinous to him, so distasteful?

Pet. Give me my Mony.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, Sir,
And presently I'll pay it.

Suet. His Obedience,
So blind at his Years and Experience,
It cannot find where to be tendred?

Macer. Sir,
The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points steel'd up; their Preparations
Full of Resolve, and Confidence: Youth and Fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious Day,
Guilded their *Phalanx*; when the angry *Penius*
Stept like a stormy Cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their Resolutions?

Macer. True; his Reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well *Penius*,
I cannot think thee Coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou'st lopt a Limb off from me;
And let it be thy Glory, thou wast stubborn;
Thy Wisdom, that thou left'st thy General naked:

Yet

Yet e'er the Sun set, I shall make thee see,
 All Valour dwells not in thee; all command
 In one Experience. Thou'lt too late repent this,
 (23) And wish, I must come up, had been thy Blessing.

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no means; he's a Torrent.
 We cannot eas'ly stem.

Pet. I think, a Traitor.

Suet. No ill words; let his own Shame first revile him.
 That Wine I have, see it, *Demetrius*,
 Distributed amongst the Soldiers,
 To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the Word through, that the Eagles
 May presently advance; no Man discover,
 Upon his Life, the Enemies full Strength,
 But make it of no Value: *Decius*,
 Are your starv'd People yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more Obedience: This is no Time
 To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to ye:
 But come, let's order all: Whose Sword is sharpest,
 And Valour equal to his Sword this Day,
 Shall be my Saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Judas and his Company.

Jud. Captain, Captain, I've brought 'em off again;
 The drunkenest Slaves.

Dec. ——— Confound your Rogueships;
 I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.

Jud. Pray who will you command then?

Dec. For you, Sirrah,
 That are the Ring-Leader to these Devices,
 Whose Maw is never cram'd, I'll have an Engine.

Jud. A Wench, sweet Captain.

Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the Forks,
 Where ye shall have two *Lictors* with two Whips
 Hammer your Hide.

(23) So the Folio of 1647. The other Copies thus:
 And wist, I must, &c.

Jud.

Jud. Captain, good Words, fair Words,
Sweet Words, good Captain; if you like not us,
Farewel, we have Employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?

Jud. There where you dare not be with all your Valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Jud. With best good Fellow living.

Sold. The King of all good Fellows.

Dec. Who's that:

Jud. Caratach.

Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy,
Mark me, with *Caratach*: By this——*Caratach*:
Do you as much now and you dare: sweet *Caratach*.
Ye talk of a good Fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old *Caratach*: besides the drink,
Captain,

The bravest running Banquet of black Puddings,
Pieces of glorious Beef.

Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?

Jud. Hanging's a Dog's Death, we are Gentlemen,
And I say still, old *Caratach*.

Dec. Belike then,

You are turn'd Rebels all.

Jud. We're *Roman* Boys all,
And Boys of Mettle: I must do that, Captain,
This Day, this very Day.

Dec. Away, ye Rascal.

Jud. Fair words, I say again.

Dec. What must you do, Sir?

Jud. I must do that my Heart-strings yern to do,
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Jud. Why, kill *Caratach*.

That's all he ask'd us for our Entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Jud. Would I had sold myself
Unto the Skin I had not promis'd it;
For such another *Caratach* ——

Dec. Come Fool,

Have ye done your Country Service?

Jud.

Jud. I have brought that
To Captain *Junius*.

Dec. How?

Jud. I think will do all :
I cannot tell, I think so.

Dec. How? to *Junius*?

I'll more enquire of this : You'll fight now? *Jud.* Promise,
Take heed of promise, Captain. *Dec.* Away, and rank
then.

Jud. But hark ye, Captain, there is Wine distributing,
I would fain know what share I have. *Dec.* Be gone,
Ye have too much. *Jud.* Captain, no Wine, no fighting.
There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine. *Dec.* Well, Sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well. *Jud.* Do excellent.

Dec. Ye shall have Wine, or any thing : go File,
I'll see ye have your share : drag out your Dormise,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep hand-
somely,

They'll hear a hunt's-up shortly.

Jud. Now I love thee :
But no more Forks nor Whips.

Dec. Deserve 'em not then :
Up with your Men, I'll meet ye presently ;
And get 'em sober quickly.

Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies,
All's right again and straight ; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine : Awake ye Men of *Memphis*,
Be sober and discreet, we've much to do, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. **P**Repare there for the Sacrifice, the Queen comes.
[*Musick.*]

*Enter in Solemnity the Druids singing, the second Daughter
strewing Flowers ; then Bonduca, Nennius, and others.*

Bon. Ye powerful Gods of *Britain*, hear our Prayers ;
VOL. VI. U Hear

Hear us you great Revengers, and this Day
 Take pity from our Swords, doubt from our Valours;
 Double the sad Remembrance of our Wrongs
 In every Breast; the Vengeance due to those
 Make infinite and endless: on our Pikes
 This day pale Terror sit, Horrors and Ruins
 Upon our Executions; claps of Thunder
 Hang on our armed Carts, and 'fore our Troops
 Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em.
 Rise from the Dust, ye Relicks of the Dead,
 Whose noble Deeds our (24) holy *Druids* sing;
 O rise, ye valiant Bones, let not base Earth

(24) ——— *holy Druids sing;*] What I think proper to be said in relation to the *Druides*, I shall quote from Mr. *Jones's* Answers to Mr. *Tate's* Questions, in Vol. 1. p. 187, of a Collection of Mr. *Toland's* Pieces.

I say, that *Druides*, or *Druidæ*, is a Word that is derived from the *British* Word *Drudion*, being the Name of certain wise, discreet, learned and religious Persons among the *Britons*. *Drudion* is the Plural Number of this Primitive Word *Drud*. By adding *ion* to the Singular Number, you make the Plural of it, *secundum formam Britannorum*; sic *Drud*, *Drudion*. This Primitive Word *Drud* has many Significations. One Signification is *Dialwr*, that is a Revenger, or one that redresseth Wrong, for so the Justicers call'd *Drudion*, did supply the Place of Magistrates. Another Signification, *Krewlon*, and that signifies Cruel and Merciless; for they did execute Justice most righteously, and punish'd Offenders most severely. *Drud* signifies also *Gtus* and *Prid*, that is, Valiant or Hardy. *Drud* is also Dear or Precious, *unde venit Drudanieth*, which is Dearth. These *Drudion*, among the *Britons*, by their Office did determine all kind of Matters, as well private as publick, and were Justicers as well in religious Matters and Controversies, as in Law Matters and Controversies, for Offences of Death and Title of Laws. These did the Sacrifices to the Heathen Gods, and the Sacrifices could not be made without them, and they did forbid Sacrifices to be done by any Man that did not obey their Decree and Sentence. All the Arts, Sciences, Learning, Philosophy and Divinity that was taught in the Land, was taught by them, and they taught by Memory, and never would that their Knowledge and Learning should be put in Writing: whereby when they were suppress'd by the Emperor of *Rome* in the Beginning of Christianity, their Learning, Arts, Laws, Sacrifices, and Governments were lost and extinguish'd here in this Land; so that I can find no more mention of any of their Deeds in our Tongue than I have set down, but that they dwelled in Rocks and Woods, and dark Places; and some Places in our Land had their Names from them, and are called after their Names to this Day.

Oppress

Oppress your Honours, whilst the Pride of *Rome*
Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your Stories.

Nen. (25) Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our sacred Priests,
Armed with dreadful Thunder, (26) place on high
Above the rest of the immortal Gods,
Send thy consuming Fires, and deadly Bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each *Roman Heart*
A fear fit for Confusion; blast their Spirits,
Dwell in 'em to Destruction; through their *Pbalanx*
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud Tree; shake their Bodies,
Make their Strengths totter, and their topless Fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin.

Daugh. O thou God,
Thou feared God, if ever to thy Justice
Insulting Wrongs, and Ravishments of Women,
(Women deriv'd from thee,) (27) the Shames, the Suf-
ferings

Of those that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
With Virgin Incense, have Access, now hear me;
Now snatch thy Thunder up, now on these *Romans*,
Despisers of thy Power, of us Defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing Anger,
To make thy great Work full, thy Justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed Isle
Of what *Rome* is or has been.

Bon. Give more Incense,
The Gods are deaf and drowsy; no happy Flame
Rises to raise our Thoughts: Pour on.

(25) *Thou great Tiranes,*] Thus wrote our Authors, tho' the Anti-
quarians of latter Days have not follow'd their Example.

Mr. *Sammes* in his *Britannia Antiqua illustrata*, calls this God *Taramis*:
Toland in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. *Baxter* allows
neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans* verò sive *Tanarus*
Lucano Taranis Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse *Tara-*
mis, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui *Tonitrua*
dicuntur *Taranæ*, ut sit singulari numero *Taran*. Vid. *Glossar. Antiq.*
Britannic. in voc. Tanarus. From so great a choice of Names as I have
here serv'd up, the Reader may take which pleases him best.

(26) — place on high] So the Edition of 1647, the rest plac'd.

(27) — their Shames,] The reason why Mr. *Seward* and myself have
receded from the old Reading in this Place, is too obvious to be men-
tion'd.

2 *Daugh.* See Heav'n,
 And all you Pow'rs that guide us, see, and shame,
 (28) We kneel so long for pity: Over your Altars
 (Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,
 No Incense Offering,) will I hang mine Eyes;
 And as I wear these Stones with hourly weeping,
 So will I melt your Pow'rs into Compassion.
 This Tear for *Prosutagus* my brave Father;
 (Ye Gods now think on *Rome*;) this for my Mother,
 And all her Miseries; yet see, and save us;
 But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heav'n,
 Oh see thy Show'rs stol'n from thee; our Dishonours,

[*A Smoke from the Altar,*

Oh Sister, our Dishonours: Can ye be Gods,
 And these Sins smother'd?

Bon. The Fire takes.

Car. It does so,

But no Flame rises. Cease your fearful Prayers,
 Your Whinings, and your tame Petitions;
 The Gods love Courage arm'd with Confidence,
 And Prayers fit to pull them down: weak Tears
 And troubled Hearts, the dull Twins of cold Spirits,
 They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:
 (29) Divine *Andraſta*, thou who hold'st the Reins
 Of furious Battels, and disorder'd War,
 And proudly row'st thy swarty Charriot-wheels
 Over the heaps of Wounds and Carcasses,
 Sailing through Seas of Blood; thou sure-steel'd Stern-
 ness,

Give us this Day good Hearts, good Enemies,
 Good Blows o' both sides, Wounds that Fear or Flight
 Can claim no Share in; steel us both with Angers

(28) *We kneel so long for pity over your Altars;*

Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,

No Incense Off'ring, will I hang my Eyes;

] This pointing renders the Sense greatly confus'd; the true one I take to be that of the Text.

(29) *Divine Andate,*] The real Name of this Goddess, says Mr. Baxter from *Xiphilin*, is not *Andate* but *Andraſta*; and so I have ventur'd to alter the Text.

And

And warlike Executions fit thy viewing ;
 Let *Rome* put on her best strength, and thy *Britain*,
 Thy little *Britain*, but as great in Fortune,
 Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring ;
 And then look on, (30) thou Red-ey'd God : who does best,
 Reward with honour ; who Despair makes fly.
 Unarm for ever, and brand with Infamy :
 Grant this, divine *Andraſta*, 'tis but Justice ;
 And my first blow thus on thy holy Altar [*A flame arises.*
 I Sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out. [*Musick.*

Car. Now sing, ye *Druids*. [*Song.*

Bon. It is out again. [*more,*

Car. (31) Sh'as giv'n us leave to fight yet ; we ask no
 The rest hangs in our Resolutions :
 Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther, Cousin.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
 Our Valours are our best Gods. Chear the Soldier,
 And let him eat. *Mef.* He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then ;
 When he has done, let's March. Come, fear not, Lady,
 This day the *Roman* gains no more ground here,
 But what his Body lies in.

Bon. Now I'm confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it ; beside our Lives,
 It forfeits all our Understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
 Can ye forsake me in so just a Service,
 A Service for the Common-wealth, for Honour ?

(30) — thou Red-ey'd God :] As the *Greeks* use *Θεός*, and the
Latins Deus, both for God and Goddeſs ; so our Poets here have
 taken the same Liberty, and call *Andraſta* Red-ey'd God, though she
 was really a Goddeſs.

(31) Thus Mr. *Theobald* reads in his Margin : The old Reading
 is *H'bas*.

Read but the Letter ; you may love too.

Dec. Read it ;

If there be any safety in the Circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis Love, we will not fail ye,
Read it, good *Curius*.

Cur. Willingly. *Jun.* Now mark it.

Cur. reads. Health to thy Heart, my honoured *Junius*,
And all thy Love requited : I am thine,
Thine everlastingly, thy Love has won me,
And let it breed no doubt ; our new Acquaintance
Compels this, 'tis the Gods decree to bless us.
The Times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not ;
By all the Love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me ;
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myself and Fortune this blest Day
Into thy Hands, if thou think'st good : To shew thee
How infinite my Love is, ev'n my Mother
Shall be thy Prisoner, the Day yours without hazard ;
For I beheld your Danger like a Lover,
A just affecter of thy Faith : Thy Goodness,
I know, will use us nobly ; and our Marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen *Rome's* Ambition.
I'm weary of these Mis'ries : Use my Mother,
(If you intend to take her) with all Honour,
And let this Disobedience to my Parents
Be laid on Love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn ; just at the joining
Of both the Battels, we'll be weakly guarded ;
And for a Guide, within this Hour shall reach thee
A faithful Friend of mine : The Gods, my *Junius*,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee ; young *Bonvica*.

Cur. This Letter carries much Belief, (32) and most
Objections answer'd, we must have doubted.

(32) ——— and most Objections

Answer'd, we must have doubted.] This is not Grammar,
without being made an imperfect Sentence: But I believe the Original
ran thus,

————— and those Objections

Answers, we must have doubted.

Dec.

Dec. Is that Fellow come to ye for a Guide yet?

Jun. Yes. *Dec.* And examin'd?

Jun. Far more than that, he has felt Tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this Truth.

Dec. Strange.

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my Soul she means Truth.

Dec. Think an Hour more,
Then if your Confidence grow stronger on ye,
We'll set in with ye. *Jun.* Nobly done, I thank ye:
Ye know the time. *Cur.* We will be either ready
To give ye present Counsel, or join with ye.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Jun. No more, as ye are Gentlemen. The Gen'ral.

Suet. Draw out apace, the Enemy waits for us;
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Suet. I'm glad to hear you say so, *Junius*,
I hope you're dispossest.

Jun. I hope so too, Sir?

Suet. Continue so. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needless, ye are *Romans*,
The Name will fight itself; to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his Power, and Nature,
But loss of time; (33) Ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye farther,
His Body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more Honour on your Actions,

Or

and those

Objections answers, which we must have doubted.

The Former makes the following Verses most compleat.

T. Seward.

(33) — yet know it,] *Mr. Theobald*, *Mr. Seward* and myself,
all concurr'd in this slight Alteration of the Text: Not that I should
have taken notice of so small a Matter, but out of a Desire that the
World should know the very minutest thing that *Mr. Theobald* had
done in his intended Edition of our Authors.

Load ye with virtuous Names, and to your Memories
 Tye never-dying Time, and Fortune constant.
 Go on in full assurance, draw your Swords
 As daring and as confident as Justice;
 The Gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitch'd on the toplefs *Apenine*, and blows
 To all the under World, all Nations, [dwells;
 The Seas, and unfrequented Defarts, where the Snow
 Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there
 Where nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
 Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues,
 Go on, I say: Valiant and Wise, rule Heav'n,
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
 Upon this Enemy, who, but that we want Foes,
 Cannot deserve that Name; and like a Mist,
 A lazy Fog, before your burning Valours
 You'll find him fly to nothing; this is all,
 We've Swords, and are the Sons of antient *Romans*,
 Heirs to their endless Valours, fight and Conquer.

Dec. Dem. It is done.

Pet. That Man that loves not this Day,
 And hugs not in his Arms the noble Danger,
 May he die fameless and forgot. *Suet.* Sufficient,
 Up to your Troops, and let your Drums beat Thunder,
 March close, and sudden like a Tempest: All Execu-
 tions [March.

Done without sparkling of the Body; keep your Phalanx
 Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your Pikes forward,
 And so march like a moving Fort; e'er this Day run,
 We shall have ground to add to *Rome*, well won. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The *Roman* is advanc'd; from yond' Hills brow
 We may behold him, *Caratach*. [A March.

Car. Let's thither, [Drums within at one place afar off.
 I see the Dust fly. Now I see the Body,
 Observe 'em, *Nennius*, by—— a handsome Body,

And

And of a few, strongly and wisely jointed :
Suetonius is a Soldier. *Nen.* As I take it,
 That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
 Viewing their Preparations. *Car.* Very likely,
 He shews no less than General; see how bravely
 The Body moves, and in the Head how proudly
 The Captains stick like Plumes; he comes apace on;
 Good *Nennius* go, and bid my stout Lieutenant
 Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em,
 And as he Charges, open to inclose 'em;
 The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
 To gain their Backs, in which I'll lead the Vanguard.
 We shall have bloody Crowns this Day, I see by't;
 Hasten thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow instantly.

[*Exit Nennius.*]

How close they march, as if they grew together? [*March.*]
 No place but lin'd alike, sure from Oppression;
 They will not change this Figure; we must charge 'em,
 And charge 'em home at both Ends, Van and Rear.

[*Drums in another place afar off.*]

They'll never totter else. I hear our Musick,
 And must attend it: Hold good Sword, but this Day,
 And bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
 I'll make a Relick of thee, for young Soldiers
 To come like Pilgrims to, and kiss for Conquests. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the Fellow stays. *Dec.* What think ye?

Cur. I think 'tis true. *Jun.* Alas, if 'twere a Question,
 If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
 D'ye think mine own Discretion so self-blind,
 My care of you so naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petillius* with us. *Jun.* By no means:
 He's never wise but to himself, not courteous,
 But where the end's his own; we're strong enough,
 If not too many. Behind yonder Hill
 The Fellow tells me she attends, weak guarded,

Her

Her Mother and her Sister. *Cur.* I would venture,

Jun. We shall not strike five Blows for't; weigh the good,

The general good may come. *Dec.* Away, I'll with ye,
But with what doubt? *Jun.* Fear not, my Soul for all.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several Places afar off, as at a main Battel.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Drusus and Penius above.

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this Hill
The Country shews off level. *Pen.* Gods defend me,
What Multitudes they are, what Infinites?

The *Roman* Power shews like a (34) little Star
Hedg'd with a double Halo. Now the Knell Rings,

[*Loud Shouts.*]

Hark how they shout to th' Battel, how the Air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Drusus*,
With the huge vollied Clamours.

Dru. Now they charge,
Oh Gods, of all sides, fearfully.

Pen. Little *Rome*.

Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short Hour,
And thou hast out-done *Hercules*. *Dru.* The Dust
Hides 'em, we cannot see what follows. *Pen.* They're gone,
Gone, swallow'd, *Drusus*, this eternal Sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Dru. O turn this way,
And see a Model of the Field, some forty,
Against four hundred.

Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drusus*,

(34) ——— little Star

[*Hedg'd with a double Hollow.*] Thus the Octavo of 1711:
The Folio of 1679 has *Hollo*, that of 1647 *Halloa*; which last lead
me to conjecture the real Word was *Halo*, a well known Term in
Astronomy, and to my great Pleasure I found afterward, Mr. *Theobald*
had plac'd this very Correction in his Margin.

They

They seem to carry it ; now they charge all, [*Loud Shouts.*
 Close, close, I say ; they follow it : Ye Gods,
 Can there be more in Men ? More daring Spirits ?
 Still they make good their Fortunes. Now they're gone too,
 For ever gone ; see *Drusus* at their Backs
 A fearful Ambush rises. Farewel Valours,
 Excellent Valours : O *Rome*, where's thy Wisdom ?

Dru. They're gone indeed, Sir.

Pen. Look out toward the Army,
 I'm heavy with these Slaughters. *Dru.* 'Tis the same still,
 Cover'd with Dust and Fury.

*Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius,
 and Soldiers.*

2 Daugh. Bring 'em in,
 Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em. *1 Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
 Ye are welcome to your Loves. *2 Daugh.* Your Deaths,
 Fools.

Dec. We deserve 'em, and Women do your worst.

1 Daugh. Ye need not beg it.

2 Daugh. Which is kind *Junius* ? *Ser.* This.

2 Daugh. Are you my Sweet-heart ?

It looks ill on't ; how long is't, pretty Soul,
 Since you and I first lov'd ? Had we not reason
 To doat extreemly upon one another ?

How does my Love ? This is not he ; my Chicken
 Could prate finely, sing a Love-song. *Jun.* Monster-----

2 Daugh. Oh, now it Courts.

Jun. Arm'd with more Malice

Than he that got thee has, the Devil. *2 Daugh.* Good.
 Proceed, sweet Chick. *Jun.* I hate thee, that's my last.

2 Daugh. Nay, and ye love me, forward : No ? Come
 Sitter,

Let's prick our Answers on our Arrows Points,
 And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
 Ye proud improvident Fools, have we now caught ye ?
 Are ye i'th' Noose ? Since ye're such loving Creatures,
 We'll be your *Cupids* : Do ye see these Arrows ?
 We'll send them to your wanton Livers, Goats.

1 Daugh.

1 *Daugh.* O how I'll trample on your Hearts, ye Villains,
Ambitious salt-itch Slaves: *Rome's* master Sins,
The mountain Rams topt your hot Mothers.

2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
To whose brave Founders a salt Whore gave suck;
Thieves, Honour's Hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my (35) fell-anger, [*Enter Caratach.*
I do not out-do all Example.

Car. Where,
Where are these Ladies? Ye keep noble Quarter,
Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her Battel. Sure these Faces
I have beheld and known, they're *Roman* Leaders,
How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd,
A certain Policy conducted 'em
Unto our Snare: We've done ye no small service;
These us'd as we intend, we are for th' Battel.

Car. As you intend? Taken by Treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our Conquest,
Make up a Battel worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by Craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A Woman's Wisdom in our Triumphs? Out,
Out ye Sluts, ye Follies; from our Swords
Filch our Revenges basely? Arm again, Gentlemen:
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By ——— Uncle,
We will have Vengeance for our Rapes.

Car. By ——— [there.
You should have kept your Legs close then: Dispatch

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus.

Car. He that stirs to Execute,

(35) ——— *my self-anger,*] *Fell*, as I have corrected the Text,
and as Mr. *Seward* likewise reads, is undoubtedly the genuine Lesson:
'Tis, as he farther observes, an Epithet the Poets use a little lower, in
the fine Description of Destruction.

——— *fell Destruction*
Lashes his fiery Horse.

Or she, though't be yourselves, by him that got me,
 Shall quickly feel mine Anger; one great Day given us,
 Not to be snatch'd out of our Hands but basely;
 And we must shame the Gods from whence we have it,
 With setting Snares for Soldiers? I'll run away first,
 Be hooted at, and Children call me Coward,
 Before I set up (36) Stales for Victories: [the Women
 Give 'em their Swords. 2 Daugh. O Gods. Car. Bear off
 Unto their Mother. 2 Daugh. One Shot, gentle Uncle.

Car. One cut her Fiddle-string: Bear 'em off, I say.

1 Daugh. The—— take this Fortune.

Car. Learn to Spin,
 And curse your knotted Hemp: Go Gentlemen,

[Exeunt Daughters.]

Safely go off, up to your Troops; be wiser,
 There thank me like tall Soldiers: I shall seek ye.

[Exit Caratach.]

Cur. A noble worth. Dec. Well Junius.

Jun. Pray ye no more.

Cur. He blushes, do not load him.

Dec. Where's your Love now? [Drums loud again.]

Jun. Puff, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our Follies.

[Exeunt Junius, Curius and Decius.]

Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the Roman Body's whole,
 I see 'em clear again. Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible;
 Drusus, they must be lost. Dru. By——they're whole, Sir,
 And in brave doing; see they wheel about
 To gain more Ground.

Pen. But see there, Drusus, see,
 See that huge Battel moving from the Mountains,
 Their gilt Coats shine like Dragons Scales, their March
 Like a rough tumbling Storm; see them, and view 'em,

(36) — set up Scales for Victories:] This Reading has neither
 Sense nor Meaning, as must be obvious to every careful Reader. *Stales*
 as I have alter'd the Text, bids fairest for the Authors Reading: And
 in Confirmation of this Correction I must add, that the same Expres-
 sion occurs in *Wild-goose Chase*, Act 3.

Lil. Biancha says to *Pinac*.

*I will not say, I owe y'a Quarrel, Monsieur,
 For making me your Stale,*

Mr. Seward too sent me this very Correction.

And

And then see *Rome* no more ; say they fail, look,
 Look where the armed Carts stand ; a new Army.
 Look how they hang like falling Rocks, as murdering
 Death rides in Triumph, *Drusus* : Fell Destruction
 Lashes his fiery Horse, and round about him
 His many thousand ways to let out Souls.
 • Move me again when they charge, when the Mountain
 Melts under their hot Wheels, and from their Ax'trees
 Huge Claps of Thunder plough the Ground before 'em,
 'Till then I'll dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Suet. O bravely fought ; Honour 'till now (37) ne'er
 show'd

Her golden Face i'th' Field. Like Lions, Gentlemen,
 You've held your Heads up this Day. Where's young
Junius,

Curius and *Decius* ? *Pet.* Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

Suet. Their Worths go with 'em : Breath awhile :
 How do ye ?

Pet. Well, (38) some few scurvy Wounds, my Heart's
 whole yet.

Dem. Would they would give us more Ground.

Suet. Give ? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it ? and hold it too, despight o'th' Devil.

Enter Junius, Decius and Curius.

Jun. (39) Lead up to th' Head, and Line sure ; the
 Queen's Battel

(37) ——— ne'er show'd

Her golden Fate i'th' Field.] Mr. Seward join'd with me in
 the present Reading, the bare Mention of which carries its own Con-
 viction with it, and requires no farther Elucidation or Confirmation.

(38) — *some few scurvy Wounds,*] I can't help thinking, but
 something is wanting to compleat the Sense : I would propose insert-
 ing the Word *except* after *Wounds*, thus,

Well, some few scurvy Wounds except, my Heart's whole yet.

(39) *Lead up to th' Head and Line ; sure the Queen's, &c.*] Mr. Se-
 ward propos'd once to read thus,

Lead up to th' Head and Line, Sirs ; the Queen's, &c.

which is ingenious ; but not acquiescing in this Variation, he only
 alters with me the Punctuation, as in the present Text, which gives
 compleat Sense, without any Correction at all.

Begins

Begins to charge like Wild-fire. Where's the General?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave Soldiers,
Come, let me pour *Rome's* Blessing on ye; live,
Live, and lead Armies all: Ye bleed hard. *Jun. Best:*
We shall appear the sterner to the Foe.

Dec. More Wounds, more Honour.

Pet. Lose no time. *Suet.* Away then,
And stand this Shock, and ye have stood the World.

Pet. We'll grow to't. Is not this better than lowfie
loving?

Jun. I am myself, *Petillius*.

Pet. (40) 'Tis now I love thee. [*Exeunt Romans.*]

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters and Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' Flanks: O ye have plaid the Fool,
The Fool extremely, the mad Fool. *Bon.* Why Cousin?

Car. The Woman Fool. Why did you give the Word
Unto the Carts to charge down, and our People
In grofs before the Enemy? We pay for't,
Our own Swords cut our Throats: Why? — on't;
Why do you offer to command? The Devil,
The Devil, and his Dam too; who bid you
Meddle in Mens Affairs?

Bon. I'll help all. *Car.* Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]
Home and spin, Woman, spin, go ipin, ye trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd. How, [*Shouts within.*]
Now comes the Tempest on ourselves, by —

[*Victoria within.*]

O Woman, scurvy Woman, beastly Woman. [*Exeunt.*]

Dru. Victoria, Victoria. Pen. How's that, *Drusus*?

Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look,
look, Sir,

For Heav'n's sake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly.
Victoria.

Enter Suetonius, Soldiers and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft; excellent Soldiers,

(40) 'Tis I love thee.] So the former Copies. Mr. Seward and
myself agreed in filling up the Deficiency of the Sense by the Inser-
tion of now into the present Text.

Close

Close, my brave Fellows, honourable *Romans* :
 Oh cool thy Mettle, *Junius*, they are ours,
 The World cannot redeem 'em ; stern *Petillius*,
 Govern the Conquest nobly. Soft, good Soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bonduca, Daughters and Britains.

Bon. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unlucky *Britains* ?
 Will ye creep into your Mothers Wombs again ? Back
 Cowards.

Hares, fearful Hares, Doves in your Angers ; leave me ?
 Leave your Queen desolate ? her hapless Children,

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To Roman Rape again, and Fury ?

Car. Fly, ye Buzzards,
 Ye've Wings enough, ye fear ; get thee gone Woman,
 [Loud Shout within.

Shame tread upon thy Heels ; all's lost, all's lost ; hark,
 Hark how the *Romans* ring our Knells. [*Exit Bond. &c.*

Hen. Good Uncle,
 Let me go too. *Car.* No Boy, (40) thy Fortune's mine,
 I must not leave thee ; get behind me ; shake not,

Enter Petillius, Junius, and Decius.

I'll breech ye, if ye do, Boy : Come, brave *Romans*,
 All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach*. [*Fight. Drums.*

Car. Thou art a Soldier ; strike home, home, have at ye.

Pen. His Blows fall like huge Sledges on an Anvil.

Dec. I'm weary. *Pet.* So am I.

Car. Send more Swords to me.

Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*Sit down.*

Dru. What think ye now ? *Pen.* O *Drusus*,
 I've lost mine Honour, lost my Name, lost all
 That was my Light : These are true *Romans*, and I
 A *Britain* Coward, a base Coward ; guide me

(41) — the *Fortune's mine*,] So the other Copies. Mr. Seward
 agreed with me in correcting the Place, as I have done, in this pre-
 sent Edition.

Where nothing is but Desolation,
That I may never more behold the Face
Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus?

Dru. Good Sir, be comforted;
It was your Wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home,
Your Day is yet to come, when this great Fortune
Shall be but Foil unto it. [*Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, Fool, Coward. [*Exe. Penius and Drusus.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Soldiers, Drum and Colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in: Well have you fought, and
worthy

Rome's noble Recompence. Look to your Wounds,
The Ground is cold and hurtful: The proud Queen
Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters
Defie us once again. To-morrow Morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
Stop not at stubborn Walls: Come, Sons of Honour,
True Virtue's Heirs; thus hatch'd with *Britain* Blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in Gules like Suns,
Beat a soft March, and each one ease his Neighbours.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius singing.

Pet. SMOOTH was his Cheek,

Dec. And his Chin it was sleek,

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Dem. Junius was this Captain's Name,

A Lad for a Lasses viewing.

Pet. Full black his Eye, and plump his Thigh,

Dec. Made up for Love's pursuing:

Dem. Smooth was his Cheek,

Pet. And his Chin it was sleek.

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

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X

Pet.

Pet. O my vex'd Thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy Brains perfect?

Jun. Sound as Bells.

Pet. Thy Back-Worm
Quiet, and cast his Sting, Boy?

Jun. Dead, *Petillius*,
Dead to all Folly, and now my Anger only.

Pet. Why, that's well said; hang *Cupid* and his Quiver,
A drunken brawling Boy: Thy honour'd Saint
Be thy ten Shillings, *Junius*; there's the Mony,
And there's the Ware: Square dealing: This but sweats
thee

(42) Like a Nesh Nag, and makes thee look pin-but-
tock'd;

The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a Pig in a Storm, fills thy Brains full of Madnefs,¹
And shews thee like a long *Lent*, thy brave Body
Turn'd to a Tail of green Fish without Butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good Cup of Wine,
A Mistrefs for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
Her Red and White's her own; she makes good Blood,
Takes none away: What she heats Sleep can help,
Without a groping Surgeon.

Jun. I am counsel'd,
And henceforth, when I doat again, — *Dem.* Take heed,
Y'had almost paid for't.

Pet. Love no more great Ladies,
Thou can'st not step amiss then; there's no delight in 'em
All's in the whistling of their snatcht up Silks,
They're only made for handsome View, not handling,
Their Bodies of so weak and wash a Temper,
A rough-pac'd Bed will shake 'em all to pieces:
A tough Hen pulls their Teeth out, tires their Souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they're full of Rennet,
And take the Skin off where they're tasted: Shun 'em,
They live in Culisses like rotten Cocks
Stew'd to a Tendernefs, that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.

(42) Like a Nesh Nag,] *Nesh*, i. e. tender, delicate, from the *A. S.*
Nesc, *mollis*, *delicatus*.

Jun.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The Wars shall be my Mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen,
For she's a bouncing Lass, she'll kiss thee at Night, Boy,
And break thy Pate i'th' Morning. *Jun.* Yesterday
I found those Favours infinite. *Dem.* Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud. *Pet.* She talks to th' Purpose,
Which never Woman did yet: She'll hold grapling,
And he that lays on best, is her best Servant:
All other Loves are meer catching of Dotrels,
Stretching of Legs out only, and trim Laziness.
Here comes the General.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:
Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold *Caratach*?

Pet. Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

Suet. Then haste *Petillius*, haste to *Penius*,
I fear the strong Conceit of what Disgrace
H'as pull'd upon himself, will be his Ruin:
I fear his Soldiers Fury too; haste presently,
I would not lose him for all *Britain*. Give him, *Petillius*—

Pet. That that shall choak him. [*Aside.*]

Suet. All the noble Counsel,
His Fault forgiven too, his Place, his Honour.

Pet. (43) For me, I think, as handsome.

Suet. All the Comfort,
And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our Command
He drew not to the Battel. *Pet.* I conceive, Sir,
And will do that shall cure all. *Suet.* Bring him with ye
Before the Queen's Fort, and his Forces with him,
There you shall find us following of our Conquest:
Make haste. *Pet.* The best I may. [*Exit.*]

(43) *For me, I think, &c.*] This seems very obscure, but I believe *Petillius* means that *Penius's* Place and Honour would be as handsome for him as *Penius*, who by his Disobedience deserv'd to forfeit them. This seems to be the Key to *Petillius's* whole Behaviour afterwards.

T. Seward.

Suet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies; we'll presently
Upon the Queen's Pursuit; there's nothing done
'Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won.

[*Exeunt. Short Flourish.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?

Hen. I would do well, my Heart's well;
I do not fear. *Car.* My good Boy.

Hen. I know, Uncle,
We must all die; my little Brother dy'd,
I saw him die, and he dy'd smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we're dead?

Car. Strange questions:
Why, to the blessed'st place, Boy; ever Sweetness
And Happiness dwells there. *Hen.* Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet Boy.

Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Cousins?

Car. All, my good Child.

Hen. No Romans, Uncle. *Car.* No, Boy.

Hen. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill Men,
That live by Violence, and strong Oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the Gods love, good Men.

Hen. Why then I care not when I go, for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd'em, Uncle, (44) nor transgress'd my Parents;
I always said my Prayers. *Car.* Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt. *Hen.* When they please. *Car.* That's
my good Boy.

(44) — *transgress'd my Parents;*] The Sense here is clear, tho' the Phrase be unusual: However we find it occur again in *Women pleas'd*, Act 3. Sc. 1. *Belvidere* says to her Mother the Duchess of Florence,

*You are too Royal to me,
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you.*

Art thou not weary, *Hengo*? *Hen.* Weary, Uncle?
I've heard you say you've march'd all day in Armour.

Car. I have, Boy.

Hen. Am not I your Kinsman? *Car.* Yes.

Hen. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things, as Blood?

Car. Thou art too tender. [me.]

Hen. To go upon my Legs? they were made to bear
I can play twenty Mile a Day, I see no reason,
But to preserve my Country and myself,
I should march forty. *Car.* What wouldst thou be living
To wear a Man's strength? *Hen.* Why a *Caratach*,
A *Roman*-hater, a Scourge sent from Heav'n [Drum.
To whip these proud Thieves from our Kingdom. Hark,
Hark, Uncle, hark, I hear a Drum.

Enter Judas and his People to the Door.

Jud. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they're here: who dare charge?

Sold. He

That dares be knock'd o'th' Head: I'll not come near him.

Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
H'as Eyes would kill a Dragon: Mark the Boy well;
If we could take or kill him. A—— on ye,
How fierce ye look? See how he broods the Boy;
The Devil dwells in's Scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace, h'as found us. [They retire.]

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hen. Uncle, good Uncle see, the thin starv'd Rascal,
The eating *Roman*, see where he thrids the Thickets:
Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow
To knock his Brains into his Breech: strike's Head off,
That I may piss in's Face. *Car.* Do ye make us Foxes?
Here, hold my Charging-staff, and keep the place, Boy.
I am at Bay, and like a Bull I'll bear me. [pays 'em;
Stand, stand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels. *Hen.* Now he
O that I had a Man's strength. [Exit.]

Enter Judas, &c.

Jud. Here's the Boy;

Mine own, I thank my Fortune. *Hen.* Uncle, Uncle, Famine is faln upon me, Uncle. *Jud.* Come, Sir, Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing, I'll tickle your young Tail else. *Hen.* I defie thee, Thou mock-made Man of Mat; charge home Sirrah: Hang thee, base Slave, thou shak'st.

Jud. Upon my Conscience The Boy will beat me; how it looks, how bravely, How confident the Worm is, a scab'd Boy To handle me thus? yield, or I cut thy Head off.

Hen. Thou dar'st not cut my Finger, here 'tis, touch it.

Jud. The Boy speaks Sword and Buckler; prithee yield, Boy;

Come, here's an Apple, yield.

Hen. By—— he fears me.

I'll give you sharper Language: When, ye Coward, When come ye up? *Jud.* If he should beat me——

Hen. When, Sir?

I long to kill thee; come, thou canst not scape me: I've twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths Attend my bloody Staff.

Jud. Sure 'tis the Devil, a Dwarf Devil in a Doublet.

Hen. I've kill'd a Captain, Sirrah, a brave Captain, And when I've done, I've kick'd him thus. Look here, See how I charge this Staff. *Jud.* most certain this Boy Will cut my Throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee, he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes.

Jud. The Devil take the hindmost. [Rogues.

Hen. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, Boys. What a brave cry they make?

Enter Caratach with a Head.

Car. How does my Chicken?

Hen. 'Faith, Uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier; For by the virtue of your Charging-staff, And a strange fighting Face I put upon'r, I've out-brav'd Hunger.

Car.

Car. That's my Boy, my sweet Boy,
Here, here's a *Roman's* Head for thee.

Hen. Good Provision.

Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd Gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car. A right compleat Soldier.

Come, Chicken, let's go seek some place of Strength
(The Country's full of Scouts) to rest a while in,
Thou wilt not else be able to endure

The Journey to my Country; Fruits and Water,
Must be your Food a while, Boy. *Hen.* Any thing;

I can eat Moss, (45) nay, I can live on Anger,
To vex these *Romans*. Let's be wary, Uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come chearfully.

Hen. And boldly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Penius, Drusus, and Regulus:

Reg. The Soldier shall not grieve ye.

Pen. Pray ye forsake me;

Look not upon me, as ye love your Honours :
I am so cold a Coward, my infection [tain.

Will choak your Virtues like a damp else. *Dru.* Dear Cap-

Reg. Most honour'd Sir. *Pen.* Most hated, most ab-
hor'd ;

Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.

O my dear Credit, my dear Credit. *Reg.* Sure

His Mind is dangerous. *Dru.* The good Gods cure it.

Pen. My Honour got through fire, through stubborn
breaches,

Through Battels that have been as hard to win as Heav'n,

Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,

Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,

And now I'm left to scornful Tales and Laughters,

(45) — *I can live on Anger;*] I had supply'd the Measure be-
fore I saw the Folio of 1647, which exhibits the Text as I have
given it.

To hootings at, pointing with Fingers, That's he,
That's the brave Gentleman forsook the Battel;
The most wise *Penius*, the disputing Coward.
O my good Sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the Coward from my Heart. *Reg.* Ye are none.

Pen. He lies that says so: by—— he lies, lies basely,
Basely than I have done. Come, Soldiers, seek me.

I've rob'd ye of your Virtues: Justice seek me,
I've broke my fair Obedience, lost; Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make Ballads of me;
Shame, endless Shame; and pray do you forsake me.

Dru. What shall we do?

Pen. Good Gentlemen forsake me:

You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a Coward
I will not hurt my self: (when that Mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help.) I dare not.

[*Throws himself upon the Ground.*]

Enter Petillius.

Pet. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?
Reg. There.

Dru. Whence come ye, good *Petillius*? *Pet.* From the
General.

Dru. With what, for Heav'ns sake? *Pet.* With good
Counsel, *Drusus*,

And love, to comfort him. *Dru.* Good *Regulus*,
Step to the Soldier and allay his Anger;
For he is wild as Winter.

[*Exeunt Drusus and Regulus.*]

Pet. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this Fortune:
He must die, 'tis most necessary; Men expect it,
And thought of life in him, goes beyond Coward,
Forsake the Field so basely? fie upon't:
So poorly to betray his Worth, so coldly
To cut all credit from the Soldier? sure
If this Man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief) he must retire where never
The Name of *Rome*, the Voice of Arms, or Honour

Was

Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,
 Or strongly means it; he's no Soldier else,
 No *Roman* in him; all h'as done, but outside,
 Fought either drunk or desp'rate. Now he rises.
 How does Lord *Penius*? *Pen.* As ye see. *Pet.* I'm glad on't,
 Continue so still. The Lord General,
 The valiant General, great *Suetonius*——

Pen. No more of me is spoken, my Name's perish'd.

Pet. He that commanded Fortune and the Day
 By his own Valour and Discretion,
 (When, as some say, *Penius* refused to come,
 But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see ye.

Pen. Y'are welcome; and pray see me, see me well;
 Ye shall not see me long. *Pet.* I hope so, *Penius*;
 The Gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and understand me: This is he
 Left to fill up your Triumph; he that basely
 Whistled his Honour off to th' Wind, that coldly
 Shrunk in his Politick Head, when *Rome* like Reapers
 Sweat Blood, and Spirit, for a glorious Harvest,
 And bound it up, and brought it off: that Fool,
 That having Gold and Copper offer'd him,
 Refus'd the Wealth, and took the Waste; that Soldier
 That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
 Labour in one Hand, that propounds us Gods,
 And in the other, Glory that creates us,
 Yet durst doubt and be damned.

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one. *Pet.* Yet the blackest
 May be wafht white again. *Pen.* Never. *Pet.* Your leave,
 Sir,

And I beseech ye note me, for I love ye,
 (46) And bring along all comfort: Are we Gods,
 Allied to no Infirmities? are our Natures
 More than Mens Natures? When we slip a little
 Out of the way of Virtue, are we lost?
 Is there no Medicine called sweet Mercy?

Pen. None, *Petillius*;

(46) *And bring all Comfort:*] So the other Copies. The Text
 is from the Edition of 1647.

There

There is no Mercy in Mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I've sin'd beyond it,

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,

All sins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loss of whole Man in me, my Discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at Pardon.

Pet. O but the General——

Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as Honour durst direct him,
Make even with my Fault, but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power; Examples that may nourish
Neglect and Disobedience in whole Bodies,
And totter the Estates and Faiths of Armies,
Must not be plaid withal; nor out of pity
(47) Make a General forget his Duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would ye do? *Pen.* Die.

Pet. So would fullen Children,
Women that want their Wills, Slaves, Disobedient,
That fear the Law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A Man to rule Men, to have thousand lives
Under your Regiment, and let your Passion
Betray your Reason? I bring y' all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your Place, your Honour.

Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou,
By——thou didst, I over-heard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now, deliver me for Rascal,
Poor, dead, cold Coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin? *Pet.* I?

Pen. And thou did'st it nobly,
Like a true Man, a Soldier, and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good *Petillius*, thus I thank thee.

Pet. Since ye're so justly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye die indeed. *Pen.* O how thou lov'st me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven ye, say the Peoples whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,

(47) *Make a General*] Perhaps we should read,
Must make a General, or, Make any General.

What

What must your own Command think, from whose
Swords

Y've taken off the Edges, from whose Valours
The Due and Recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew Obedience? must not these kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer Miracle
Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Soldier,
What Man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? Dare ye know these ven-
tures?

If so, I bring ye Comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.

Pet. If your Mind serve ye,
Ye may live still, but how? yet pardon me,
You may out-wear all too, but when? and certain
There is a Mercy for each Fault, if tamely
A Man will take't upon Conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I'm only thinking now, Sir,
(For I'm resolved to go) of a most base Death,
Fitting the Baseness of my Fault. I'll hang.

Pet. Ye shall not; y'are a Gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a Dog's Death,
An end for Slaves.

Pen. The fitter for my Baseness.

Pet. Besides, the Man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
(48) And sits a Sign for all the World to gaze at.

Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter; Poison.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the Death of Rats and Women,
Lovers, and lazy Boys, that fear Correction;
Die like a Man.

Pen. Why my Sword then.

Pet. Ay, if your Sword be sharp, Sir.
There's nothing under Heav'n that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a Death indeed.

Pen. It shall be sharp, Sir.

(48) *And sits a Sign*] This Reading is certainly against all the Notions
any one can have of a Man's being hang'd. *To set a Sign* bids fairest for
the true Lesson, tho' I have not dared to disturb the Text.

Pet. Why (49) *Mithridates* was an arrant *Ass*
To die by Poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the Deed:
'Tis shame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good *Petillius*,
Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,
A way to make all even, *Pen.* Farewel, Captain:
Be a good Man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy Men. Why shakest thou?

Pet. I do not, Sir.

Pen. I would thou hadst, *Petillius*:
I would find something to forsake the World with
Worthy the Man that dies: A kind of Earth-quake
Through all stern Valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of Trembling in me. *Pen.* Keep it still,
As thou lov'st Virtue keep it.

Pet. And brave Captain,
The great and honoured *Penius*. *Pen.* That again:
O how it heightens me! again *Petillius*.

Pet. Most excellent Commander:

Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine. *Pet.* They are still.

Pen. Then to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye; Heavens,
Ye everlasting Powers, I'm yours: The Work's done.
[Kills himself.]
That neither Fire, nor Age, nor (50) melting Envy

(49) — *Mithridates was an arrant Ass*

To die by Poison, if all Bosphorus

Could lend him Swords:] The Assertion in this Passage is a manifest Contradiction to the Truth of History. For *Mithridates* did not end his Days by Poison, but by the Sword. Another Instance this of Inattention in our Authors, or trusting too much to an uninfalible Memory.

(50) — *melting Envy*] This Epithet seems a little stiff and obscure. It was a Custom of the *Romans* to deface the Marble, and melt down the brazen Statues of those who were become detestable to them; and to the melting of these brazen ones this Epithet must refer. *T. Seward.*

Shall

Shall ever conquer. Carry my last Words
To the great Gen'ral : kiss his Hands, and say,
My Soul I give to Heav'n, my Fault to Justice
Which I have done upon myself ; my Virtue,
If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint,
And where there is a Foe, I wish him Fortune.
I die : lie lightly on my Ashes, gentle Earth.

Pet. And on my Sin. Farewel, great *Penius*.

[*Noise within.*

The Soldier is in fury ; now I'm glad
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil ; for thee, the way of Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter Drusus and Regulus with Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. What will ye do ?

Reg. Good Soldiers, honest Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us first, we command too.

Reg. Valiant Soldiers,

Consider but whose life ye seek. O *Drusus*,
Bid him be gone, he dies else. Shall *Rome* say,
Ye most approved Soldiers, her dear Children
Devoured the Fathers of the Fights ? shall *Rage*
And stubborn Fury guide those Swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to Civil Ruin ?

Dru. O let 'em in ; all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penius has found his last Eclipse. Come, Soldiers,
Come, and behold your Miseries ; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody Angers,
And here bestow your Darts. O only *Roman*, —
O Father of the Wars.

Reg. Why stand ye stupid ?
Where be your killing Furies ? whose Sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in *Penius* ? Do ye weep ?
Howl out, ye Wretches, ye have cause ; howl ever.
Who shall now lead ye fortunate ? whose Valour
Preserve ye to the Glory of your Country ?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted

By

By all the Mistresses of War, Care, Counsel,
Quick-ey'd Experience, and Victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your Names, and keep your Honours living,
When Children fail, and Time that takes all with him,
Build Houses for ye to Oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor desperate Fools: no more now, Soldiers;
Go home, and hang your Arms up; let Rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern Valours to soft Prayers;
For ye have sunk the Frame of all your Virtues;
The Sun that warm'd your Bloods is set for ever;
I'll kiss thy honour'd Cheek. Farewel, great *Penius*,
Thou Thunder-bolt, farewel. Take up the Body;
(51) To Morrow Morning to the Camp convey it,
There to receive due Ceremonies. That Eye
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and
Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above.
Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Bring up the Catapults and shake the Wall,
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the Earth,
Ye cannot shake our Souls. Bring up your Rams,
And with their armed Heads, make the Fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into Death. [*Exit Nen.*]

Jun. See, Sir,

(51) — *Morrow Morning*] This Place, though Sense, is yet capable of being much heighten'd and improv'd, as both *Mr. Seward* and myself conjecture. And though I have not alter'd the Text, yet the reading *Mourning* for *Morning* takes away a Flatness which *Morrow Morning* carries in it. The Variation is so small, and the Improvement so great by this propos'd Lession, that the Reader may perhaps wish our Authors had so express'd themselves. Add to this what *Mr. Seward* says farther, that something like this seems necessary to precede.

— the Eye

That blinds itself with weeping gets most Glory.

See

See the *Icenian* Queen in all her Glory
From the strong Battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes. *Dec.* Yield, Queen.

Bond. I'm unacquainted with that Language, *Roman.*

Suet. Yield, honour'd Lady, and expect our Mercy,
[Exit Decius]

We love thy nobleness.

Bond. I thank ye, ye say well;
But Mercy and Love are sins in *Rome* and Hell.

Suet. Ye cannot scape our strength, ye must yield, Lady,
Ye must adore and fear the Power of *Rome*.

Bond. If *Rome* be earthly, why should any Knee
With bending Adoration worship her?

She's vitious; and your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all Impiety,

Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched Houses where the *Britains* dwell

In careless Mirth; where the blest Household Gods
See nought but chaste and simple Purity.

(52) 'Tis not high Power that makes a Place Divine,
Nor that the Men from Gods derive their Line;

But sacred Thoughts in holy Bosoms stor'd,
Make People noble, and the Place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the Wall deeper. *Bon.* Beat it to the Center,
We will not sink one Thought. *Suet.* I'll make ye. *Bon.*

No. [gently]

2 *Daugh.* O Mother, these are fearful Hours; Speak

Enter Petillius, who whispers Suetonius.

To these fierce Men, they will afford ye Pity.

Bon. Pity? Thou fearful Girl; 'tis for those Wretches

(52) 'Tis not high Power, &c.] Whether *Milton* had these four
Lines in his View when he wrote the following Passage in his *Para-*
dise Lost, Book xi. 836, &c. I don't undertake to affirm, let the
learned Reader judge.—*Michael* speaking of the Destruction to be
caused by the Flood, says *Paradise* shall be made an Haunt for

— Orcs and Sea-Mews clang;

To teach thee that God attributes to place

No Sanctity, if none be thither brought

By Men, who there frequent, or therein dwell.

That

That Misery makes tame. Would'st thou live less?
 Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my Blood,
 And thy brave Father's Spirit, suffer in thee
 So base a separation from thyself,
 As mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st Lust sure,
 And long'st to prostitute thy Youth and Beauty
 To common Slaves for Bread. Say they had mercy;
 The Devil a relenting Conscience:
 The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
 Which to their Bodies lively Souls do give,
 And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.
 Show such another fear, and——
 I'll fling thee to their Fury. *Suet.* He is dead then?

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
 Even to the hazard of my Life—— *Suet.* No more:
 We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a Breach made,
 Is it your will we charge, Sir? *Suet.* Once more Mercy,
 Mercy to all that yield. *Bon.* I scorn to answer;
 Speak to him Girl, and hear thy Sister.

Daugh. General,
 Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
 Directly in my Face, my Woman's Face,
 Whose only Beauty is the hate it bears ye;
 See with thy narrowest Eyes, thy sharpest Wishes,
 Into my Soul, and see what there inhabits;
 See if one Fear, one shadow of a Terror,
 One Paleness dare appear but from my Anger,
 To lay hold on your Mercies. No, ye Fools,
 Poor Fortune's Fools, we were not born for Triumphs,
 To follow your gay Sports, and fill your Slaves
 With Hoots and Acclamations. *Pet.* Brave behaviour.

Daugh. The Children of as great as *Rome*, as Noble,
 Our Names before her, and our Deeds her Envy;
 Must we gild o'er your Conquest, make your State,
 That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
 No, no, ye *Romans*, we have ways to scape ye,
 To make ye poor again, indeed our Prisoners,
 And stick our Triumphs full.

Pet.

Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her.

1 Daugh. To torture ye with suffering, like our Slaves;
To make ye curse our Patience, with the World
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
The end of all Ambitions.

Bon. Do ye wonder?

We'll make our Monuments in spite of Fortune,
In spite of all your Eagles wings: We'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody Soars, and Fortunate,
As if we pray'd on heartless Doves.

Suet. Strange stiffness.

Decius, go charge the Breach.

[*Exit Decius.*]

Bon. Charge it home, *Roman,*

We shall deceive thee else. Where's *Nennius*?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They've made a mighty Breach.

Bon. Stick in thy Body,

And make it good but half an Hour. *Nen.* I'll do it.

1 Daugh. And then be sure to die. *Nen.* It shall go
hard else.

Bon. Farewel with all my Heart, we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, Lady.

[*Exit Nennius.*]

Bon. Bring up the Swords, and Poison.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2 Daugh. O my Fortune!

Bon. How, how, ye Whore?

2 Daugh. Good Mother, nothing to offend ye. *Bon.*
Here, Wench:

Behold us, *Romans.* *Suet.* Mercy yet. *Bon.* No talking
Puff, there goes all your Pity. Come, short Prayers,
And let's dispatch the Business; you begin,
Shrink not, I'll see ye do't.

2 Daugh. O gentle Mother,

[*Woman.*]

O *Romans,* O my Heart; I dare not. *Suet.* Woman,
Unnat'ral Woman. *2 Daugh.* O perswade her, *Romans*;
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble Mother,

Can ye kill that ye gave Life? Are my Years
Fit for Destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a Queen still,
A Mother and a Friend. *Bon.* Ye talk; come, hold it,
And put it home.

1 Daugh. Fie, Sister, fie, what would you live to be?

Bon. A Whore still. *2 Daugh.* Mercy.

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched Woman.

2 Daugh. Mercy, Mother.

O whither will you send me? I was once
Your Darling, your Delight.

Bon. O Gods,

Fear in my Family? Do it, and nobly.

2 Daugh. O do not frown then.

1 Daugh. Do it, worthy Sister;

'Tis nothing, 'tis a Pleasure; we'll go with ye.

2 Daugh. Oh if I knew but whither. *1 Daugh.* To the
blessed, [Talk not.

Where we shall meet our Father. *Suet.* Woman. *Bon.*

1 Daugh. Where nothing but true Joy is. *Bon.* That's
a good Wenck,

Mine own sweet Girl; put it close to thee. *2 Daugh.* Oh

Comfort me still for Heav'n's sake. *1 Daugh.* Where
eternal

Our Youths are, and our Beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor lustful Slaves to ravish us. *2 Daugh.* That steels me;

A long farewell to this World.

Bon. Good, I'll help thee.

1 Daugh. The next is mine.

Shew me a Roman Lady in all your Stories,

Dare do this for her Honour; they are Cowards,

Eat Coals (53) like compell'd Cats: Your great Saint,
Lucrece,

(53) ——— like compell'd Cats:] This is a Passage I don't understand, though it runs through all the Editions of our Authors Plays. I would propose a *Correction* to the Reader, which yet I'm far from thinking the Original Reading, *viz.*

———— like compell'd Cates.

If we alter the Passage thus, then the Poets might possibly have in their View the *'Αναγκασία* of the ancient *Asbleta*, or eating of

Dy'd

Dy'd not for Honour ; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad she could not hold him, bled.

Pet. By——

I am in Love, I'd give an hundred Pound now
But to lie with this Woman's Behaviour. Oh the Devil.

Daugh. Ye shall see me Example: All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd Ambition ;
If I were lustful, all your ways of Pleasure ;
If I were greedy, all the Wealth ye Conquer——

Bond. Make haste.

Daugh. I will.—— Could not intice to live
But two short hours, this Frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, *Romans*, to fling off
This case of Flesh, lose all your cares for ever ?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the Gods,
Hunt Honour, and not Nations with your Swords,
Keep your Minds humble, your Devotions high ;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die. [*Dies.*

Bon. I come, Wench ; to ye all Fate's Hangmen, you
That ease the aged Destinies, and cut
The threads of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em ; here,
Here is the draught would ask no less than *Cæsar*
To pledge it for the glories sake. *Cur.* Great Lady.

Suet. Make up your own Conditions. *Bon.* So we will.

Suet. Stay. *Dem.* Stay.

Suet. Be any thing. *Bon.* A Saint, *Suetonius*,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a Slave. Ye Fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd,
Ye sweat for us in vain else : See him here,
He's ours still, and our Friend ; laughs at your Pities ;
And we command him with as easy Reins
As do our Enemies. I feel the Poison.
Poor vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless Tortures
Could I now Rack ye ? But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet : Nay, so much

Necessity. What seems to strengthen this Conjecture is the Allusion to
Cato's Daughter, who eat live Coals out of *Necessity*, having no other
way to dispatch herself, every murderous weapon being carefully kept
at a Distance from her.

I hate to prosecute my Victory,
That I will give ye Counsel e'er I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
Place in your (54) *Roman* Flesh a *Britain* Soul. [Dies.

Enter Decius.

Suet. Desperate and strange. *Dec.* 'Tis won, Sir, and
the *Britains*

All put to th' Sword. *Suet.* Give her fair Funeral ;
She was truly noble, and a Queen.

Pet. ——— Take it,

A Love-mange grown upon me? What, a Spirit?

Jun. I'm glad of this, I've found ye.

Pet. In my Belly,

O how it tumbles?

Jun. Ye good Gods, I thank ye. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Caratach upon a Rock, and Hengo by him Sleeping.

Car. **T**HUS we afflicted *Britains* climb for safeties,
And to avoid our Dangers, seek Destructions ;
Thus we awake to Sorrows. O thou Woman,
Thou Agent for Adversities, what Curfes
This day belong to thy Improvidence ?
(55) To *Britanie* by thy means, what sad Millions
Of Widows weeping Eyes? The strong Man's Valour
Thou hast betray'd to Fury, the Child's Fortune
To fear, and want of Friends; whose Pieties
Might wipe his Mournings off, and build his Sorrows
A House of rest by his blest Ancestors :
The Virgins thou hast rob'd of all their Wisheſ,
Blaſted their blowing Hopes, turned their Songs,
Their mirthful Marriage-ſongs to Funerals;

(54) — *Romans Fleſh*] The Text is from the Folio of 1647.

(55) So the Copy of the first Edition. The others have *To Britain*,
which makes the Measure run ill.

The Land thou'ft left a Wildernefs of Wretches.

The Boy begins to ftir; thy fafety made,
Would my Soul were in Heav'n.

Hen. O noble Uncle,
Look out, I Dream'd we were betray'd.

[A foft dead March within.]

Car. No harm, Boy;
'Tis but thy emptinefs that breeds thefe Fancies:
Thou fhalt have Meat anon.

Hen. A little, Uncle,
And I fhall hold out bravely. What are thofe?
Look, Uncle, look, thofe multitudes that march there?
They come upon us ftcaling by. *Car.* I fee 'em;
And prithee be not fearful. *Hen.* Now ye hate me,
Would I were Dead.

Car. Thou know'ft I love thee dearly.

Hen. Did I e'er shrink yet, Uncle? Were I a Man now,
I fhould be angry with ye.

*Enter Drufus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's
Herfe, Drums and Colours.*

Car. My fweet Chicken,
See, they have reach'd us, and as't feems they bear
Some Soldier's Body, by their folemn Geftures,
And fad Solemnities; it well appears too
To be of Eminence. Moft worthy Soldiers,
Let me intreat your Knowledge to inform me
What noble Body that is which you bear
With fuch a fad and ceremonious Grief,
As if ye meant to woo the World and Nature
To be in love with Death? Moft honourable
Excellent *Romans*, by your ancient Valours,
As ye love Fame, refolve me.

Sold. 'Tis the Body
Of the great Captain *Penius*, by himfelf
Made cold and fpiritlefs.

Car. O ftay, ye *Romans*,
By the Religion which you owe thofe Gods
That lead ye on to Victories, by thofe Glories
Which made even Pride a Virtue in ye. *Dru.* Stay:
What's

What's thy Will, *Caratach*? *Car.* Set down the Body,
 The Body of the noblest of all *Romans*,
 As ye expect an Offering at your Graves
 From your friends Sorrows, set it down a while;
 That with your Griefs an Enemy may mingle,
 (A noble Enemy that loves a Soldier,)
 And lend a tear to Virtue; ev'n your Foes,
 Your wild Foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
 With fair Affections, our Hearts fresh, our Spirits,
 Though sometime stubborn, yet when Virtue dies,
 Soft and relenting as a Virgin's Prayers,
 Oh set it down. *Dru.* Set down the Body, Soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed Relick, thou rich Diamond
 Cut with thine own Dust; thou for whose wide Fame
 The World appears too narrow, Mans all Thoughts,
 Had they all Tongues, too silent; thus I bow
 To thy most honour'd Ashes: Though an Enemy,
 Yet Friend to all thy Worth, Sleep peaceably;
 Happiness crown thy Soul, and in thy Earth
 Some Laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
 And make thy Grave an everlasting Triumph.
 Farewel all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
 And honest Arms adieu: All noble Battels,
 Maintain'd in thirst of Honour, not of Blood,
 Farewel for ever. *Hen.* Was this *Roman*, Uncle,
 So good a Man? *Car.* Thou never knew'st thy Father.

Hen. He dy'd 'fore I was born.

Car. This worthy *Roman*
 Was such another piece of endless Honour,
 Such a brave Soul dwelt in him; their Proportions
 And Faces were not much unlike, Boy. Excellent Nature,
 See how it works into his Eyes, mine own Boy.

Hen. The multitudes of these Men, and their Fortunes,
 Could never make me fear yet; one Man's Goodness—

Car. O now thou pleasest me, weep still, my Child,
 As if thou saw'st me Dead; with such a flux
 Or flood of Sorrow; still thou pleasest me.
 And worthy Soldiers, pray receive these Pledges,
 These hatchments of our Griefs, and grace us so much
 To place 'em on his Hearse. Now if ye please,

Bear

Bear off the noble Burden ; raise his Pile
High as *Olympus*, (56) making Heav'n to wonder
To see a Star on Earth out-shining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be

Thy honoured and most sacred Memory.

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good *Caratach*,
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous *Romans*
Shall sing thy Soul to Heav'n. Now march on, Soldiers.

[*Exeunt. A dead March*

Car. Now dry thine Eyes, my Boy.

Hen. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,

And raise thy Spirit, Child ; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the Night coming
I'll fashion our escape. *Hen.* Pray fear not me ;
Indeed I'm very hearty.

Car. Be so still ;

His Mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of Heav'n ? I did but
see her,

And see her Die, she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks : She was a Woman,
A thing I never car'd for, but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly ; Oh the Devil,
I have the Bots ; by—— she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do ; threatned us
With such a noble Anger, and so governed
With such a fiery Spirit—— ; the plain bots ;
A—— upon the bots, the Love-bots ; hang me,
Hang me ev'n out o'th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny Pipers, and most painful Penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a subject,

(56) So the oldest Folio. The rest read *make*.

What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept (57) upon me?

Enter Junius;

Jun. Here is he, have at him. [Sings.

*She set the Sword unto her Breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her Life-warm Blood,
Run trickling down her Knee.*

Art thou there, bonny Boy? And i'faith how dost thou?

Pet. Well, gramercy, how dost thou? H'as found me,
Scented me out; the Shame the Devil ow'd me,
H'as kept his Day with. And what News, Junius?

Jun. *It was an old Tale ten thousand times told,
Of a young Lady was turn'd into Mould,
Her Life it was lovely, her Death it was bold.* [me,

Pet. A cruel Rogue, now (58) he has drawn pursuitor
He hunts me like a Devil. No more singing
Thou'st got a Cold: Come, let's go drink some Sack, Boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?

What Mares Nest hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

I cannot laugh alone: Decius, Demetrius,

Curius, oh my Sides, ha, ha, ha, ha,

The strangest Jest. Pet. Prithee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling. [Junius,

Pet. Thou art the prettiest Fellow. Jun. Sirs. Pet. Why
Prithee away, sweet Junius. Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now: Sing a Song o' six Pence
By—— (if) prithee; —— on't, Junius.

Jun. I must either sing, or laugh.

Pet. And what's your Reason?

(57) —— upon ye?] To save our Authors from the Imputation of
uniting Nonsense here, we must, I think, read as I have corrected the
Text: For Love, which was to be the Fund of Banter for the Poets,
was not crept upon them but himself.

(58) —— h'as drawn pursue it on me,] What strange Stuff is this?
By a small Change of Letters and a Comma, I hope I have restor'd
this Place to its ancient Purity. T. Seaward.

Jun.

Jun. What's that to you? *Pet.* And I must whistle. *Jun.*

Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming:

Pet. I've a little Business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it; what a Gentleman
Of thy sweet Conversation?

Pet. Captain *Junius*,

Sweet Captain, let me go with all Celerity;
Things are not always one, and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gybe: None of your doleful Ditties,
Nor your sweet Conversation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;

Anger a Man that never knew Passion?

'Tis most impossible: A noble Captain,

A wise and generous Gentleman?

Pet. *Tom Puppy*,

Leave this way to abuse me: I have found ye,

But for your Mother's sake I will forgive ye.

Your subtle Understanding may discover,

As you think, some trim toy to make you merry;

Some Straw to tickle ye, but do not trust to't;

Y'are a young Man, and may do well; be sober,

Carry yourself discreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.

Jun. Yes forsooth.

[merry;

Dem. How does the brave *Petillius*? *Jun.* Monstrous

We two were talking what a kind of thing

I was when I was in Love; what a strange Monster

For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;

How like a Fool I lookt.

Dec. So they do all,

Like great dull flavering Fools. *Jun.* *Petillius* saw too:

Pet. No more of this, 'tis scurvy; Peace.

Jun. How nastily,

Indeed, how beastly all I did became me?

How I forgot to blow my Nose? there he stands,

An honest and a wise Man; if himself

(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)

Should

Should find himself in Love—— *Pet.* I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wife-self would hang his beastly-self,
His understanding-self, so mawl his Ass-self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the Follies,
The Poverties, and Baseness that belongs to't,
H'as read upon the Reformations long.

Pet. He has so. *Jun.* It is true, and he must do't:
Nor is fit indeed any such Coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating.

Jun. Should dare come near the Regiments, especially
Those curious Puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love Behaviours: Those are Dog-Whelps,
Dwindle away, because a Woman dies well;
Commit with Passions only; fornicate
With the free Spirit meerly. You, *Petillius*,
For you have long observ'd the World.

Pet. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three Hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee; farewell Jack-Daws. [*Exit.*]

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown?

Jun. I'm glad he is so,
And stranger he shall be before I leave him. [*him,*]

Cur. Is't possible her meer Death—— *Jun.* I observ'd
And found him taken, infinitely taken
With her Bravery; I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his Sword since, court his Scabbard,
Call dying, dainty Dear; her brave Mind, Mistress;
Casting a thousand ways, to give those Forms,
That he might lye with 'em, and get old Armours:
He had got me o'th' Hip once; It shall go hard, Friends,
But he shall find his own Coin.

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now, *Macer*?
Is *Judas* yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mae. Yes, and has lost
Most of his Men too. Here he is.

Cur. What News?

Jud. I've lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.

Dem. Where, *Judas*?

Jud.

Jud. On a steep Rock i'th' Woods, the Boy too with him,

And there he swears he'll keep his *Christmas*, Gentlemen,
But he will come away with full Conditions,
Bravely, and like a *Britain*: He paid part of us.
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half Sword with him,
Twice stood his Partizan; but the plain Truth is,
He's a meer Devil, and no Man; i'th' end he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too; he fights by Witchcraft,
Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more Men,
And scout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What Victuals has he?

Jud. Not a Piece of Bisket,
Not so much as will stop a Tooth, nor Water
More than they make themselves: They lye
Just like a Brace of Bear-Whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their Fingers for their Food.

Dec. Cut off then
All Hope of that way; take sufficient Forces.

Jun. But use no foul Play, on your Lives: that Man
That does him Mischief by Deceit, I'll kill him.

Mac. He shall have fair play, he deserves it.

Jud. Hark ye,
What should I do there then? You are brave Captains,
Most valiant Men; go up yourselves; use Virtue,
See what will come on't; pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye've felt him too: There ye shall find him,
His Sword by's side, Plums of a Pound Weight by him,
Will make your Chops ake: You'll find it a more Labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-Nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up
I'm sure within these two Hours. Watch him close.

Mac. He shall flee through the Air, if he escape us.

[A sad Noise within.]

Jun. What's this loud Lamentation?

Mac. The dead Body
Of the great *Penius* is new come to th' Camp, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. Dead! *Mac.* By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that Fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heav'n.

Jun. Away good *Macer*. [*Exeunt Macer and Judas.*]

Enter Suetonius, Drusus, Regulus, and Petillius.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,
Some fullen Plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee:
The Regiment return on *Junius*,
He well deserves it. *Pet.* So.

Suet. Draw out three Companies,
Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,
And make up instantly to *Caratach*,
He's in the Wood before ye; we shall follow
After due Ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead: Come let's go burn the Body.

[*Exeunt all but Petillius.*]

Pet. The Regiment giv'n from me; disgrac'd openly,
In love too with a Trifle to abuse me?
A merry World, a fine World; serv'd seven Years
To be an Ass o' both sides, sweet *Petillius*, [Sir,
You've brought your Hogs to a fine Market: You're wise,
Your honourable Brain-Pan full of Crotchets,
An Understanding Gentleman; your Projects
Cast with assurance ever: Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the Pate, *Petillius*?
Answer to that, sweet Soldier; surely, surely,
I think ye would; pull'd by the Nose, kick'd; hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st Rascal: Trust thy Wisdom
With any thing of Weight; the Wind with Feathers.
Out ye blind Puppy; you command? You govern?
Dig for a Groat a Day, or serve a Swine-herd;
Too noble for thy Nature too. I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Macer and Judas, with Meat and a Bottle.

Mac. Hang it o'th' side o'th' Rock, as tho' the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who first ventures

To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Jud. He lies close in a Hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his Anger: Ha? no 'tis not he.

Mac. 'Tis but the shaking of the Boughs.

Jud. ——— Shake 'em,
I'm sure they shake me soundly. There.

Mac. 'Tis nothing.

Jud. Make no Noise; if he stir, a deadly Tempest
Of huge Stones falls upon's: 'tis done: away, close.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly Child, 'tis all thou feed'st on
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant Charity [sick,
To bring thee Food? Poor Knave, thou'rt sick, extream
Almost grown wild for Meat; and yet thy Goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the Woods
Are double lin'd with Soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get Meat to save thee,
Or lose my Life i'th' Purchase, good Gods comfort thee.

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, and Guide.

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir.

Jun. Draw the Companies [way.
The closest way through the Woods; we'll keep on this

Guide. I will, Sir: half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye. *Dec.* Do ye mark him?

Jun. Yes, and am very sorry for him. *Pet. Junius,*
Pray let me speak two Words with you. *Jun.* Walk
afore.

I'll overtake ye straight. *Dec.* I will. *Jun.* Now,
Captain. [Exit Decius.

Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius.*

Jun. Most sure I told you Truth then.

Pet. And that Love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not. *Pet.* Dare ye swear it?

I have forgot all Passages between us
That have been ill, (59) forgiven too, forget you.

Jun. What would this Man have? By — I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye. *Pet.* 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it. *Pet.* Kill me. *Jun.* How?

Pet. Pray kill me.

Jun. Kill ye? *Pet.* Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly,
Now kill me. *Jun.* On what Reason? ye amaze me.

Pet. If you do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you. *Jun.* Mercy on me,
What ails this Man? *Petillius!* *Pet.* Pray ye dispatch me,
Ye are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extreemly, ev'n to Mischief, *Junius*,
An Enemy to all good Men: Fear not, 'tis Justice;
I shall kill you else. *Jun.* Tell me but the Cause,
And I will do it. *Pet.* I'm disgrac'd, my Service
Slighted, and unrewarded by the General;
My Hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I'm grown ridiculous, an Ass, a Folly
I dare not trust myself with; prithee kill me.

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your Finger. *Pet.* Nay —

Jun. Stay, I'll do it,

You shall not need your Anger: But first, *Petillius*,
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A Man so bent to Mischief. *Pet.* There's my Sword,
And do it handsomly. *Jun.* Yes, I will kill ye,
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before ye
The most extreme Fool ye have plaid in this,
The Honour purpos'd for ye, the great Honour
The General intended ye. *Pet.* How?

Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
Because ye shall die miserable. Know, Sir,
The Regiment was given me, but 'till time

(59) — *forgiven too, forgot you.*] It is an odd Proof of his Esteem,
and an odd Reason for asking of a Favour, to say that he has *forgot*
him as well as *his Affronts*. I hope I have restor'd the true Reading.
I have forgotten and forgiven all Taunts and Affronts from you, do
you in your Turn forget all mine to you: So far Mr. Seward, and I
add with pleasure, *that I concurr'd too in this very Alteration.*

Call'd

Call'd ye to do some worthy deed, might stop
 The Peoples ill thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penius*,
 I mean his Death. How soon this time's come to ye,
 And hasted by *Suetonius*? Go, says he,
Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petillius*,
 Distinctly, thou *Petillius*, and draw up,
 To take stout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
 A deed to take off all faults, of all Natures:
 And thou *Petillius*; mark it, there's the Honour,
 And that done, all made even. *Pet.* Stay.

Jun. No, I'll kill ye.

He knew thee absolute, and full in Soldier,
 Daring beyond all Dangers, found thee out
 According to the boldness of thy Spirit,
 A Subject, such a Subject—— *Pet.* Hark ye, *Junius*,
 I will live now.

Jun. By no means. Woo'd thy Worth,
 Held thee by the Chin up, as thou sunk'ft, and shew'd thee
 How Honour held her Arms out: Come, make ready,
 Since ye will die an As. *Pet.* Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By —— but I will, Sir. I'll have no Man
 dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
 Honour enough, let young Men rise now. Nay,
 I do perceive too by the General, (which is
 One main cause ye shall die, howe'er he carry it,)
 Such a strong doting on ye, that I fear
 You shall command in chief: how are we paid then?
 Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it. *Pet.* Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live. *Pet.* I will do any thing,
 Redeem myself at any Price: good *Junius*,
 Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
 My Life up like a Soldier. *Jun.* You will seek then
 To out-do every Man. *Pet.* Believe it, *Junius*,
 You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
 As you are noble, and a Soldier,
 For ever these mad fancies. *Pet.* Dare ye trust me?
 By all that's good and honest. *Jun.* There's your Sword then,
 And now come on a new Man: Virtue guide thee. [*Exe.*

Enter

Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the Rock.

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found Meat: look,
Hengo,

Look where some blessed *Britain*, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little Food and Drink: cheer up, Boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble Life: Uncle, I'm Heart-whole,
And would live. *Car.* Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hen. But my Head, Uncle:
Methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter Macer and Judas.

Mac. Mark 'em well, *Judas.*

Jud. Peace, as you love your life. *Hen.* Do not you hear
The noise of Bells? *Car.* Of Bells, Boy? 'tis thy
fancy,

Alas, thy Body's full of Wind.

Hen. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near Funeral of State; nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet Uncle, you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh my poor Chicken.

Hen. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come, tye me in your Belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myself, Boy.

Hen. No, as ye love me, Uncle;
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tye me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee: come, Child,
My valiant Child.

Hen. Let me down apace, Uncle,
And ye shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their Policies: for 'tis most certain
A *Roman* train; and ye must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, Uncle,
We'll be as merry—— *Car.* Go i'th' name of Heav'n,
Boy.

Hen.

Hen. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh!

[Judas shoots Hengo.

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hen. O my best Uncle, I am slain. Car. I see ye,
And Heav'n direct my Hand: Destruction

[Caratach kills Judas with a Stone from the Rock.

Go with thy Coward Soul. How dost thou, Boy?

Oh Villain, pocky Villain.

Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,

Oh how it pricks me; am I preserv'd for this?

Extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward, rascal Coward, Dogs eat thy flesh:

Hen. Oh I bleed hard; I faint too, out upon't,

How sick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle. Car. Look Boy,
I've laid him sure enough. Hen. Have ye knock'd his

Brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, Child.

Hen. Hold my sides hard, stop, stop, oh wretched
Fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble Child.

Hen. I once hop'd

I should have liv'd t' have met these bloody Romans

At my Sword's point, to have reveng'd my Father,

T' have beaten 'em; oh hold me hard. But Uncle —

Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, Boy. Shall I draw it?

Hen. Ye draw away my Soul then, I would live

A little longer; spare me Heav'ns, but only

To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,

Good noble Uncle weep not. Car. Oh my Chicken,

My dear Boy what shall I lose? Hen. Why, a Child,

That must have died however; had this 'scap'd me,

Fever or Famine — I was born to die, Sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my Boy?

Hen. I go the straighter

My journey to the Gods: Sure I shall know ye

When ye come, Uncle. Car. Yes, Boy.

Hen. And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great Blessedness [cold,

You told me of. Car. Most certain, Child. Hen. I grow

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Z

Mine

Mine Eyes are going. *Car.* Lift 'em up. *Hen.* Pray for me;
And noble Uncle, when my Bones are Ashes,
Think of your little Nephew. *Mercy.* *Car.* *Mercy.*
You blessed Angels take him. *Hen.* Kiss me : so.
Farewel, farewel. [*Dies.*

Car. Farewel the hopes of *Britain*,
Thou Royal Graft, farewel for ever. Time and Death,
Ye've done your worst. Fortune now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy Vail, and view thy Triumph : Look,
Look what thou'st brought this Land to. Oh fair Flower,
How lovely yet thy Ruins show, how sweetly
Ev'n Death embraces thee ! The peace of Heav'n,
The fellowship of all great Souls be with thee.

Enter Petillius and Junius on the Rock.

Hah ? Dare ye *Romans* ? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thour't mine. *Jun.* Not yet, Sir. [*Fight.*

Car. Breath ye, ye poor *Romans*,
And come up all, with all your antient Valours,
Like a rough Wind I'll shake your Souls, and send 'em----

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold *Caratach* ; by all——
As I am Soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant *Britain*.

Pet. Brave Soldier yield, thou stock of Arms and Honour,
Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory. [*ners.*

Jun. Most worthy Man, we'll woo thee, be thy Prisoner.

Suet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that Honour,
That more to me than Conquests, that true Happiness,
To be my Friend. *Car.* Oh, *Romans*, see what here is :
Had this Boy liv'd —— *Suet.* For Fame's sake, for thy
Sword's sake,

As thou desirest to build thy Virtues greater :
By all that's excellent in Man, and honest——

Car. I do believe ; ye've had me a brave Foe ;
Make me a noble Friend, and from your Goodness,
Give this Boy honourable Earth to lie in.

Suet. He shall have fitting Funeral.

Car.

Car. I yield then ;
Not to your Blows, but your brave Courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct then to the Arms of Peace
The wonder of the World.

Suet. Thus I embrace thee, [Flourish.
And let it be no Flatt'ry that I tell thee,
Thou art the only Soldier.

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your Usage.
I am for *Rome*.

Suet. Ye must.

Car. Then *Rome* shall know
The Man that makes her spring of Glory grow.

Suet. *Petillius*, you have shown much worth this day,
redeem'd much Error,

Ye have my Love again, preserve it; *Junius*,
With you I make him equal in the Regiment.

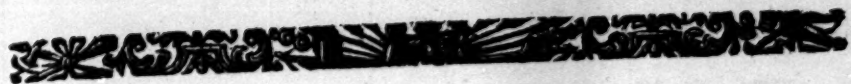
Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, Sir.

Suet. Ye shew a Friend's Soul.

March on, and through the Camp in every Tongue,
The Virtues of great *Caratach* be sung.

[*Exeunt.*





THE
KNIGHT
OF THE
BURNING PESTLE.



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PRO

23



PROLOGUE.

WHERE the Bee can suck no Honey, she leaves her Sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum to heal his Grief, he blasteth all other Leaves, with his Breath. We fear, it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our Labours sweet Content, you leave behind you a sour Mislike, and with open Reproach blame our good Meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted Mirth. Our Intent was at this time to move inward Delight, not outward Lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it (to the wise) to be a great Pleasure, to hear Counsel mixed with Wit, as to the foolish to have Sport mingled with Rudeness. They were banished the Theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought Parasites on the Stage with apish Actions, or Fools with uncivil Habits, or Courtizans with immodest Words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly Speeches, to make your Ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind Reports, or mistaking the Author's Intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our Cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own Censure, to like or dislike. Vale,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE Prologue.

Then a Citizen.

*The Citizen's Wife, and Ralph her Man, sitting
below amidst the Spectators.*

A rich Merchant.

Jasper his Apprentice.

Master Humphrey, a Friend to the Merchant.

Luce, the Merchant's Daughter.

Mistress Merry-thought, Jasper's Mother.

Michael, a second Son of Mistress Merry-thought.

Old Mr. Merry-thought.

A Squire.

A Dwarf.

A Tapster.

A Boy that danceth and singeth.

An Host.

A Barber.

Two Knights.

A Captain.

A Sergeant.

Soldiers.

THE



(1) THE
KNIGHT
OF THE
BURNING PESTLE.

Enter Prologue.



FROM all that's near the Court, from all
that's great
Within the compass of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, good-man Boy.

Pro. What do you mean, Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: These seven
years there hath been Plays at this House, I have observ'd
it,

(1) *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*] The privy Mark of Irony, which runs thro' this Play, not being understood, was the Reason, says *Walter Burre*, [*In his Dedication of the Quarto of 1613, to his many waies endeered Friend Maister Robert Keyſar*] that it was ready to give up the Ghost, and ran the danger of being smother'd in perpetual Oblivion, had not Mr. *Keyſar* been mov'd to relieve and cherish it. And that the Reader may not think the Hint of ridiculing Romance Writers was taken from *Don Quixote*, the same *Burre* assures us, in very strong Terms, that our *Knight* came out into the World above a full Year before the *Spaniard*. If this be so, then the present Play was wrote at least in the Year 1604, for *Cervantes* did not publish his first Part before *A. D.* 1605.

However,

it, you have still girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play, *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a Member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the City.

Cit. No, Sir, yes, Sir, if you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you study for new Subjects, purposely to abuse your Betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the Legend of *Whittington*, or the Life and Death of Sir *Thomas Gresham*? With the building of the *Royal Exchange*? Or the Story of Queen *Elenor*, with the rearing of *London-Bridge* upon Wool-facks?

Pro. You seem to be an understanding Man; what would you have us do, Sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the Commons of the City.

Pro. Why, what do you say to the Life and Death of that *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet Privies?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a Citizen, and he shall be of my own Trade.

Pro. Oh, you should have told us your mind a Month since, our Play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and he shall do admirable Things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry I will have him—

Wife. Husband, Husband.

Ralph. Peace, Mistress.

[*Wife below.*

[*Ralph below.*

However, this eight Days Performance has more Gall in it than I could wish; and the Poet, against whom the keenest Part of this Satire is seemingly levell'd, deserv'd better Treatment than we find he has met with: And it might be owing perhaps to Mr. *Spencer's* Friends that this Piece was suppress'd for at least the Term of nine Years, i. e. from 1604, in which it might be wrote, to A. D. 1613, when the first Quarto Copy came out into the World.

Wife.

Wife. Hold thy Peace, *Ralph*, I know what I do, I warrant ye. Husband, Husband.

Cit. What say'st thou, Cony?

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle, Husband, let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

Cit. So he shall, I'll have him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband, shall I come up, Husband?

Cit. Ay, Cony. *Ralph*, help your Mistress up this way: Pray Gentlemen make her a little room, I pray you, Sir, lend me your Hand to help up my Wife; I thank you, Sir, so.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all, I'm something troublesome, I'm a Stranger here, I was ne'er at one of these Plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once; and my Husband hath promised me any time this Twelvemonth, to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not; I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my Wife and I have a couple of Stools, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare Things.

Pro. But, Sir, we have never a Boy to play him, every one hath a Part already.

Wife. Husband, Husband, for God's sake let *Ralph* play him, beshrew me if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred Wife, come up *Ralph*; I'll tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a Suit of Reparrel, and Necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow Wind in the Tail on him, I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you Youth, let him have a Suit of Reparrel: I'll be sworn, Gentlemen, my Husband tells you true, he will act you sometimes at our House, that all the Neighbours cry out on him: He will fetch you up a couraging Part so in the Garret, that we are all as fear'd I warrant you, that we quake again: (2) We fear our Children with him, if they be never so unruly, do but cry, *Ralph comes*, *Ralph comes* to them, and they'll be as quiet as Lambs. Hold up thy Head *Ralph*, shew the

(2) We'll fear—] I wou'd propose reading *we*, the change of the Tense here seems very requisite to improve the Sense.

Gentlemen what thou canst do, speak a huffing Part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.

Ralph. By Heav'n (methinks) it were an easie leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome Line toucht any Ground,
And pluck up drown'd Honour from the lake of Hell.

Cit. How say you, Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, Gentlemen, he hath plaid before, (3) my Husband says, *Mufidorus*, before the Wardens of our Company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have plaid (4) *Jeronimo* with a Shoo-maker for a Wager.

Pro. He shall have a suit of Apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*, and set out the Grocers in their kind, if thou lov'st me.

Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely when he's drest.

Pro. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. *The* (5) *Grocers Honour*.

Pro. Methinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn Husband, that's as good a Name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin; my Wife and I will sit down.

Pro. I pray you do.

Cit. What stately Musick have you? (6) Have you Shawns?

Pro. Shawns? No. *Cit.*

(3) *My Husband says, Mufidorus,]* This Play was printed in 1598. *Mr. Theobald.*

(4) *Jeronimo]* A Performance, which was a fund of Ridicule to the Wits, especially the Play-Wrights, of our Authors Days.

(5) —*Grocers Honour.*

Pro. Methinks,

Methinks, &c.] I have dropt one of the *Methinks* upon the Authority of the eldest Quarto, and it was my Design to have set a mark of Infamy upon it before ever I saw that Edition.

(6) *You have Shawns.]* *Mr. Theobald,* from the oldest Quarto of 1613, reads *Shaums*, and 'tis certain that this ought to have been the Word;

Cit. No? I'm a Thief if my Mind did not give me so. *Ralph* plays a stately Part, and he must needs have Shawns: I'll be at the Charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

Pro. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why and so I will be, there's two Shillings, let's have the Waits of *Southwark*, they are as rare Fellows as any are in *England*; and that will fetch them all o'er the Water, with a Vengeance, as if they were mad.

Pro. You shall have them: Will you sit down then?

Cit. Ay, come Wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Pro. From all that's near the Court, from all that's great Within the Compass of the City Walls,

We now have brought our Scene: Fly far from hence

(7) All private Taxes, all immodest Phrases,

Whatever may but shew like vicious,

For wicked Mirth never true Pleasure brings,

But honest Minds are pleas'd with honest Things.

Thus much for that we do: But (8) for *Ralph's* part you must answer for't yourself.

Cit. Take you no Care for *Ralph*, he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

Wife. I faith, Gentlemen, I'll give my Word for *Ralph*.

Word; but I imagine the Poets design'd to make the Citizen blunder here, as they do thro' the rest of the Play upon other Occasions, and so I have chose to let it stand. I must add too, that the *Quarto* of 1635, agrees entirely with the present Reading.

(7) *All private Taxes, immodest Phrases,*

Whate'er may but shew—] As the Measure is deficient in both these Lines, I have endeavour'd to supply it, by reading *all* in the first, and *whatever* in the second. And this, with some other Lessons upon our *Knight of the Pestle* and *Maid in the Mill*, was sent me by an ingenious Gentleman in several Letters, to which his great Modesty would not let him put his Name. The want of such an Assistant through the whole of my part, may equally be regretted by the Reader and myself.

(8) — *for Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.*] I once thought that this latter *for* was to be struck out as redundant; but upon Examination we shall find it not a Redundancy, but a Deficiency, and shou'd read thus, — *answer for't yourself.* My anonymous Correspondent, mention'd above, reads as I have given the Text in this and the next Note.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Jasper his Man.

Merch. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
 And whom my charitable Love redeem'd
 Even from the Fall of Fortune, gave thee Heat
 And Growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
 Adding the trust of all I have at home,
 In foreign Staples, or upon the Sea,
 To thy Direction, ty'd the good Opinions
 (9) Both of myself and Friends to thy Endeavours,
 So fair were thy Beginnings: But with these,
 As I remember, you had never Charge
 To love your Master's Daughter, and even then,
 When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
 I take it, Sir, you had not; but however,
 I'll break the Neck of that Commission,
 And make you know you're but a Merchant's Factor.

Jasp. Sir, I do lib'rally confess I'm yours,
 Bound both by Love and Duty to your Service:
 In which my Labour hath been all my Profit,
 I have not lost in Bargain, nor delighted
 To wear your honest Gains upon my Back,
 Nor have I giv'n a Pension to my Blood,
 Or lavishly in play consum'd your Stock.
 These, and the Miseries that do attend them,
 I dare with Innocence proclaim are Strangers
 To all my temperate Actions; for your Daughter,
 If there be any Love to my Deservings,
 Born by her virtuous Self, I cannot stop it:
 Nor am I able to refrain her Wishes.
 She's private to herself, and best of Knowledge
 Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for.
 Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her

(9) *Both of self and Friends—*] The Quarto of 1613 and 1635, give the Reading in the Text.

Unto a Fellow of so lame a Presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Merch. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your Wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Merch. And thus it shall be, Sir; I here discharge you
My House, and Service, take your Liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll send for you. [Exit.

Jasp. These be the fair Rewards of them that Love,
Oh you that live in Freedom never prove
The travel of a Mind led by Desire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now Friend, struck with my Father's
Thunder?

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the Remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your Father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the Statute;
You dare be constant still?

Luce. O fear me not.

In this I dare be better than a Woman.
Nor shall his Anger nor his Offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Prince's Power.

Jasp. You know my Rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
E'en as I love an Ague, or foul Weather;
I prithee *Jasper* fear him not.

Jasp. Oh no,
I do not mean to do him so much kindness:
But to our own Desires you know the Plot
We both agreed on.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more,
Farewel, and keep my Heart, 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it,
He must do Miracles, makes me forsake it. [Exeunt.
Cit.

Cit. Fie upon 'em little Infidels, what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny, if there be not some abomination Knavery in this Play, well, let 'em look to't, *Ralph* must come, and if there be any Tricks a brewing——

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a God's name, *Ralph* will find all out I warrant you, and they were older than they are. I pray my pretty Youth, is *Ralph* ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my Commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this stick of Licoras, tell him his Mistress sent it him, and bid him bite a piece, 'twill open his Pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.

Merch. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my Faith she's You have my Hand; for other idle letts, [yours, Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind They're scattered, and no more: My wanton Prentice, That like a Bladder blew himself with Love, I have let out, and sent him to discover New Masters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you Sir, Indeed I thank you, Sir; and e'er I stir, It shall be known, however you do deem, I am of gentle Blood, and gentle seem.

Merch. Oh, Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my Friend, Altho' as Writers say, all things have end, And that we call a Pudding, hath his two, Oh let it not seem strange, I pray to you, If in this bloody simile, I put My Love, more endless, than frail Things or Gut.

Wife. Husband I prithee sweet Lamb tell me one thing, but tell me truly: Stay Youths I beseech you, till I question my Husband.

Cit. What is it, Mouse?

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier Child? how it behaves it self, I warrant ye: And speaks and looks,

looks, and perts up the Head? I pray you Brother with your favour, were you never one of Mr. *Moncaster's* Scholars?

Git. Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyself, the childer are pretty childer, but when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.

Wife. Ay when *Ralph* comes, Conie, well, my Youth, you may proceed.

Merch. Well, Sir, you know my Love, and rest, I hope Assur'd of my consent; get but my Daughter's, And wed her when you please; you must be bold, And clap in close unto her, come, I know You've Language good enough to win a Wench.

Wife. A whoresone Tyrant, hath been an old stringer in his Days, I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle Offer, and withal Yield Love again for Love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

Mar. What *Luce*, within there?

Luce. Call'd you, Sir?

Merch. I did;

Give entertainment to this Gentleman;
And see you (10) be not froward: to her Sir, [Exit.
My presence will but be an Eye-sore to you.

Hum. Fair Mistress *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
Give me your Hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Sister, and your Brother?
And whether you love me or any other?

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,
Where Women are not cruel; but how far
Is it now distant from the Place we are in,
Unto that blessed Place, your Father's Warren.

Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?

Hum. E'en that Face,
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that Place,

(10) — *be not froward to her, Sir:*] By the Alteration of the Pointing which Mr. *Theobald* had from the oldest Quarto, we have recovered good Sense in this Passage, which was not over-burden'd with it before. My anonymous Friend concur'd too in the self-same thing.

God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my Cost and Charges brought you thither,
And there began.——

Luce. Your Game, Sir.

Hum. Let no Game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair Killer,
For whom I fate me down and brake my Tiller.

Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you; when
will you do as much for me, *George*?

Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, I'm sorry for your Losses,
But as the Proverb says, *I cannot cry*;
I would you had not seen me.

Hum. So would I,
Unless you had more Maw to do me good. [stood?

Luce. Why, cannot (11) this strange Passion be with-
Send for a Constable, and raise the Town.

Hum. Oh no, my valiant Love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight
E'en that great Watch of Midsummer Day at Night.

Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant Men
Have no Resistance.

Hum. Yield then, I am full
Of Pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my Pocket thus a pair of Gloves.
Look *Luce*, look, the Dog's Tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with Silk, as you may see.
If you desire the Price, shoot from your Eye
A Beam to this Place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say, my sweetest Hony,
They cost me three and two Pence, or no Mony.

(11) ——*this strange Passion*——] To send for a *Constable* and
raise a Town, to withstand a *strange Passion*; borders seemingly near
upon Nonsense. Might I be allow'd to conjecture, I wou'd say, the
Writers ought to have express'd themselves thus—this *strong* Pas-
sion. The Alteration is easy, and the Sense by this means clear and
intelligible.

Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Luce. Why then farewell.

Hum. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me Time, and Patience, and fair Weather.

Luce. Speak and declare your Mind in Terms so brief.

Hum. I shall; then first and foremost, for Relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it,
I care not at what Price, for on my Word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now, for Love hath tost me
In furious Blanket like a Tennis-Ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas (12) good Gentleman, alas the Day.

Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without Rest,
I'th' Morning like a Man, at Night a Beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own Disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my Diet,
Will bring me presently to that Quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.

Luce. Now by St. Mary
That were great pity.

Hum. So it were, beshrew me,
Then ease me, lusty *Luce*, and pity shew me.

Luce. Why, Sir, you know my Will is nothing worth
Without my Father's Grant; get his Consent,
And then (13) you may with full assurance try me.

Hum. The Worshipful your Sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd,
Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

(12) — *good Gentlemen*,—] The present Reading is from the oldest Quarto. Mr. Theobald.

(13) — *you may with assurance try me*.] Thus run all the Copies, but sure the Measure, if nothing else, reclaims against this Reading: I have inserted a Monosyllable here, which doubtless was wanting, but whether it might be the Author's own or no, the Reader is left at his liberty to judge.

Luce. Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.

Hum. And so am I in Truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you,
There is another Clause must be annex,
And this it is I swore, and will perform it,
No Man shall ever joy me as his Wife,
But he that stole me hence: If you dare venture,
I'm yours; you need not fear, my Father loves you,
If not, farewell for ever.

Hum. Stay Nymph, stay,
I have a double Gelding colour'd Bay,
Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind,
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty Tree.

Luce. I'm satisfied,
And so I give my Hand; our course must lye
Through *Walbam* Forest, where I have a Friend
Will entertain us, so farewell, Sir *Humphrey*,
And think upon your Business. [Exit *Luce*.

Hum. Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venture Life and Limb,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. [Ex. *Hum*.

Wife. By my faith and troth, *George*, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young Man that ever trode on Shoe-Leather; well go thy ways, if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy Fault 'ifaith.

Cit. I prithee Mause be patient, a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoak for't.

Wife. That's my good Lamb *George*; fie, (14) this stinking Tobacco kills Me, would there were none in *England*: Now I pray Gentlemen, (15) what good does this

(14) *This stinking Tobacco kills Men,*] I have alter'd the Text here to *Me*, which is much more natural than *Men*, from the Conjecture of my unknown Friend.

(15) *What good does this stinking Tobacco? Do you nothing;*] This is a sufficient Instance what great service Punctuation is of, for we have here excellent Sense, but mangled at the Press: Remove only the Interrogation after *Tobacco*, and put it behind *do you*, and the Alteration carries its own Conviction. Thus far I had gone, when

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this stinking Tobacco do you? nothing; I warrant you make Chimnies a your Faces. Oh Husband, Husband, now, now there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, like a Grocer in's Shop, with two Prentices, reading Palmerin of England.

Cit. Peace fool, let *Ralph* alone; hark you *Ralph*, do not strain yourself too much at the first, peace, begin *Ralph*.

Ralph. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from their Dwarfs, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amain after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a Sight of him, came posting amain, saying, Stay traiterous Thief, for thou may'st not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest Lord in the World; and with these Words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he struck him beside his Elephant; and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon beside his Horse, with his Neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief said; All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of the Love thou bearest me. I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand Men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Roscler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his Meat, but the Giants and the (16) *Ettins* will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy Tongue; on *Ralph*.

when my nameless Correspondent told me, he thought we ought to read thus —

What good does this stinking Tobacco do you?

Nothing I warrant; you make Chimnies o' your Faces.

(16) *Ettins*] The good Woman is here a little Tautological, as at other times she is Nonsensical, (unless I mistake her Meaning in this Place.) Sir, Giants and *Ettins*, are Giants and Giants, *Eten* in *Saxon* signifying so.

Ralph. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their Possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Desarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. Ay by my Faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed; our Knights neglect their Possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous, and fair well-spoken Knights in this Age; they will call one the Son of a Whore, that *Palmerin of England* would have called fair Sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called Right beautiful Damsel, they will call Damn'd Bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy Pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave Spirit could be content to sit in his Shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blue Apron before him selling *Metbridatam* and *Dragons Water* to visited Houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble Atchievements, procure such a famous History to (17) be written of his Heroick Prowess.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, some more of those Words *Ralph*.

Wife. They go finely, by my Troth.

Ralph. Why should I not then pursue this Course, both for the credit of my self and our Company, for amongst all the worthy Books of Atchievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarf? (18) My elder Prentice *Tim* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blue Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my Shield shall be pourtraid.

(17) *be written of, in his Heroick Prowess.*] If Nonsense of above an hundred Years Possession may plead Prescription, this ridiculous Particle may insist upon its Privilege, for it has stood here ever since the Year 1635, but an higher Authority will shew the falseness of its Claim; for that the Poets ne'er establish'd it there, is plain from the Copy of 1613, where no such Particle appears at all.

(18) *My elder Prentice Tom*] Mr. *Theobald* from the first Quarto says, we must read *Tim*. 'Tis true; and the careful Reader will see that must be his Name from two other Places in this very Scene.

a *Burning Pestle*, and I will be called the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim.

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other Name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if she have her desires; if not, distressed Damsel; that you call all Forests and Heaths, Desarts, and all Horses Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: Faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the Shoes in their Shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus; Fair Sir, the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what Adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsel or otherwise.

Cit. Whoreson Blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before; all the Gentlemen heard him; did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, here is a distressed Damsel, to have a half penny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good Boy, see, the little Boy can hit it, by my Troth it's a fine Child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous Language, now shut up shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf, I must bespeak my Shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph*, as I am a true Man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. *Ralph*, *Ralph*.

Ralph. What say you, Mistress?

Wife. I prithee come again quickly, sweet *Ralph*.

Ralph. By and by. [Exit *Ralph*.]

Enter Jasper and his Mother Mistress Merry-thought.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my Blessing? No, I'll never give thee my Blessing, I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my Blessing: Thou art thy Father's own Son, of the Blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy Father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries *A merry Heart lives long-a*. And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael*, and thou thinkest to bezle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy Knees, thou shalt have my Blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee; but *Jasper* shall never have my Blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall he not *Michael*? how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good Boy.

Wife. I'faith it's a fine spoken Child:

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parent's Love, I must preserve the Duty of a Child.

I ran not from my Master, nor return
To have your Stock maintain my Idleness.

Wife. Ungracious Child I warrant him, hark how he chops Logick with his Mother; thou hadst best tell her she lies, do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my Son, I would hang him up by the Heels, and flea him, and salt him, Whoreson halter-sack.

Jasp.

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your Love,
(19) Which I must ever though I never gain it;
And howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of Blood hid in these Veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I'faith I had sorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough, get thee in thou Vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy Brother *Michael*.

Old. Mer. [within.] *Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose, And who gave thee this jolly red Nose?*

Mist. Mer. Hark my Husband he's singing and hoiting, And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.
Husband, Charles, Charles Merry-thought.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old. Mer. *Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves, And they gave me this jolly red Nose.*

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your Estate, you would have little list to sing, I wifs.

Old. Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an Estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old Man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty Shillings left, and thou eatest good Meat, and drinkest good Drink, and laughest?

Old. Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, *Charles*?

Old. Mer. How? Why how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and six a Clock, I found excellent Meat and Drink o' th' Table: My Cloaths were never worn out, but next Morning a Tailor brought me a new Suit, and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all

(19) *Which I ever though—*] *Mr. Theobald* had recover'd the true Reading before me from the oldest Quarto. My Correspondents Reading in this Place, viz. *shall* for *must*, would make good Sense, but it would not be the Author's, but his own.

should

should fail, it is but a little straining my self extraordinary, and laugh my self to Death.

Wife. It's a foolish old Man this: Is not he, *George*?

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i'th' Purse while I live, *George*.

Cit. Ay by'r Lady, Cunny hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*: I pray you pay *Jasper* his Portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michael*'s Stock; he says his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed Mistress *Merry-thought*, though he be a notable Gallows, yet I'll assure you his Master did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i'faith within this half Hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him Rogue, he serv'd him well enough, Love his Master's Daughter! By my troth Cunny, if there were a thousand Boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old. Mer. Where is *Jasper*? He's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his Portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mist. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper. Michael.*

Old. Mer. Welcome *Jasper*, tho' thou run'st away, welcome, God blest thee, 'tis thy Mother's Mind thou should'st receive thy Portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learnt Experience enough to govern it: Thou art of sufficient years, hold thy Hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten Shillings for thee; thrust thyself into the World with that, and take some settled course, if Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty Shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the best Meat, and drink the best Drink; be merry, and give to the Poor, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy Goods.

Jasp.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But Father?

Old. Mer. No more Words *Jasper*, get thee gone,
thou hast my Blessing, thy Father's Spirit upon thee.
Farewel *Jasper*;

But yet, or e'er (20) *you part* (oh cruel)

Kiss me, kiss me sweeting,

Mine own dear Jewel:

So, now begone, no Words. [Exit *Jasper*.

Mist. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's
Blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No *Michael*, tis no matter for his Blessing;
thou hast my Blessing, begone; I'll fetch my Mony and
Jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I
warrant thee, truly *Charles* I'll be gone too.

Old. Mer. What? you will not.

Mist. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old. Mer. Hey ho, farewell Nan,
I'll never trust Wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is
gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for *Michael*.

Old. Mer. Farewel good Wife, I expect it not, all I
have to do in this World, is to be merry; which I shall,
if the Ground be not taken from me; and if it be,
When Earth and Seas from me are rest,
The Skies aloft for me are left. [Exeunt.

[*Boy danceth, Musick.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all
that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now
surely they go finely. They say 'tis present Death for
these Fiddlers to tune their Rebecks before the great
Turks Grace, is't not *George*? But look, look, here's a
Youth dances, now good Youth do a turn o'th' Toe;
Sweet-heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come and do some of
his Gambols; he'll ride the wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould

(20) *you*—] The Ingenious Letter-Writer would have us read *we*
here, I have not however follow'd his Advice, in the Alteration of the
Text, though I have as to the Printing this Part of the Speech.

do your Hearts good to see him: I thank you kind Youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Conie. Sirrah, you scurvy Boy, bid the Players lend *Ralph*, or by Gods—and they do not I'll tear some of their Periwigs beside their Heads; this is all Riff-Raff.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. **A**ND how faith? how goes it now, Son *Humphrey*?

Hum. Right worshipful and my beloved Friend And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'am glad the Girl Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl From hence, (and you must wink: for so I say, The Story tells,) to morrow before day.

Wife. George, dost thou think in thy Conscience now 'twill be a Match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet Rogue, thou seest the poor Gentleman (dear Heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prithee sit still Honey-suckle, thou'lt spoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good Fellows my self, and in the shutting of an Evening knock it up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll bus thee for that I'faith, Boy; well, George, well, you have been a Wag in your days I warrant you: but God forgive you, and I do with all my Heart.

Merch. How was it, Son? you told me that to Morrow Before Day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed, Your Daughter rides upon a brown Bay Steed, I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*, The honest Host of the red roaring Lion

In

In *Waltbam* situate : Then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,
The fatal Sisters come, and do the Office,
And then you'll sing another Song.

Merch. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as your self agree
To any thing, so it be good and fair?
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full : but tell me why
You may not here perform your Marriage?

Wife. God's blessing o' thy Soul, old Man, i'faith thou
art loath to part true Hearts : I see a has her, *George*, and
I'm glad on't; well, go thy ways *Humpbrey* for a fair
spoken Man, I believe thou hast not thy fellow within
the Walls of *London*, an' I should say the Suburbs too,
I should not lie: Why dost not thou rejoice with me,
George?

Cit. If I could but see *Ralph* again, I were as merry
as mine Host i'faith.

(21) *Hum.* The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare;
Help me oh Muses nine: Your Daughter sware
A foolish Oath, the more it was the pity:

(22) Yet no one but my self within this City
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease; for sure sometimes an Oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like Cordial Broth:

(21) *Cit.* *The cause—*] I have, from the Authority of the Edition
of 1613, alter'd the Speakers here, seeing this Speech cou'd not be-
long to any one, but poor Mr. *Humpbrey*.

(22) *Yet none but—*] Mr. *Theobald* had been beforehand with me in
the Correction of this Passage, as I found by his Margin: *None*, which
is not Quantity, might easily by unmusical Ears be made of *no one*,
which as not the Verse, but Sense was minded only, easily pass'd down
to us thro' succeeding Editions: The Gentleman quoted above proposes
reading, thus — *none but* I my self.

And

And this it was she swore, never to marry,
 But such a one whose mighty Arm could carry
 (As meaning me, for I am such a one)
 Her bodily away through Stick and Stone,
 'Till both of us arrive, at her request,
 Some Ten Miles off in the (23) wide *Waltbam* Forest.

Merch. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
 Any denial in your Love, proceed,
 I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed. [more,

Hum. Good Night, twenty good Nights, and twenty
 And twenty more good Nights, that makes threescore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and her Son Michael.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary, Boy?

Mich. No forsooth Mother not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now, Child?

Mich. Indeed forsooth Mother I cannot tell, unless we
 be at *Mile-end*, is not all the World *Mile-end*, Mother?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, not all the World, Boy;
 but I can assure thee, *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter,
 there has been a pitch'd Field my Child, between the
 naughty *Spaniels* and the *Englishmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran
 away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen* followed: my Neigh-
 bour *Coxstone* was there Boy, and kill'd them all with a
 Birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. Mer. What says my white Boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, let thy Father go snick-up,
 he shall never come between a pair of Sheets with me
 again, while he lives: let him stay at home and sing for
 his Supper, Boy; come Child sit down, and I'll shew my
 Boy fine knacks indeed, look here, *Michael*, here's a
 Ring, and here's a Brooch, and here's a Bracelet, and

(23) —*wide Forest.*] Here my unknown Correspondent proposes to
 read *wild* for *wide*; had it been in the romantic Part of the Play, I
 could easily have admitted it into the Text; but as it is circumstanced,
 the present reading I think need not be displac'd. I like the Con-
 jecture, 'tis ingenious but not necessary.

here's

here's two Rings more, and here's Money, and Gold by th' Eye my Boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, Mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay *Michael*, thou shalt have all, *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this, *Wench*?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed la: and I pray you let the Youths understand so much by word of Mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my Boy: come, come, *George*, let's be merry and wise, the Child's a Fatherless Child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass, he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Squire, and Dwarf.

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph*.

Wife. How do you *Ralph*? you are welcome, *Ralph*, as I may say, it's a good Boy, hold up thy Head, and be not afraid, we are thy Friends *Ralph*. The Gentlemen will praise thee, *Ralph*, if thou play'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods Name.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helm, give me my Hat, where are we, or what Defart might this be?

Dwarf. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham Down*; in whose bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betray'd, we are betray'd, here be Giants; fly Boy, fly Boy, fly.

[*Exeunt Mother and Michael.*]

Ralph. Lace on my Helm again: what noise is this?
A gentle Lady flying the Embrace
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle
In Honour of all Ladies, swears Revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that pursues her;
Go comfort her, and that same gentle Squire
That bears her Company.

Squire. I go, brave Knight.

[*Shield,*

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and Friend, reach me my
And hold it while I swear, first by my Knighthood,

Then

Then by the Soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
 My famous Ancestor, then by my Sword,
 The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
 (24) By this bright burning Pestle, of mine Honour
 The living Trophy, and by all respect
 Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow
 Never to end the quest of this fair Lady,
 And that forsaken Squire, 'till by my Valour
 I gain their liberty.

Dwarf. Heav'n bless the Knight
 That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. [Exit.

Wife. Ay marry *Ralph*, this has some savour in't, I would
 see the proudest of them all offer to carry his Books after
 him. But *George*, I will not have him go away so soon,
 I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall; call *Ralph*
 again, *George*, call *Ralph* again, I prithee Sweet-heart let
 him come fight before me, and let's ha' some Drums, and
 Trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him,
 an' thou lov'st me, *George*.

Cit. Peace a little, Bird, he shall kill them all, an'
 they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jasper.

Jasper. Now Fortune, (if thou be'st not only ill,)
 Shew me thy better Face, and bring about
 Thy desperate Wheel, that I may climb at length
 And stand; this is our place of meeting,
 If Love have any constancy. Oh age!
 Where only wealthy Men are counted happy:
 How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?

(24) By this bright burning Pestle of mine Honour,
 The living Trophy—] Here we have sad Pointing again, and
 consequently as miserable Sense. I once thought to compleat the
 place we should read,

This living Trophy— which would certainly make the Sen-
 tence run more roundly, and take off that flatness and poorness which
 The living Trophy carries in it; but upon second Thoughts I imagine
 that the alteration of a single Comma will do the Business without more
 ado, as thus—

By this bright burning Pestle, of my Honour
 The living Trophy—

When

When I am only rich in misery?
My Father's Blessing, and this little Coin
Is my Inheritance, a strong Revenue,
From Earth thou art, and unto Earth I give thee.
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher Air
Breeds me a fresher Fortune: How, illusion!

[Spies the Casket.

What hath the Devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis Metal good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now God's dear blessing
Upon his Heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These Pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. [Exit.

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty Youth should
embezel away the Money, the poor Gentlewoman his
Mother will have a heavy Heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reason good, Sweet-heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a Tale in's Ear,
shall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he
be above ground; and besides *George*, here be a number
of sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and my self, and
your self, and the Musicians, if we be call'd in question;
but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou shalt hear him speak,
as he were an Emperal.

Enter *Ralph* and *Dwarf*.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
(25) Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady

Enter *Mistress Merry-thought*, *Michael*, and *Squire*.
Fair, and the Squire of Damsels as I take it. *Ralph*.

(25) Your Squire doth come and with him comes the Lady.

Enter *Mrs. Merry-thought*, &c.

For and the Squire of Damsels—] Thus has this Passage been handed
down to us from the first Quarto to the present Time; but could such
Nonsense ever flow from such standard Writers as ours were? Let us
take the Lines apieces and we shall soon be able to answer this Query
in the Negative. *Ralph* says,

Comes not Sir Squire again?

Yes says the Dwarf, He does and with him comes the Lady.

So far all is right, but what follows is total Darknefs.

For and the Squire of, &c. This is surely the most unlucky for
that e'er was wrote. What business has it here, or to what end does
it serve? To no other but to make the Line ridiculous by making the
Sense obscure. The only way to retrieve our Authors Credit is, by

Ralph. Madam, if any Service or Devoir
Of a poor Errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to give you Succour,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman,
and I have lost my Mony in this Forest.

Ralph. Desart, you would say, Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have Sword and Launce; dry up your Tears
Which ill befits the Beauty of that Face,
And tell the Story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous Fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out alas, I left a thousand Pound, a thou-
sand Pound, e'en all the Mony I had laid up for this
Youth, upon the sight of your Mastership, you look'd
so grim, and as I may say it, saving your Presence, more
like a Giant than a mortal Man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, so are they
All mortal; but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep do you think,
when he has lost his Inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of Valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy Foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward Head, that dare deny
Distressed Squires and Ladies Equity.

(26) I have but one Horse, upon which shall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, Fortune will give us more
Upon our next Adventure; fairly speed
Beside us Squire and Dwarf, to do us need. [Exeunt.

supposing that they wrote the Lines, and pointed them thus,

— *with him comes the Lady*

Fair, and the Squire of Damsels— So above he forbids his
Squire to call any Female by the Name of Woman or Wench, but fair
Lady. And again a little lower,

— *I am here*

An Errant Knight to crave Delivery

Of that fair Lady, to her own Knight's Arms.

And just after — *on which shall ride*

This Lady fair.

(26) *I have but one Horse on—*] As the Measure here is lame, and
has been so this Hundred Years, I have endeavour'd to set it sound by
inserting the Word *upon*, which might easily have dropt a Syllable;
or if the Reader does not approve of that, he may insert *this* before
one, and the thing will come to the very same. Cit.

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your Man would do? by the faith of my Body Wench, for clean Action and good Delivery, they may all cast their Caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i'faith, for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, Timber for Timber: Well *George*, an' he be not inveigled by some of these paltry Players, I ha' much marvel; but *George* we ha' done our Parts, if the Boy have any Grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you Duckling.

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistress *Luce*, however I in fault am, For your lame Horse; your welcome unto *Waltham*, But which way now to go, or what to say I know not truly, 'till it be broad Day.

Luce. O fear not Master *Humphrey*, I am Guide For this Place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,
Or if it please you, walk for your Repose,
Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good Friend and *Humphrey*, whose Consent
Is so intangled ever to your Will,
As the poor harmless Horse is to the Mill:

Luce. Faith and you say the Word, we'll e'en sit down,
And take a Nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together; for believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry, Master *Humphrey*.

Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your Nurse had the less Labour.

Hum. Faith it may be,
Unless it were by Chance I did bewray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. *Luce*, dear Friend *Luce*.

Luce. Here *Jasper*.

Jasp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be so, my Friend, you use me fine:
What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant Noddy.

Hum. A Word of Obloquy; now by God's Body,
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, an' you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it: [*Beats him.*
And say I paid you well.

Hum. O Sir, I have it,
And do confess the Payment, pray be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get you to your Night-Cap and the Diet,
To cure your beaten Bones.

Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee some wholesome Broth with Sage and Cumfry:
A little Oil of Roses, and a Feather
To 'noint thy Back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dory*.

Luce. Farewel my pretty Numps, I'm very sorry
I cannot bear thee Company.

Hum. Farewel,
The Devil's Dam was ne'er so bang'd in Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jasper* will prove me another Things,
a my Conscience, and he may be suffered; *George*, dost
not see *George* how a swaggers, and flies at the very
Heads a fokes as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do
his Lesson for wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no
true Woman; his Friends that brought him up, might
have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him
these Fegaries: He's e'en in the Highway to the Gallows,
God bless him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Conny, the young Man may
do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Master *Humphry*, has he hurt you?
now beshrew his Fingers for't, here Sweet-heart, here's
some Green Ginger for thee, now beshrew my Heart, but
a has Pepper-nel in's Head, as big as a Pullet's Egg;
alas, sweet Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the
Peace on him sweet Heart, take the Peace on him.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a foolish Woman, I'll ha' *Ralph* fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly: Sirrah Boy, come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jasper*.

Wife. Ay and beat him well, he's an unhappy Boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the Plot of our Play lyes contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no Plots, I'll ha' *Ralph* come out, I'll make your House too hot for you else.

Boy. Why Sir, he shall, but if any thing fall out of Order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways Goodman Boy, I'll hold him a Penny he shall have his Belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Ralph*; no more.

Enter Ralph, Mist. Merr. Michael, Squire and Dwarf.

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep The Passage bound by love of Lady fair, Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this same Night,
Had stolen from me, upon yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and suffer'd (to be seen
Yet extant on my Shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that Meeting. [thou

Wife. Ay *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, an' Spar'ft him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd

Cit. No more, Wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff Wretch hath done this Deed,
Lady, your Pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the Quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great Venture of the Purse,

Enter Jasper and Luce.

And the rich Casket, 'till some better Leisure. [sure.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my Treas-

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant Knight at Arms, to crave Delivery

Of that fair Lady to her own Knight's Arms.
If he deny, bid (27) him take Choice of Ground,
And so defie him.

Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight,
Unless thou make fair Restitution
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an Afs, and I will keep the Wench,
And knock his Head-Peice.

(28) *Ralph.* Knight thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous Terms.

Wife. Break his Pate *Ralph*, break his Pate *Ralph*,
soundly.

Jasp. Come, Knight, I'm ready for you, now your Pestle
[*Snatches away his Pestle.*

Shall try what Temper, Sir, your Morrar's of;
With that he stood upright in his Stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calves-Skin such a knock,
That he forsook his Horse, and down he fell, [met—
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Hel-
Hum. Nay, an' my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run—

[*Ex. Humphrey and Ralph.*

Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy Life Boy;
Jasper comes, *Jasper* comes.

Jasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you,
Humphrey and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the Devil, God blefs us, is in this Springald;
why *George*, didst ever see such a Fire-Drake? I am
afraid my Boy's miscarry'd; if he be, though he were
Master *Merry-thought's* Son a thousand times, if there be
any Law in *England*, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the Matter, Sweet-
heart, *Jasper* is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is en-

(27) —him take choice of Ground,] It is very possible that our
Authors wrote *make* in this Passage.

(28) *Thou art but dead,*] The Text is from the Quarto of 1613,
and I dare say my Correspondent will be pleased to see the best Au-
thority confirm his Conjecture here, who advised me to fill up this
Deficiency as I here have done.

chanted,

chanted, he could no more have stood in *Ralph's* Hands, than I can stand in my Lord Mayor's: I'll have a Ring to discover all Enchantments, and *Ralph* shall beat him yet: Be no more vext, for it shall be so.

Enter Ralph, Squire, Dwarf, Mistress Merry-thought, and Michael.

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again; stay *Ralph*, let me speak with thee; how dost thou *Ralph*? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on thee, there's some Sugar-Candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did not make a Puppy of him, and drive him up and down the School, he should ne'er come in my Shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly Master Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed la Mother, and I'm very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your fair Squire. For in this Desert there must needs be plac'd Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights, And 'till I bring you safe to one of those I swear by this my Order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*: *George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our Child, you know it was stray'd almost, alone, to *Puddle-Wharf*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it self but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the most comfortablest to me: Peace Mistress, says he, let it go, I'll get you another as good; did he not *George*? Did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he, Mouse.

Dwarf. I would we had a mess of Pottage, and a Pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to Bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham Town's* end, and that's the *Bell Inn*. [Squire,

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and I have discovered, not a Stone's cast off,

An antient Castle held by the old Knight
 Of the most holy Order of the *Bell*,
 Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain :
 There plenty is of Food, and all prepar'd
 By the white Hands of his own Lady dear.
 He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests :
 (29) The first, hight *Chamberlino*, who will see
 Our Beds prepar'd, and bring us Snowy Sheets,
 Where never Footman stretch'd his butter'd Hams.
 The second hight *Tapstero*, who will see
 Our Pots full filled, and no froth therein ;
 The third, a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,
 Who will our Palfries slick with wisps of Straw,
 And in the Manger put them Oats enough,
 And never grease their Teeth with Candle-snuff.

Wife. That same Dwarf's a pretty Boy, but the Squire's
 a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with stately Lance.

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there. you're welcome Gentlemen, will
 you see a Room ?

Dwarf. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the
Burning Pestle, this is the Squire *Tapstero*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapstero*, I a wandering Knight,
 Hight of the *Burning Pestle*, in the quest
 Of this fair Lady's Casket, and wrought Purse,
 Losing my self in this vast Wilderness,
 (30) Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,

(29) *The first high Chamberlain*

— *height Tapstro*

— *Squire Ostlero height,*

[The Correction of *hight* for *high*, is from Mr. Theobald's Conjecture, but he did not go to the bottom of the Grievance, for Chamberlain is not Quantity, and so can't stand in the Verse. *Chamberlino* is from the said Quarto of 1613, *Tapstro*, Octavo. *Tastero*, Quarto, I have alter'd to *Tapstero*. *Ostlero* *hight* is from the first Quarto too.

(30) *And to this Castle*—] The Mistakes in this Page draw on each other like the Links of a Chain ; the Reader will see that my Correction here, which I afterwards found confirmed by the oldest Copy, is without all Dispute what the Poets not only should have wrote, but actually did.

Where

Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,
Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapst. An't please you see a Chamber, you are very
welcome. [Exeunt.]

Wife. George, I would have something done, and I
cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, *Nell*?

Wife. Why George, shall *Ralph* beat no body again?
Prithee Sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll
knock them all.

Enter Humphrey and Merchant.

Wife. O George, here's Master *Humphrey* again now,
that lost Mistress *Luce*, and Mistress *Luce's* Father, Master
Humphrey will do some bodies Arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in Arms I ne'er shall clasp her,
For she is stol'n away by your Man *Jasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to lose my Child:
Now I begin to think on *Jasper's* Words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness;
Why didst thou let her go, thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy Life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I shall tell you true,
Look on my Shoulders, they are black and blue,
Whilst too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get Men and Horses straight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the Place again?

Hum. I know the Place where he my Loins did swaddle,
I'll get six Horses, and to each a Saddle.

Mer. Mean time I will go talk with *Jasper's* Father.
[Exeunt.]

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that
Master *Humphrey* has not Mistress *Luce* yet; speak George,
what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jasper* is at *Puckeridge*
with her by this. *Wife.*

Wife. Nay George, you must consider Mistress Luce's Feet are tender, and besides, 'tis dark, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of *Waltbam Forest* with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Ralph Honny*, because I have not spoken with him: but look George, Peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. *When it was grown to dark Midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly Ghost,
And stood at William's Feet.*

I have Mony, and Meat, and Drink before-hand, till to Morrow at Noon, why should I be sad? Methinks I have half a dozen Jovial Spirits within me, *I am three merry Men, and three merry Men:* To what end should any Man be sad in this World? Give me a Man that when he goes to hanging cries *troul the black Boul to me:* And a Woman that will sing a Catch in her Travel. I have seen a Man come by my Door with a serious Face, in a black Cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his Head as if he look'd for Pins in the Street. I have look'd out of my Window half a Year after, and have spied that Man's Head upon *London Bridge:* 'Tis vile, never trust a Taylor that does not sing at his Work, his Mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this George, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Taylor, you know, never Sings, and he had fourteen Yards to make this Gown; and I'll be sworn, Mistress *Penistone* the Draper's Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. *'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins with Blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each Man keep his Heart at ease,
No Man dies of that Disease;
He that woulda his Body keep
From Diseases, must not weep,*

But

But whoever laughs and sings,
(31) Never he his Body brings
Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Or lingringly his Lungs consumes ;
Or meets with Achés in the Bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone :

But contented lives by aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look George, how say'st thou by this George?
Is't not a fine old Man? Now God's Blessing a thy sweet
Lips. When wilt thou be so merry, George? Faith thou
art the frowningst little thing, when thou art angry, in
a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou shalt see him took down too
I warrant thee: Here's Luce's Father come now.

Old Mer. As you came from Wallingham,
From the Holy Land,
There met you not with my true Love
By the way as you came?

Merch. Oh Master Merry-thought! my Daughter's gone,
This Mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. Why an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my Misery, it is your Son,
(Whom I have made my own, when all forlook him,)
Has stol'n my only Joy, my Child away.

Old Mer. He set her on a milk white Steed,
And himself upon a gray,
He never turn'd his Face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my Daughter's loss. [Daughter?

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a stir's here wi' y'r
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both
my Sons were on the Gallows, I would sing

(31) *Never his Body brings*] This additional *be* in the Text is
from the first Quarto Copy; and thus my Correspondent bid me read
in this Edition.

Down,

*Down, down, down: they fall
Down, and arise they never shall.*

Merch. Oh might but I behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged Sire.

Old Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes:
And she once more embrace her aged Sire?
You'll make a Dog on her, will ye; (32) she cares much
For her aged Sire, I warrant you.

*She cares not for her Daddy, nor
She cares not for her Mammy,
For she is, she is, she is my
Lord of Low-gaves Lassie.*

Merch. For this thy scorn I will pursue
That Son of thine to Death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him Flowers i'now Palmer, give him Flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it spoils
my Mirth.

Merch. I say I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. Was never Man for Lady's sake, down, down,
Tormented as I Sir Guy? de derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that Lady bright, down, down,
As ever Men beheld with Eye? de derry down.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heav'n. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundus. [Musick.

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?

Cit. Why this is well, Cunny; but if *Ralph* were hot
once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The Fiddlers go again, Husband.

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, but this is scurvy Musick; I gave the
Whoreson-Gallows Mony, and I think he has not got me
the Waits of *Southwark*: (33) If I hear 'em not anon, I'll

(32) —*she cares much for aged Sire,*] The Text is from the oldest
Quarto.

(33) —*If I hear him not—*

Your Musicians, &c.] I have chang'd 'em for him upon my own
Authority, and you for your upon that of the oldest Quarto Edition.

twing him by the Ears.

You Musicians play *Baloo*.

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha' *Lachrymæ*.

Cit. Why this is it, *Cunny*.

Wife. Is't, all the better *George*; now sweet *Lamb*, what Story is that painted upon the Cloth? the confutation of Saint *Paul*?

Cit. No *Lamb*, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece*.

Wife. *Ralph* and *Lucrece*? which *Ralph*? our *Ralph*?

Cit. No *Moule*, that was a *Tartarian*.

Wife. A *Tartarian*? well, I wou'd the Fiddlers had done, that we might see our *Ralph* again.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasp. (34) **C**OME my Dear dear, though we have lost our way,

We have not lost ourselves: Are you not weary
With this Night's wandering, broken from your Rest?
And frightened with the Terror that attends
The darkness of this wild unpeopled Place?

Luce. No my best Friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary Thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the Number of forsaken Lovers,
Tell the long weary Steps, and number Time,
Start at a Shadow, and shrink up their Blood,
Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty Love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You've caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful Prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
And rest your Body, too too delicate

(34) *Come my Dear* —] I had once fill'd up the Deficiency of Measure here by inserting *now*, which seem'd to bid fair for the real reading, but what I have given in the Text is from the oldest Quarto.
For

For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in these Watches,
For Women are no Soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep,
Indeed I cannot, Friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our Senses.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my Heart
With that enchanting Voice.

Luce. You mock me, *Jasper*.

SONG.

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is Love?

Luce. 'Tis a Lightning from above,

'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,

'Tis a Boy they call Desire.

'Tis a Smile

Doth beguile

Jasp. The poor Hearts of Men that prove.

Tell me more, are Women true?

Luce. Some Love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they fair, and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when Men turn with the Wind.

Jasp. Are they froward?

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy Sleep, lays on his heavy Mace
Upon your Eye-lids.

Luce. I am very heavy.

[Thoughts:

Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet Rest crown thy sweet
Keep (35) from her fair Blood all Distempers, Startings,
Horrors and fearful Shapes: let all her Dreams
Be Joys, and chaste Delights, Embraces, Wishes,

(35) — *from her fair Blood Distempers, Startings.*] This lame
unmusical Verse I cou'd not pass over unnoted, and have fill'd it up in
a manner that I hope will be no way disagreeable to the candid Reader.

And

And such new Pleasures as the ravish'd Soul
Gives to the Senses. So, my Charms have took.
Keep her ye Powers Divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the Wealth and Beauty of her Mind.
She's only fair, and constant, only kind,
And only to thee *Jasper*. O my Joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my Spirits, I am weak;
Some say (however ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but Opinions are,
And Heresies to bring on pleasing War
Between our Tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou Child!
Bred from Despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a Love without the faults of Women,
And greater in her perfect goods than Men;
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I'm certain of her Love,
I'll try her, that the World and Memory
May sing to after-times her Constancy.

Luce, *Luce*, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me Friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your Sword
Drawn in your Hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee *Jasper* sleep, thou'rt wild with watching. [World,

Jasp. Come make your way to Heav'n, and bid the
With all the Villanies that stick upon it,
Farewel; you're for another Life. *Luce*. Oh *Jasper*,
How have my tender Years committed evil,
Especially against the Man I love,
Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp*. Foolish Girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his Daughter
That flung me from my Fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his Service, shut the Doors
Upon my Poverty, and scorn'd my Prayers,
Sending me, like a Boat without a Mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this Hand you dye,

I must

I must have Life and Blood, to satisfy
Your Father's wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the King's Peace kept. O my Heart what a Varlet's this, to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewoman?

Cit. I warrant thee, Sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many Deaths appear before me.
I am a Woman made of Fear and Love,
A weak, weak Woman, kill not with thy Eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready,
And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and his Men.

Merch. Where abouts?

Jasp. No more of this, now to my self again.

Hum. There, there he stands with Sword, like martial Knight,

Drawn in his Hand, therefore beware the Fight
You that are wise; for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, (36) by your Leaves.

Merch. Sirrah, restore my Daughter. *Jasp.* Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down with him,
cut him i'the Leg, Boys, cut him i'the Leg.

Merch. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage
for you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

Hum. Truly I am glad your Forces have the Day. [*Ene.*

Manet Jasper.

Jasp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my Love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!

(36).—*by your Leaves*] This must be pronounced as two Syllables; 'tis in the Taste of *Chaucer* and our old *English* Poets: 'Tis a License however our Poets seldom take, and I don't remember above three or four Instances of it throughout the Edition.

Bleed,

Bleed, bleed and die—I cannot; Oh my Folly!
Thou hast betray'd me; Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'st any where remaining.
Shall I but see my Love again? Oh no!
She will not deign to look upon her Butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh Chance, or Fortune, or what-e'er thou art
That Men adore for powerful, hear my Cry,
And let me (37) loving live, or losing die. [Exit.]

Wife. Is he gone, George?

Cit. Ay, Conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go, Sweet-heart, by the
Faith a my Body a has put me into such a Fright, that
I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an Aspin Leaf: Look a
my little Finger George, how it shakes: Now in Truth
every Member of my Body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine Arms sweet Mousse, he shall
not fright thee any more; alas mine own dear Heart,
how it quivers.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, Ralph, Michael, Squire,
Dwarf, Host, and a Tapster.

Wife. O Ralph, how dost thou Ralph? How hast thou
slept to Night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell, let Ralph alone.

Tap. Master, the Reckoning is not paid. [sake

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who for the Orders
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,

(37) — *loving live, or losing die.*] How strangely woe-begone is poor
Jasper (if the Text is to stand as all the Copies have it:) I may say
so far, as to talk like a Man that has lost his five Senses: What the
Author intended Jasper shou'd say, I take to be this;

And let me having live, or losing die. That is, let me either live
with the Enjoyment of my Love, or let me, if I must lose her, die
in the great Attempt of endeavouring her Rescue. The jingle of the
Ls in the former Editions is indeed lost by this Change; but that Loss
is repair'd by a much greater advantage, the acquisition of good Sense,
and the restoration of the Antithesis between *having* and *losing*.

For thus refreshing of our wearied Limbs,
Stifned with hard Atchievements in wild Defart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve Shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our Souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Lady's Cause,
Ev'ry true Knight, and ev'ry Damsel fair,
But spill the Blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,
And false Inchanters, that with Magick Spells
Have done to Death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, give
ear to me, there is twelve Shillings to pay, and as I am
a true Knight, I will not bate a Penny.

Wife. *George*, I prithee tell me, must *Ralph* pay twelve
Shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry
with *Ralph*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Ralph* will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this Mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal Courtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He shall receive from my Heroick Hand
A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble Offer,
Therefore gentle Knight

Twelve Shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the
Knight of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Ralph* shall not be be-
holding to him, give him his Mony *George*, and let him
go snick-up.

Cit. Cap *Ralph*? No, hold your Hand fir Knight of the
Bell, there's your Mony, have you any thing to say to
Ralph now? Cap *Ralph*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Ralph* has Friends
that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much,
and ten times to the end of that, now take thy course
Ralph.

Mist. Mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy Father, he hath enough left to keep us a Day or two, and we'll set Fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall we, *Michael*?

Mich. Ay, I pray Mother, in truth my Feet are full of Chilblains with Travelling.

Wife. Faith and those Chilblains are a foul trouble: *Mistress Merry-thought*, when your Youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his Feet, and his Heels, and his Ankles; with a Mouse-skin; or if none of you can catch a Mouse, when he goes to Bed, let him rowl his Feet in the warm Embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his Fingers between his Toes, and smell to them, it's very sovereign for his Head, if he be Costive.

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my Son *Michael* and I bid you farewell, I thank your Worship heartily for your kindness.)

Ralph. Farewel fair Lady, and (38) your tender Squire. If pricking through these Desarts, I do hear Of any trait'rous Knight, who, through his guile Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse, I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mist. Mer. I thank your Worship. [*Exit with Michael.*]

Ralph. Dwarf bear my Shield, Squire elevate my Lance, And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell*,

Cit. Ay, ay, *Ralph*, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight, If (39) aught you do of sad Adventures know, Where Errant Knight may through his Prowess win Eternal Fame, and free some gentle Souls. From (40) endless bonds of Steel and lingring Pain.

(38) —*your tender Squire.*] If all the Copies did not run against me, I shou'd not have scrupled to have made the Text run thus,

— *and you tender Squire.*

(39) —*oft you do—*] The true reading is from the old Quarto. Mr. *Theobald* too, I find, had corrected it thus in his Margin.

(40) —*endless bounds—*] The present Correction which is plain and self-evident, I had made before I saw the old Copies, in which I happily found it confirmed.

Host. Sirrah, go to *Nick* the Barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone, Sir. [Exit *Tapster*.]

Host. Sir Knight, this Wilderness affordeth none But the great venture, where full many a Knight Hath tried his Prowess, and come off with Shame, And where I would not have you lose your Life, Against no Man, but furious Fiend of Hell.

Ralph. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where: For here I vow upon my blazing Badge, Never to blaze a Day in quietness; But Bread and Water will I only eat, And the green Herb and Rock shall be my Couch, Till I have quell'd that Man, or Beast, or Fiend, That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, (41) near to a craggy Cliff At the North end of this distressed Town, (42) There doth stand a lowly House Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave In which an ugly Giant now doth (43) won, Ycleped *Barbaroso*; In his Hand He shakes a naked Lance of purest Steel, With Sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears A motly Garment, to preserve his Clothes From Blood of those Knights which he massacres, And Ladies (44) gent: without his Door doth hang

(41) —near to a craggy Cliff] Thus the Quarto of 1613. The rest —near a craggy Cliff.

(42) There doth stand a lowly House] My anonymous Friend says, we must read hear to compleat the Measure as well as Sense thus;

A Mansion there doth stand a lonely House.

and observes that a Page or two lower 'tis called a Mansion. As I have no authority from the old Books to make such an Addition and Alteration, and as the Quantity of the Verses are not always compleat, I have not dar'd to follow his Instructions.

(43) Old Word for dwell.

(44) And Ladies gentle:—] As our Authors had too good Ears to let such a hobling Line escape their Pen where the Metre was capable of being made perfect, and as they knew too much of the Stile of Romance Writers especially in Verse, to be ignorant of what was the usual Phrase on these Occasions, I concluded at first sight they read as I have given the Text. And I found upon examination that the Quarto of 1613 exhibited likewise this self same Lesson.

A copper Bason, on a prickant Spear;
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce *Barbaroso* hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted Chair:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd
With forty Teeth, he claws his courtly Crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his Chin,
He plants (45) a brazen piece of mighty Bore,
And knocks his Bullets round about his Cheeks,
Whilst with his Fingers, and an Instrument
With which he snaps his Hair off, he doth fill
The Wretch's Ears with a most hideous Noise.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no Creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's Name, I will fight with him, kind Sir,
Go but before me to this dismal Cave
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Rosiclere*,
That damned brood of ugly Giants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul,
And to the Devil send his guilty Soul.

Hof. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome Place, inhabited
By a more loathsome Man: But dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint *George*! set on, before march Squire and
Page. [Exeunt.

Wife. *George*, dost think *Ralph* will confound the Giant?

(45) — a brazen piece of mighty Board,] So the Octavo, the first Quarto — of mighty Bord. Both of which are foreign to the Places they occupy. I conjecture the Poets intended to say Bore; so the Cavity of a Gun, Cannon, &c. is commonly call'd: And tho' the Anachronism of making Ordnance, Contemporary with Knight-Errantry may be allow'd, yet Nonsense has, or can have no Claim to the like Privilege.

Cit. I hold my Cap to a farthing he does: Why *Nell*, I saw him Wrestle with the great *Dutchman*, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith and that *Dutchman* was a goodly Man, if all things were answerable to his Bigness: And yet they say there was a *Scottishman* higher than he, and (46) that they two on a Night met, and saw one another for nothing: but of all the Sights that ever were in *London*, since I was Married, methinks the little Child that was so fair grown about the Members was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. *Ninivie*, O that was the (47) Story of *Joan* and the Wall, was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes *Lamb*.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes *Mistress Merry-thought* again, and I would have *Ralph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true I long to see't.

Cit. Good *Mistress Merry-thought*, be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have Audience presently, I have a little Business.

Wife. *Mistress Merry-thought*, if it please you to refrain your Passion a little, till *Ralph* have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you, good *Mistress Merry-thought*.

[*Exit Mistress Merry-thought.*]

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Ralph* and this Whoreson Giant quickly.

(46) — *that they two and a Knight met,*] The Correction in the present Edition I hope will be allow'd by every candid and judicious Reader: *Night* being the time when these *Men-Monsters* remove from Place to Place, thereby to prevent spoiling their Market, by exposing to common View, what they wou'd have the World pay dearly for the Sight of.

(47) — *Story of Joan and the Wall,*] Affected Blunder for *Jonah* and the Whale. Mr. Theobald, and my unknown Correspondent.

Boy.

Boy. In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost Mony, you will not suffer us to go on with our Plots; I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your Hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy Hand *George*, do, and I'll kiss him, I warrant thee the Youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently. [Exit *Boy*.]

Wife. I thank you little Youth; feth the Child hath a sweet Breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mare's Milk were the only thing in the World for't. O *Ralph's* here, *George*; God send thee good luck, *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, Host, Squire and Dwarf.

Host. Puissant Knight, yonder his Mansion is, Lo, where the Spear and Copper Bason are, Behold the String on which hangs many a Tooth, Drawn from the gentle Jaw of wandring Knights; I dare not stay to sound, he will appear. [Exit *Host*.]

Ralph. O faint not Heart: *Susan* my Lady dear, The Cobler's Maid in *Milk-Street*, for whose sake I take these Arms, O let the Thought of thee Carry thy Knight through all adventurous Deed, And in the Honour of thy beauteous self, May I destroy this Monster *Barbaroso*; Knock Squire upon the Bason 'till it break With the shrill Strokes, or till the Giant speak.

Enter Barbaroso.

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Ralph* for thy Life.

Bar. What fond unknowing Wight is this, that dares, So rudely knock at *Barbarossa's* Cell, Where no Man comes, but leaves his Fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous Caitiff, who am sent by Fate To punish all the sad Enormities

Thou hast committed (48) against Ladies gent,
 And Errant Knights, Traitor to God and Men:
 Prepare thy self, this is the dismal Hour
 Appointed for thee to give strict Account
 Of all thy beastly treacherous Villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby
 This fond Reproach, thy Body will I bang,
 [He takes down his Pole.

And loe upon that String thy Teeth shall hang;
 Prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me. [They fight.

Bar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Ralph*, to him, hold up the Giant, set
 out thy Leg before, *Ralph*.

Cit. Falsifie a Blow *Ralph*, falsifie a Blow, the Giant
 lyes open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still; there Boy; O *Ralph's*
 almost down, *Ralph's* almost down.

Ralph. *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Ralph*, down with
 him, down with him *Ralph*.

Cit. Fetch him over the Hip, Boy.

Wife. There Boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Ralph*.

Cit. No *Ralph*, get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous Man, see to what desperate End
 Thy Treachery hath brought thee; the just Gods,
 Who never prosper those that do despise them,
 For all the Villanies which thou hast done
 To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
 By my stiff Arm, a Knight adventurous.
 But say, vile Wretch, before I send thy Soul
 To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,
 What Captives hold'st thou in thy fable Cave?

Bar. Go in and free them all, thou hast the Day.

Ralph. Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful Cave,
 And free the wretched Prisoners from their Bonds.

[Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.

(48) —against Ladies gentle,] The reformation in the Text is from
 the oldest Quarto. See Note 44.

Bar.

Bar. I crave for Mercy as thou art a Knight,
And scorn'st to spill the Blood of those that beg.

Ralph. Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thy self, for thou shalt surely dye.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Basen under his Chin.

Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one Prisoner,
(49) Whom this wild Man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wisest word I hear the Squire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign Punishment.

1 Knight. I am a Knight that took my Journey Post
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wife,
This Gyant train'd me (50) to his loathsome Den,
Under pretence of killing of the Itch,
And all my Body with a Powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my Beard,
And my curl'd Locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,
And with a water washt my tender Eyes,
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,)
Whose virtue is, that 'till my Eyes be wip'd
With a dry Cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a Dog i'th' Face.

Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Ralph*, relieve poor
Knights whilst you live.

Ralph. My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief; adieu fair Knight. [*Ex. Knight.*]

(49) *Whom this wild Man—*] Tho' all the Copies agree in this reading, 'tis yet highly probable that a Corruption has taken place here. Inhumanity and Barbarity are the Characteristics this Giant is distinguish'd by, and as such I would have what I take to be the right Lession restor'd, and make the Line run thus,

Whom this vilde Man, &c.

Vilde for *vile* is the common Lession both in *Shakespear* and *Spencer*, and I am surprized that the great *Oxford* Editor of *Shakespear* should so frequently (I believe universally) alter this reading in his fine Edition of that Poet, into the modern *vile*.

(50) —to his loathsome Den,] So the first Quarto. The other Editions thus, —to his Den.

Enter

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose.

Dwarf. Puissant Knight of the (51) *Burning Pestle* hight,
See here another Wretch, whom this foul Beast
Hath (52) scotch'd and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

Ralph. Speak me thy Name, and eke thy place of Birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2 Knight. I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my Name,
And by my Birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting Horse, my Bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary Limbs,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious Fiend,
With sharpest Instrument of purest Steel,
Did cut the Gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this Velvet Plaster stands
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his Hands.

Wife. Good *Ralph* relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and send him
away, for in truth his Breath stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other Knight:
Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3 Knight. Kind Sir, good Night. [Exit.
[Cries within.

Man. Deliver us. *Wom.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think
some Woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Wom. Deliver us.

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? speak *Barbaroso*,
Or by this blazing Steel thy Head goes off.

Barb. Prisoners of mine, whom I in Diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

(51) — *Burning Pestle height,*] So the latter Editions. The Quarto
has it well, ————— *Pestle hight.*

(52) — *scorch'd and scor'd*—] The Account that the Knight, here
pointed out by the Dwarf, gives of himself a little after, makes much
against the reading of *scorch'd*, but naturally agrees with the Alteration
Mr. Theobald and myself have advanced.

The BURNING PESTLE. 411

Ralph. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with speed.

[*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*]

Wife. But will not *Ralph* kill this Giant, surely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not so Mouse neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary People. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a Giant to her Son, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never hear it *George*?

Enter Squire leading a Man with a glass of Lotion in his Hand, and the Dwarf leading a Woman, with Dyet-bread and Drink.

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, here comes the Prisoners.

Dwarf. Here be these pined Wretches, manful Knight, That for these six Weeks have not seen a Wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came To this sad Cave, and what your Usage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Arms, With Spear and Shield, and in my tender Years I stricken was with *Cupid's* fiery Shaft, And fell in Love with this my Lady dear, And stole her from her Friends in *Turnball-street*, And bore her up and down from Town to Town, Where we did Eat and Drink (53) and Musick hear; 'Till at the length at this unhappy Town We did arrive, and coming to this Cave, This Beast us caught, and put us in a Tub, Where we this two Months sweat, and should have done Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This Bread and Water hath our Diet been, Together with a Rib cut from a Neck Of burned Mutton; hard hath been our fare, Release us from this ugly Giant's snare.

(53) —and Musick here;] *Mr. Theobald* with the Quarto of 1613, reads as I have given it in the present Edition.

Man.

Man. This hath been (54) all the Food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a Spoonful of this hearty Broth [*Pulls out a Siringe.*
To each of us, through this same slender Quill.

Ralph. From this infernal Monster you shall go,
That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so.
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Man and Woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Ralph*.

Wife. Ay *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen, I
thank you all heartily for gracing my Man *Ralph*, and I
promise you, you shall see him oftner.

Bar. Mercy, great Knight, I do recant my Ill,
And henceforth never gentle Blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee Mercy, but yet thou shalt swear
Upon my Burning Pestle to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I swear and kiss.

Ralph. Depart then and amend.
Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more Adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Ralph* is in this humour, I know he would
ha' beaten all the Boys in the House, if they had been set
on him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you
the Gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a Gy-
ant: but look, *George*, here comes Mistress *Merry-thought*,
and her Son *Michael*; now you are welcome Mistress
Merry-thought, now *Ralph* has done you may go on.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought and Michael.

Mist. Mer. *Micke*, my Boy?

Micke. Ay forsooth Mother.

Mist. Mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now,
where I warrant you, you shall find the House flung out
of the Windows: Hark; hey Dogs, hey, this is the old

(54) ——— half the Food ———
——— of his hearty Broth

To each of us, through this same tender Quill.] Here again we
are beholden, and greatly too, to the first old Quarto.

World i'faith with my Husband: I'll get in among them, I'll play them such lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. Why Master Merry-thought, Husband, Charles Merry-thought.

Old Mer. within.] *If you will Sing, and Dance, and Laugh, And Hollow, and Laugh again; And then cry there Boys, there: why then, One, two, three, and four, We shall be merry within this hour.*

Mist. Mer. Why Charles, do you not know your own natural Wife? I say open the Door, and turn me out those mangy Companions; 'tis more than time that they were Fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman Charles, and an old Man, and Father of two Children; and I my self, (though I say it) by my Mother's side, Niece to a Worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majesty's Service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my Window, Love go: Go from my Window, my Dear, The Wind and the Rain will drive you back again, You cannot be lodged here.*

Hark you Mistress Merry-thought, you that walk upon Adventures, and forsake your Husband, because he sings with never a Penny in his Purse; what, shall I think my self the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred Years, and upwards, care never drunk their Bloods, nor want made them warble,

Hey-bo, my Heart is heavy.

Mist. Mer. Why Master Merry-thought, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your Fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you, Charles? look upon thine own Image, hard-hearted Man; and yet for all this—

Old

Old Mer. within.] Begon, begon my Juggy, my Puggy,
 Begon my Love, my Dear:
 The weather is warm,
 'Twill do thee no harm,
 Thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry Boys, some light Musick, and more Wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope George, is he?

Cit. What if he be, Sweetheart?

Wife. Marry if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him (55) he's an ingrant old Man, to use his Bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What, how does he use her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up fir Sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine Man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay, prithee Nell chide not: for as I am an honest Man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then George, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. D'ye hear Master Merry-thought, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within.] Strike up lively Lads:

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master Merry-thought, that a Man of your Age and Discretion, as I may say, being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his Wife: for your Wife is your own Flesh, the staff of your Age, your Yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory World: Nay, she's your own Rib. And again——

Old Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
 I have no Pulpit for thee to preach,
 I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the Breech,
 As thou art a Lady gay.

[(55) —he's an ignorant old Man,—] I have replac'd *ingrant* in its former and antique Possession from the Quarto of 1613: *Ignorant*, as the Octavo reads, is not the real Word as I suppose, but its *Interpretation*, and 'tis as much affected here by our Authors, as *Joan* and the *Wall* were a little above.

Wife.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance,
I am heartily sorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I
were thy Wife, i'faith gray Beard, i'faith——

Cit. I prithee sweet Hony-suckle, be content.

Wife. Give me such Words that am a Gentlewoman
Born, hang him hoary Rascal. Get me some drink
George, I am almost molten with fretting: Now beshrew
his Knaves Heart for it.

Old Mer. Play me a light *Lavolta*: Come, be frolick,
fill the good Fellows Wine.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, are you dis-
posed to make me wait here: You'll open I hope, I'll
fetch them that shall open else.

Old Mer. Good Woman, if you will Sing, I'll give
you something, if not——

S O N G.

You are no Love for me Marget,

I am no Love for you.

Come aloft Boys, aloft.

Mist. Mer. Now a Churles fart in your Teeth Sir:
Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a shall not ding us
i'th' Teeth with his Bread and his Broth, that he shall
not: Come Boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee:
We'll go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his
Letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll
place thee with the Tapster, will not that do well for thee
Mick? And let me alone for that old Cuckoldy Knave
your Father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the Beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating Fellow will not out of my
Mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I desire
more of your Acquaintance, with all my Heart. Fill
the Gentlemen some Beer, *George*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Boy Danceth.

Wife. **L**OOK George, the little Boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long Stocking, if he had a little harness about his Neck. *George,* I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig, I'll assure you Gentlemen: Begin Brother, now a Capers sweet Heart, now a turn a th' toe, and then tumble: Cannot you tumble, Youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat Fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two Pence to buy you Points withal.

Enter Jasper and Boy.

Jasp. There Boy, deliver this: But do it well.

Haft thou provided me four Lusty Fellows,

Able to carry me? And art thou perfect

In all thy Business? *Boy.* Sir you need not fear,

I have my Lesson here, and cannot miss it:

The Men are ready for you, and what else

Pertains to this Imployment. *Jasp.* There my Boy,

Take it, but buy no Land. *Boy.* Faith Sir 'twere rare

To see so young a Purchaser: I flie,

And on my Wings carry your Destiny. *[Exit.]*

Jasp. Go, and be happy: Now my latest hope

Forfake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,

And let it hold: (56) Stand, fixt thou rolling Stone,

Till I enjoy my dearest: Hear me all

You Powers, that rule in Men, Celestial. *[Exit.]*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a Sprig as ever grew in London, I warrant him he'll come to some naughty

(56) *Stand, fixt thou rolling Stone,]* So the Octavo. The Quarto, fixt. Right.

end

end or other; for his Looks say no less: Besides, his Father (you know, *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a Gill-flirt, and sing bawdy Songs upon me: But I'faith if I live *George*—

Cit. Let me alone Sweet-heart, I have a trick in my Head shall lodge him in the Arches for one Year, and make him sing *Peccavi*, e'er I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Ralph* do now, Boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, Sir.

Cit. Why so Sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Perfia* come and Christen him a Child.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the *Red Bull*.

Wife. *George*, let *Ralph* Travel over great Hills, and let him be weary, and come to the King of (57) *Cracovia's* House, covered with black Velvet, and there let the King's Daughter stand in her Window all in beaten Gold, combing her Golden Locks with a Comb of Ivory, and let her spy *Ralph*, and fall in Love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her Father's House, and then let *Ralph* talk with her.

Cit. Well said *Nell*, it shall be so: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together: But we cannot present a House covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten Gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favour'dly to have a *Grocer's* Prentice to court a King's Daughter.

Cit. Will it so Sir? You are well read in Histories: I pray you what was *Sir Dagonet*? Was not he Prentice

(57) — *Cracovia's House covered with Velvet*, —] I have inserted the colour of the Velvet, which was here wanting, from what the Boy says the second Speech below, as to the Impossibility of their complying with this Request of the Citizen's Wife,

But we can't present an House covered with black Velvet.

to a Grocer in London? Read the Play of the (58) *Four Prentices of London*, where they toss their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault, Gentlemen.

[Exit.

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee George. O here they come, how prettily the King of Cracovia's Daughter is drest.

Enter Ralph and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that Country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome Sir Knight unto my Father's Court, King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona* His Daughter dear: But sure you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us No longer but a Night. *Ralph.* Damsel right fair, I am on many sad Adventures bound, That call me forth into the Wilderness: Besides, my Horse's Back is something gall'd, Which will enforce me ride a sober pace. But many thanks, fair Lady, be to you, For using errant Knight with courtesie.

Lady. But say, brave Knight, what is your Name and Birth?

Ralph. My Name is *Ralph*, I am an *Englishman*, As true as Steel, a hearty *Englishman*, And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*, By deed indent, of which I have one part: But fortune calling me to follow Arms, On me this holy Order I did take, Of *Burning Pestle*, which in all Mens Eyes, I bear, confounding Ladies Enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen, And fertile Soil, and store of wholesome Food; My Father oft will tell me of a drink In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd, Which driveth all the sorrow from your Hearts.

(58) By Thomas Heywood. Vide Langbaine's *Dramatic Poets*.

Ralph.

Ralph. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your Lips
To better *Nipitato* than there is.

Lady. And of a Wild-fowl he will often speak,
Which Powdered Beef and Mustard called is:
For there have been great Wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly *Ralph*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Ralph*, could you contented be,
To wear a Lady's Favor in your Shield?

Ralph. I am a Knight of a Religious Order,
And will not wear a Favor of a Lady
That trusts in *Antichrist*, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, convert her if thou canst.

Ralph. Besides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry *England*; for whose virtuous sake
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her Name,
A Coblers Maid in *Milkstreet*, whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst Life and Pestle last.

Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, who e'er she be,
That for her own (dear *Ralph*) hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the Day
To see thee more, that bear'st my Heart away.

Ralph. Lady farewell, I must needs take my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted *Ralph*, that Ladies dost deceive.

Cit. Hark thee *Ralph*, there's Mony for thee; give
something in the King of *Cracovia*'s House, be not be-
holding to him.

Ralph. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your Father's Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy Hand thou princely Maid,
There's twelve Pence for your Father's Chamberlain.
And there's another Shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.
And twelve Pence for your Father's Horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my Horse Back; and for his Butter,
There is another Shilling; to the Maid
That wash'd my Boot-hose, there's an *English* Groat,
And two Pence to the Boy that wip'd my Boots.
And last, fair Lady, there is for your self
Three pence to buy you Pins at *Bumbo* Fair.

Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the Heads be off, for thy sake *Ralph*.

Ralph. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.

Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away.

[*Exeunt*.]

Wife. I commend *Ralph* yet, that he will not stoop to
a *Cracovian*, there's properer Women in *London* than any
are there, I wils. But here comes Master *Humphrey*, and
his Love again, now *George*.

Cit. Ay Cunny, Peace.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.

Mer. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Gossip mine I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with Boys and Unthrifts;
Come they are Womens tears, I know your Fashion,
Go Sirrah, lock her in, and keep the Key

[*Exeunt Luce and Boy.*]

(59) Safe as your Life. Now my Son *Humphrey*,
You may both rest assured of my Love
In this, and reap your own Desire. [*Daughter,*

Humph. I see this Love you speak of, through your
Although the hole be little, and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.

Merch. I do believe you (my good Son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

Humph. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye. [*ter*

Merch. Well Son, no more of Complement, my Daugh-
Is yours again, appoint the time and take her.

We'll have no stealing for it, I my self
And some few of our Friends will see you married.

Humph. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.

Merch. Some three Days hence then.

(59) Safe as your Life. —] We ought to read here, says the Gen-
tleman quoted so often above, thus,

Safe as you love your Life.

Humph.

The BURNING PESTLE. 421

Humph. Three Days, let me see,
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,
Because I mean against the 'pointed Day,
To visit all my Friends in new Array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speak
with your Worship. *Merch.* What is she?

Serv. Sir, I askt her not.

Merch. Bid her come in.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought, and Michael.

Mist. Mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor
Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this Child.

Merch. Are you not Wife to *Merry-thought*?

Mist. Mer. Yes truly, would I had ne'er seen his Eyes,
he has undone me and himself, and his Children, and there
he lives at home and sings and hoits, and revels among
his drunken Companions, but I warrant you, where to
get a penny to put Bread in his Mouth, he knows not:
And therefore if it like your Worship, I would intreat
your Letter to the honest Host of the *Bell in Waltham*,
that I may place my Child under the protection of his
Tapster, in some settled course of Life.

Merch. I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my Prayers:

Thy Husband,

When I was ripe in Sorrows, laught at me,
Thy Son, like an unthankful Wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my Daughter:
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all
Gave me that Grief, had almost brought me down
Unto my Grave, had not a stronger Hand
Reliev'd my Sorrows; go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied, for here I profess
An everlasting hate to all thy Name.

Mist. Mer. Will you so Sir, how say you by that? Come
Micke, let him keep his Wind to cool his Pottage, we'll
go to thy Nurses, *Micke*, she knits silk Stockings Boy,

and we'll knit too Boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exeunt Michael and Mother.*]

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this House.

Merch. How then Boy?

Boy. Then to your self, Sir, comes this Letter?

Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your Servant, but no more.

Shall that Name ever be, for he is Dead,
Grief of your purchas'd Anger broke his Heart;
I saw him die, and from his Hand receiv'd
This Paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfie your self in all.

L E T T E R.

Merch. **S**IR, that I have wronged your Love I must confess,
in which I have purchas'd to my self, besides
mine own undoing, the ill Opinion of my Friends; let not your
Anger, good Sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in Peace
with your forgiveness; let my Body (if a dying Man may so
much prevail with you) be brought to your Daughter, that
she may know my hot Flames are now buried, and withal
receive a testimony of the Zeal I bore her Virtue: Farewel
for ever, and be ever happy. Jasper.

God's hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: Boy bring the body,
And let him have his Will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without Sir. Merch. So Sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.

Humph. I'll be your Usher Boy, for though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any Punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my Soul; I cannot bear the Pain
Of these delaying Tortures: Thou that art

The

The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh Death, and bring me to thy peace;
And blot out all the memory I nourish
(60) Both of my Father and my cruel Friend:
O wretched Maid still living to be wretched,
To be a prey to Fortune in her Changes,
And grow to number Times and Woes together.
How happy had I been, if being Born
My Grave had been my Cradle?

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave
Young Mistress, here's a Boy hath brought a Coffin,
What a would say I know not: But your Father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair Mistress, let me not add greater Grief
To that great store you have already: *Jasper,*
(That whilst he liv'd was yours, now's dead,
And here inclos'd,) commanded me to bring
His Body hither, and to crave a Tear
From those fair Eyes, though he deserv'd not Pity,
To deck his Funeral, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he dy'd. *Luce.* He shall have many.

[Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.]

Good Friends depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead Man, that once I lov'd:
Hold, yet a little, Life, and then I give thee
To thy first Heav'nly Being; O my Friend!

(60) *Both of Father*—] The oldest Quarto (with which agrees the anonymous Gentleman) fills up the deficiency of the Metre as I have given it in the Text. There are in his Letters some few Directions about printing old *Memneather's* Speeches in Verse, that have hitherto for the most part been published as Prose, which as I have no Notes upon, nor ever design'd any, he will be so good as to excuse me from particularising. Some of those Alterations I had made which he has hit of, and some he will find I have made which he had miss'd. I take my Leave of this ingenious Gentleman, by returning him my Thanks for the Favours already received, and am only sorry that I can't let the World know to whom it and I have been so much oblig'd.

Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
 I shall not long be after, but believe me,
 Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thy self,
 In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
 With so untimely Death; thou didst not wrong me,
 But ever wer't most kind, most true, most loving;
 And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.
 Didst thou but ask a Tear? I'll give thee all,
 Even all my Eyes can pour down, (61) all my Sighs,
 And all my self, before thou goest from me,
 These are but sparing Rites; but if thy Soul
 Be yet about this Place, and can behold
 And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
 It shall go up, born on the Wings of Peace,
 And satisfy'd: First will I sing thy Dirge,
 Then kiss thy pale Lips, and then die my self,
 And fill one Coffin, and one Grave together.

S O N G.

*Come you whose Loves are dead,
 And whilst I sing,
 Weep and wring
 Every Hand, and every Head
 Bind with Cypress and sad Ewe;
 Ribbands black and Candles blue,
 For him that was of Men most true.*

*Come (62) with heavy Moaning,
 And on his Grave
 Let him have
 Sacrifice of Sighs and Groaning,
 Let him have fair Flowers enow,
 White and Purple, Green and Yellow,
 For him that was of Men most true.*

(61) —all my Sighs,

All my self. —] The restoring of the Metre by the addition of
and, is owing to the Quarto of the oldest Date.

(62) —with heavy Mourning,] The Word which ought to be
 here, was with little difficulty corrupted into that, which for a long
 time has possess'd its right; the Ear alone is the Judge what is the
 true Rhyme to *Groaning*, and when that is consulted, Mr. *Theobald's*
 and my reading will easily find admittance into the present Text.

Thou

Thou sable Cloth, sad Cover of my Joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with Death. [Heav'n!

Jasp. And thus you meet the Living. *Luce.* Save me

Jasp. Nay, do not flye me, Fair, I am no Spirit;
Look better on me, do you know me yet?

Luce. O thou dear Shadow of my Friend,

Jasp. Dear Substance, W

I swear I am no Shadow; feel my Hand,

It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,

Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving;

Pardon my rash Attempt, my foolish Proof

I put in practice of your Constancy.

For sooner should my Sword have drunk my Blood,

And set my Soul at Liberty, than drawn

The least Drop from that Body, for which Boldness

Doom me to any thing; if Death, I take it

And willingly. *Luce.* This Death I'll give you for it:

So, now I'm satisfy'd; you are no Spirit,

But my own truest, truest, truest Friend,

Why do you come thus to me?

Jasp. First, to see you,

Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be,

For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all Hours,

That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible, within this Coffin

Do you convey your self; let me alone,

I have the Wits of twenty Men about me,

Only I crave the Shelter of your Closet

A little, and then fear me not; creep in

That they may presently convey you hence:

Fear nothing dearest Love, I'll be your second,

Lye close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand, Sir.

Jasp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Jasp. Now must I go conjure. [Exit.

Enter Merchant.

Mercb. Boy, Boy.

Boy.

Boy. Your Servant, Sir.

Merch. Do me this Kindness, Boy; hold here's a Crown: before thou bury the Body of this Fellow, carry it to his old merry Father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing, he hath Cause.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Merch. And then bring me Word what Tune he is in, And have another Crown; but do it truly. I've fitted him a Bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bless your Worship's Health, Sir.

Merch. Farewel, Boy. [Exit.

Enter Master Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old Merry-thought, art thou there again? Let's hear some of thy Songs.

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier Note Than he that cannot change a Great?*

(63) Not a Denier left, and yet my Heart leaps; I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any Man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the Streets: My Wife and both my Sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by Meat to Supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table at six a Clock; therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman

To carry the Cloak-Bag still,

Nor would I be a Faulconer

The greedy Hawks to fill;

But I would be in a good House,

And have a good Master too;

But I would eat and drink of the best,

And no Work would I do.

This is it that keeps Life and Soul together, Mirth: This is the Philosophers Stone that they write so much on, that keeps a Man ever young.

(63) *Not a Dinner left,*—] The Word *Denier* appear'd plainly to be the original reading here, and I was confirm'd in my Conjecture by the Edition of 1613.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your Mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more Drink.

Old Mer. Will they not? Let 'em chuse: The best is I have Mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their Drink to themselves.

For Jillian of Berry, she dwells on a Hill,

And she bath good Beer and Ale to sell,

And of good Fellows she thinks no Ill,

And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither

Will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,

You need not know what is to pay,

But kiss your Hostess, and go your way. And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2 Boy. Sir, I can get no Bread for Supper.

Old Mer. Hang Bread and Supper, let's preserve our Mirth, and we shall never feel Hunger, I'll warrant you; let's have a Catch, Boy follow me, come sing this Catch,

Ho, ho, no Body at home,

Meat, nor Drink, nor Mony ha we none;

Fill the Pot Eedy,

Never more need I.

Old Mer. So Boys, enough, follow me, let's change our Place, and we shall laugh afresh. *[Exeunt.]*

Wife. Let him go, George, a shall not have any Countenance from us, not a good Word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike Stroak in't.

Cit. No more a shannot, Love; but *Nell*, I will have *Ralph* do a very notable Matter now, to the eternal Honour and Glory of all Grocers; Sirrah, you there, Boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your Pleasure.

Cit. Let *Ralph* come out on *May Day* in the Morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why, Sir, you do not think of our Plot, what will become of that then?

Cit.

Cit. Why, Sir, I care not what become on't. I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my self, I'll have something done in Honour of the City; besides he hath been long enough upon Adventures; bring him out quickly, for I come amongst you—

Boy. Well, Sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [Exit.]

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave if faith: *George*, shall not he dance the Morrice too for the Credit of the Strand?

Cit. No, Sweet-heart, it will be too much for the Boy. O there he is, *Nell*, he's reasonable well in Repare; but he has not Rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry Month of May,

Let each true Subject be content to bear me what I say;
For from the Top of Conduit Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my Name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My Name is Ralph, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the Flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common-counsel of my Fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and crossed Scarf, the May-Lord here I stand.

Rejoyce O English Hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear;
Rejoyce O City, Town, and Country, rejoyce eke every Shire;
For now the flagrant Flowers do spring and sprout in semely
sort,

The little Birds do sit and Sing, the Lambs do make fine
sport, [Boy cry,

And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the School
The Morrice rings while Hobby Horse doth foot it featuously:
The Lords and Ladies now abroad, for their Disport and
Play,

Do Kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the Hay.
Now Butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the Blood,
Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.

Now

Now little Fish on tender Stone begin to cast their Bellies,
And sluggish Snail, (64) that erst were mew'd, do creep out
of their Shellites.

The rumbling Rivers now do warm, for little Boys to paddle,
The sturdy Steed now goes to Grass, and up they hang his
Saddle.

The heavy Hart, (65) the blowing Buck, the Rascal and the
Pricket, [Thicket.

Are now among the Teomans Pease, and leave the fearful
And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,
And lift aloft your velvet Heads, and slipping of your Gown,
With Bells on Legs, and Napkins clean unto your Shoulders
ty'd, [cry'd:

With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town
March out and shew your willing Minds, by twenty and by
twenty,

To Hogsdon, or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are
plenty.

And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the Youths of
London,

Lay thruming of our Caps at home, and left our Custom
undone.

Up then I say, both Young and Old, both Man and Maid a
Maying,

With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Taber
playing.

Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country
Peace,

And root out Treason from the Land; and so, my Friends, I
cease.

(64) —that erst were mute,—] But are Snails ever the more noisy
out of, than in their Shells? If they are not, then *mute* is a reading
very impertinent and ridiculous. I have ventured to alter *mute* into
the old Word *mew'd*, i. e. *shut up*, *confin'd to*, &c. and I hope the
learned Reader will allow of my Correction.

(65) —the blowing Buck,---] The Quarto reads *bellowing*. The
Judicious are left to their Choice.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant solus.

Merch. I Will have no great store of Company at the Wedding, a couple of Neighbours and their Wives, and we will have a Capon in stewed Broth, with Marrow, and a good piece of Beef, stuck with Rosemary.

Enter Jasper with his Face mealed.

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond Man, it is too late.

Merch. Heav'n blefs me: *Jasper?*

Jasp. Ay, I am his Ghost,
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant Love:
Fond worldly Wretch, who dost not understand
In Death that true Hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy Daughter is quite born away,
On Wings of Angels, through the liquid Air
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her Face: But she and I
Will in another World enjoy our Loves,
Where neither Father's Anger, Poverty,
Nor any Cross that troubles earthly Men,
Shall make us sever our united Hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With gasty Looks, and put into thy Mind
The great Offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy Friends,
Merry in Heart, and fill'd with swelling Wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy Pride and Mirth,
Invisible to all Men but thy self,
And whisper such a sad Tale in thine Ear,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy Hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

Merch.

Merch. Forgive me, *Jasper*; Oh! What might I do, Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled Ghost?

Jasp. There is no means, too late thou think'st on this.

Merch. But tell me what were best for me to do?

Jasp. Repent thy Deed, and satisfy my Father, And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy Doors. [Exit *Jasper*.

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks beaten.

Humph. Father, my Bride is gone, fair Mistress *Luce*. My Soul's the font of Vengeance, mischief's Sluce. [Sion,

Merch. Hence Fool out of my sight, with thy fond Past Thou hast undone me.

Humph. Hold my Father dear.

For *Luce* thy Daughter's sake, that had no Peer.

Merch. Thy Father, Fool? There's some blows more, be gone. [Beats him.

Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased To see thy Will perform'd; now will I go To satisfy thy Father for thy Wrongs. [Exit.

Humph. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice, And Mistress *Luce* is gone? Help me Device: Since my True-love is gone, I never more, Whilst I do live, upon the Sky will pore; But in the dark will wear out my Shoo-soles In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Paul's*. [Exit.

Wife. *George* call *Ralph* hither, if you love me call *Ralph* hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*, prithee call him quickly.

Cit. *Ralph*, why *Ralph*, Boy.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Sir.

Cit. Come hither *Ralph*, come to thy Mistress, Boy.

Wife. *Ralph* I would have thee call all the Youths together in Battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags, and march to *Mile-end* in pompous Fashion, and there exhort your Soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their Beards from burning, *Ralph*; and then skirmish, and

and let your Flags fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: My Husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Ralph*, and there's a Scarfe; for the rest, the House shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it bravely *Ralph*, and think before whom you perform, and what Person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you Mistress, if I do it not, for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedom.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith; go thy ways, thou art a Spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, double your Files bravely *Ralph*.

Ralph. I warrant you, Sir. [Exit *Ralph*.

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his Service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the Day, Wench, had my Feather shot shear away, the fringe of my Pike burnt off with Powder; my Pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here. [Drum within.

Wife. Hark, George, the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran tan: Oh Wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate*, drum-*Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a Tyrant, and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: Sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the Guns; courage my Hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint George, quoth the Pike-men; and withal here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here Wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it George, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph and his Company with Drums and Colours.

Ralph. March fair my Hearts; Lieutenant, beat the Rear up: Ancient, let your Colours fly; but have a great care of the Butchers Hooks at *White-Chapel*, they have been the Death of many a fair Ancient. Open your Files, that I may take a view both of your Persons and Munition: Serjeant, call a Muster.

Serj. A stand, *William Hamerton Pewterer*.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Croffer and a *Spanish* Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a Terror?

Ham.

Ham. I hope so, Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakest: Put more strength *William Hamerton*, more strength: As you were again; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. George Green-goose, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me see your Peice Neighbour *Green-goose*, when was she shot in?

Green. And like you Master Captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her Breath is yet inflamed: Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army; Get you a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, Sweet Oil and Paper, and your Peice may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a Paper? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: You ought to die for't. Where's your Horn? Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our Neighbours, being a Man of Worth and Estimation, to leave your Horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand till I view you all. What's become o'th' Nose of your Flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with Powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the Stone of this Peice?

2 *Sold.* The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my Friend, put it in again: You want a Nose, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a Note—on't, for I mean to stop it in their Pay. Remove and march, soft and fair Gentlemen; soft and fair: (66) double

(66) —double and files;—] I have corrected this Place from the first Quarto.

your files; as you were; faces about. Now you with the sodden Face, keep in there: Look to your Match Sirrah, it will be in your Fellows Flask anon. So make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes, stand and give ear, Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my fellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this Day from the Shop of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious Fields, Honour by the Ell, and Prowess by the Pound: Let it not, O let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble Issue of this City fainted; but bear your selves in this fair action, like Men, valiant Men, and free Men: Fear not the Face of the Enemy, nor the noise of the Guns; for believe me Brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewer's Carr is more terrible, of which you have a daily Experience: Neither let the stink of Powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is every where: I speak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving Wives again, and your sweet Children, whose care doth bear you company in Baskets. Remember then whose Cause you have in hand, and like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scour me this famous Realm of Enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings Lads, and shew to the World, you can as well brandish a Sword, as shake an Apron. Saint George, and on my Hearts.

Omnes. Saint George, Saint George. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph*, I'll send thee a cold Capon a field, and a Bottle of *March Beer*; and, it may be, come my self to see thee.

Cit. Nell, the Boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him? He has perform'd such a matter Wench, that if I live, next Year I'll have him Captain of the *Gallifoyt*, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a Wrinkle more than I had, not a stoop Boys? *Care* live with Cats,

I defie thee, my Heart is as sound as an Oak; and tho'
I want Drink to wet my whistle, I can sing.

Come no more there Boys, come no more there:

For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy: Can'st thou sing? [time.

Boy. Yes Sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this

Old Mer. *Sing we, and chaunt it,*

Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you,
you would have little list to sing.

Old Mer. *Oh the Mimon round,*

Full long I have thee sought,

And now I have thee found,

And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jasper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead? *Why farewel he:*

Thou wast a bonny Boy,

And I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you Sir, do so still.

Old Mer. *Jasper's Ghost?*

Thou art welcome from Stygian-lake so soon,

Declare to me what wondrous things

In Pluto's Court are done.

Jasp. By my troth Sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too hot
for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghost, a very merry Ghost.

And where is your true Love? Oh where is yours?

Jasp. Marry look you Sir. [Heaves up the Coffin.

Old Mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that I'faith?

With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin,

The World it runs on Wheels.

When the young Man's ———

Up goes the Maiden's Heels.

Mistress Merry-thought and Michael within.

Mist. Mer. What Mr. *Merry-thought*, will you not let's in? What do you think shall become of us?

Old Mer. What Voice is that that calleth at our Door?

Mist. Mer. You know me well enough, I am sure I have not been such a Stranger to you.

Old Mer. And some they whistled, and some they sung,

Hey down, down:

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the Lord Barnet's Horn blew,

Away Musgrave away.

Mist. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you, Master *Merry-thought*?

Jasp. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, she is my Mother: If her offences have been great against you, let your own Love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master *Merry-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, will you be a vext thing still?

Old Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter; therefore dispatch your Song, and so come in.

Mist. Mer. Well, you must have your Will when all's done; *Michael*, what Song can'st thou sing, Boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a *Lady's Daughter* of Paris properly.

Mich. Mer. Song.] It was a Lady's Daughter, &c.

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.

If such danger be in playing,

And jest must to earnest turn,

You shall go no more a Maying —

Merch. within.] Are you within, Sir, Master Merry-thought?

Jasp. It is my Master's Voice, good Sir, go hold him in talk whilst we convey ourselves into some inward Room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Merch.

Merch. I am, Sir.

Old Mer. Sing then.

Merch. Nay, good Sir open to me.

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry Heart you come not in.

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old Mer. You are welcome, Sir, you are welcome: you see your Entertainment, pray you be merry.

Merch. Oh Master *Merry-thought*, I'm come to ask you Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you, And your most virtuous Son, they're infinite, Yet my contrition shall be more than they. I do confess my hardness broke his Heart, For which just Heav'n hath given me Punishment More than my Age can carry; his wandring Spright, Not yet at rest, pursues me every where, Crying, I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty. My Daughter she is gone, I know not how, Taken invisible, and whether living, Or in Grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.

Oh Master *Merry-thought*, these are the Weights Will sink me to my Grave; forgive me, Sir.

Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry. And if the Wag in's Life-time play'd the Knave, Can you forgive him too?

Merch. With all my Heart, Sir.

Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Merch. I do, Sir.

Now by my Soul I do.

Old Mer. *With that came out his Paramour,*

She was as white as the Lilly Flower,

Hey troul, trolly loly.

Enter Luce and Jasper.

With that came out her own dear Knight,

He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their Hands together, there's no more to be said i'th' matter.

Merch. I do, I do.

Cit.

Cit. I do not like this; peace, Boys, hear me one of you, every Body's part is come to an end but *Ralph's*, and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your self, Sir, we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. *Ralph*, come away, make on him as you have done of the rest Boys, come.

Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall *Nell*; *Ralph*, come away quickly and die, Boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die, Sir, upon no occasion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph with a forked Arrow through his Head.

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive Corps
Did lap up Figs and Raifons in the *Strand*,
Where sitting I espy'd a lovely Dame,
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with Aul,
And underground he vamped many a Boot,
Straight did her Love prick forth me, tender Sprig,
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise,
Through *Waltham* Defart; where I did perform
Many Atchievements, and did lay on Ground
Huge *Barbaroso*, that insulting Giant,
And all his (67) Captives soon set at liberty.
Then Honour prick'd me from my Native Soil
Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the Love
Of *Pompiana*, his beloved Daughter;
But yet prov'd constant to the black Thumm'd Maid
Susan, and scorned *Pompiana's* Love:
Yet liberal I was, and gave her Pins,
And Mony for her Father's Officers.
I then returned home, and thrust my self

(67) — *Captives soon set at liberty.*] The Quantity loudly re-claims against *soon*; and I wish the old Copies had not retain'd it, for the Sense would not be a whit the worse, and the Metre a deal the better by leaving it out.

In

In action, (68) and by all Men chosen was
The Lord of *May*, where I did flourish it,
With Scarfs and Rings, and *Posie* in my Hand:
After this Action I preferred was,
And chosen City-Captain at *Mile-end*,
With Hat and Feather, and with leading Staff,
And train'd my Men, and brought them all off clean,
Save one Man that beraid him with the noise.
But all these things I *Ralph* did undertake,
Only for my beloved *Susan's* sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my Shop
With Apron blue, Death came unto my Stall
To cheapen *Aquavitæ*, but e'er I
Could take the Bottle down, and fill a taste,
(69) Death caught a Pound of Pepper in his Hand,
And sprinkled all my Face and Body o'er,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty Fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walked in *Moorfields* to cool my self,
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot his forked Arrow through my Head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My Fellowsevery one, of forked Heads.
Farewel all you good Boys in merry *London*,

(68) — *by all means chosen was*

— *Poesie in my Hand:*] The reading of *Men* for *means* was what I wish'd the Poets had wrote, and upon Examination I found the oldest Quarto retain that Lesson. *Posie* might easily be chang'd to *Poesie*, tho' they are as different things as one can well imagine.

(69) *Death came and caught*—] What an idle Repetition have we here palm'd upon us? Compare this with the third Line above, and 'twill be plain that such Tautology is too rank to have any Pretence for standing in this Place.

— *Death came unto my Stall*

To cheapen Aquavitæ, but e'er I

Could take the Bottle down—

Death came and caught, &c. Death's once coming was surely enough, and when he was (as 'tis plain he was) in *Ralph's* Shop, what occasion for coming again. Thus I reason'd with myself, for leaving these two Words out of this Edition, and to my great Satisfaction found I had not reckon'd without my Host, but that they were really wanting in the Quarto of 1613.

Ne'er

Ne'er shall we more upon *Sbroue-Tuesday* meet,
 And pluck down Houses of Iniquity.
 My pain increaseth: I shall never more
 Hold open, whilst another pumps both Legs,
 Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs:
 Set up a Stake, oh never more I shall;
 I die, fly, fly my Soul to Grocers Hall. Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said, *Ralph*, do your obeysance to the Gentlemen, and go your ways, well said *Ralph*. [*Exit Ralph*.]

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

S O N G.

*Better Musick ne'er was known,
 Than a Quire of Hearts in one.
 Let each other, that hath been
 Troubled with the Gall or Spleen,
 Learn of us to keep his Brow
 Smooth and plain, as yours are now.
 Sing though before the hour of dying,
 He shall rise, and then be crying
 Heybo, 'tis nought but Mirth
 That keeps the Body from the Earth.*

[*Exeunt omnes*.]

E P I L O G U S.

Cit. Come *Nell*, shall we go, the Play's done?

Wife. Nay, by my Faith *George*, I have more manners than so, I'll speak to these Gentlemen first: I thank you all Gentlemen, for your Patience and Countenance to *Ralph*, a poor Fatherless Child, and if I may see you at my House, it should go hard but I would have a Pottle of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you; for truly I hope you like the Youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own Discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will. I thank you with all my Heart, God give you good Night; come *George*.

The End of the Sixth Volume.



A D D E N D A

To the SIXTH VOLUME.

By Mr. SYMPSON.

PAGE 10, Note 4. Mr. Warburton I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a Passage in *Cymbeline* from this Line in our Authors, Act 4. Scene 5.

Bel. O Melancholy!

Who ever yet could — find

The Ooze to shew what Coast thy sluggish Care

Might easiest harbour in.

This Reading our great Critic judiciously rejects, and gives the Passage thus,

—— *thy sluggish Carrack,*

Which certainly continues and compleats the Metaphor, but we may yet come much nearer the Traces of the Letters, by reading thus,

— *what Coast thy sluggish Crare*

Might easiest harbour in.

Page 205, Note 13. Since the drawing up of this Note the following Reading has occur'd to me, which seemingly bids fair for restoring this Passage to that Clearness and good Sense which originally shone through it,

—— *can do nothing,*

Imagination — blefs us who's that lies there?

'Tis natural to suppose that the Sight of *Merione*, lying like a dead Woman before the Door, tho' the Prince, at the first View of her, did not know who she was, wou'd interrupt his rapturous Discourse, and cause him to express his Surprise in the Words above,

—— *blefs us, &c.*

If the Reader shou'd not like this, or either of the former Conjectures, yet he must own we have endeavour'd after Sense, tho' we have been so unsuccessful as not to have found it.

E R R A T A.

- Page 11, Note 5, Line 8, after *towards one* add *that he has offer'd*
 34, Note 28, Line ult., for *subsidere* read *subridere*
 113, Note 7, Line 2, for *appear* read *appears*
 132, Note 14, Line 3, after *Authors* add *or their Editors*
 139, in Note for 308b read 32d
 155, for *Enter Diocles* read *Dioclesian*
 174, Note (c) Line 8, after *Piperis* read *all*
 ————— 9, for *Regis* read *Reyis*
 199, Line 22, for *to* read *unto*
 226, Note 25, Line 1, for *designs me* read *designs to me*
 229, Note 29, Line 1, for *receiv'd* read *recover'd*
 233, Line 29, for *How* read *Whom how*
 ——— Note 33, Line 1, for *Whom I have* read *Whom how I*
 275, Note 4, Line ult. for *inserere* read *inurere*
 280, Note 10, Line 4, for *if we shou'd read and the Poets wrote* read *if we shou'd not read and the Poets have wrote*
 297, Note 21, Line 4, for *Will you see* read *Will you but see*
 344, Note 57, Line 2, for *uniting* read *writing*
 373, Note 16, Line 4, for *Sir Giants and Ettins* read *for Giants and Ettins or Etens*
 404, Note 42, Line 2, for *bear* read *bere*
 410, Note 52, Line 2, for *pointed* read *banded*
 423, Note 60, Line 4, for *Merryweathers* read *Merrythoughts*

F I N I S.

